

THIS DAY'S MADNESS

Yesterday this day's madness did prepare;
Tomorrow's silence, triumph, or despair.

—*The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.*

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THIS DAY'S
MADNESS

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*A Story of the American People Against
the Background of the War Effort*

By MERCEDES ROSEBERY

With a Foreword by
MARK ETHRIDGE

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A WARTIME BOOK

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To My Mother

Whose high ideals, made real in the nobility and graciousness of her own character, are my standard for judging human conduct In a very bewildering world her life gives dignity and worth to human existence

FOREWORD

Across the river from where this is written, a shipyard that had three or four employees a year before Pearl Harbor, but now has around 9,000, is turning out landing ships for tanks at a rate that is still an amazing military secret. Across the world, these ugly duelings from Jeffersonville are opening their maws to disgorge tanks and artillery and men upon a Pacific atoll whose name, Kwajalein, has just come into the consciousness of the American people.

Last week, the mightiest dreadnaught on which champagne was ever wasted slid down the ways at the Brooklyn Navy Yard nine months and five minutes ahead of schedule. On the same day, a twenty-year-old country girl from the least industrialized state in the American Union, Mississippi, retained the championship of the women welders. Only a day or two before, a Montana farm hand stood before a regiment turned out in his honor on an English parade ground and received seven medals from a colonel and a general "working in relays," according to the well nigh humorless Associated Press.

It is America at war. Out of a terrifying amount of research Miss Rosebery has told how we finally got where we are in making war, but her story is primarily a study of American character in all the aspects of an extravagant spectrum. We are making a good war now, like the Old Ninety-Seven we have finally got to rolling. We are on the cocky offensive everywhere. But it has not always been true since Pearl Harbor. We have been as lost as Alice, as hysterical as some of Pandora's victims and as grumpy as Scrooge at times. And, it may be added in all truth, frequently as mad as the latter.

As a native Louisvillian, Miss Rosebery had a favorable tower from which to study human behavior under stress. She

watched her home city during the flood of '37. She knew all the people who were yelling for somebody else to do something about it, but she also knew the eminently practical telephone operator who kept her exchange going by having her clients lend her their automobile batteries. She saw people walking around on dry land with hip boots long before the waters came and long after they sullenly moved down the Ohio Valley. She heard that tragic monotone from the radio, "Send a boat!" and she watched the bewildered retreat of helpless refugees before an inexorable wall of water, so more to be denied than a German blitz. In the end, 200,000 people were removed from their homes in boats, but how, nobody has ever quite realized.

That is Miss Rosebery's America at war. "Born with a gift of laughter," slightly "teched" at times, we do somehow manage to come through in a fairly sporting way. "Bumblng" would be much too dignified a word to apply to us; it better suits the staid British people. To the man from Mars who has been reading the movie ads and listening to Jimmy Durante's pronunciation, our war effort must have seemed like "super colossal [correct] bedlam." And yet, there are the boys on Tarawa and Kwajalein and the Burma Road. There are our tanks in Estonia and our planes over Schweinfurt. There are the souvenirs and the death messages that come home from the far places of the earth.

With all our madness we have sent out the biggest and best equipped military force in all our history, backed by a Navy beside which any previous armada would have seemed like a collection of tugboats. The metal vanity cases of our women are incendiary bombs that make a funeral pyre of Berlin. Beer cans are hand grenades and land mines. The floor-wax plant is boring housing for antitank guns. The merry-go-round has gone to war as gun mounts. Pin-ball machines have been twisted into armor-piercing shells. Pumps that put out fires now throw flames against pillboxes. Great factories have

wrought industrial miracles, and laboratories have summoned the creative genius of the land; but necessity, spurring on the little people, has produced its own inventions. The Kentucky hill billy, who wangled an initial order for \$146,000 from the government—and fulfilled it 100 per cent—founded his factory in a two-car garage, a Negro shanty, and a chicken coop and his help from neighbors whom he summoned by yelling out the window.

The chatter that has been the accompaniment for the machines has had to do with runs on stocking counters, pin-up girls, sweater girls (somebody had the final say on that, with the observation, "A little girl in a big sweater would be a hazard in a war plant; a big girl in a little sweater would deter production"), girdle jokes, and, of course, the *New Yorker* cartoon in which, I believe, a senator on the appropriations committee demands of an army officer: "When you say 'at slight additional cost,' General, can you be more specific—one billion? two billion?" And, of course, we've had to have our songs. Some student of psychology will no doubt tell us in the future why we haven't sung sentimental things, as we did in other wars. We've liked Spurs that jingle jangle and the babe with the pistol and that horrible, haunting thing about Mairzy Doats.

All this is in Miss Rosebery's book. Out of her study of the last war she was firmly convinced that all wars are caused by traffic in arms and wrote a master's thesis for the University of Louisville to prove it. It was undoubtedly a good thesis, but when she couldn't find the justification for it in the day-by-day study she began to make when this war was merely a tiny cloud in Hitler's cloudy mind, she turned to a running record of our behavior. Miss Rosebery thinks it's been pretty good, considering everything.

MARK ETHRIDGE

Publisher, Louisville Courier-Journal

February, 1944

WHERE THE END BEGAN

(A Preface)

December 7, 1943 Only two and one-half years since the battle of Lend-Lease—the time when America definitely set her face to the war to end it as soon as possible. Only six months since the fall of Tunis! Yet how much Axis-shaking history has flowed under the bridge of sighs that led to that triumph! How many victories have pointed the way to the end of the road! For the roar of thousands of tons of bombs exploding, the thunder of guns that rocked the grim Atlas Mountains, the yells of American doughboys and British tom-mies locked in bloody hand-to-hand fights with the enemy as they battled their way up the rugged slopes guarding Axis-held Bizerte and Tunis—all this cacophony of the People's fury had reverberated throughout the world for the enemy to hear and be warned, for conquered nations to hear and be heartened.

Victory in Europe!—and then forward to Japan! Yes, the fall of Tunis had been the goal of those two years of mobilization through which we on the home front lived and groaned, seeing our economy and our social life turned upside down and inside out in the government's race with time. So the tale that follows is a kind of "mystery" story—the story of our bewilderment and sometimes panic as we sojourned without vision or guide through a bedlam of priorities, rationing, and wartime restrictions in order to come out at Tunis—the bridge head to Italy and the rest of Hitler's Europe.

Many changes have taken place since the end of that siege. Many wartime restrictions have been lifted. Cuffs on men's

trousers and patch pockets are again allowed. And many Army-commandeered hotels have been returned to former owners. Even talk of conversion back to peacetime production is beginning to be heard. Already an ordnance plant in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and another in Lowell, Massachusetts, are to close in December because the Army has all the ammunition it needs for any emergency to come—so we hear. For the same reason, an Ohio plant that made cartridges plans to return to its prewar output. Even high government officials such as Charles E. Wilson, executive vice chairman of the WPB, and Hiland G. Batcheller, operating vice president of the WPB, sought release from their government positions in order to return to private business in readiness for postwar competition.

Already time has given perspective and proportion to much of what is recorded here and has cleared up some happenings that, for reasons of national security, had to baffle us. But even if some of the reports by radio and newspapers turn out to be incorrect nothing can change the fact that this is America-at-war as we on the home front knew it during those two frenzied years ending with the fall of Tunis—we who read the daily papers or listened to the radio and then ran out to lay in supplies while we could buy them; or set to work gathering scrap, waste paper and saving grease to turn it in at the butcher shop; or invested our savings in war bonds to avert inflation; or rushed into a war job to relieve a shortage of man power; or joined the WAC, WAVES, SPAR, etc. to release men for the fighting fronts; or became nurses' aides or took up home nursing to relieve the shortage of nurses. For the happenings of this account, along with millions of similar events, molded our feeling about the war and guided our conduct in the fight for victory.

Here, in these two hectic years on the home front, the end of the beginning began.

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Preparing for a Raidy Day

And all went merry as a marriage bell
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

THERE was a sound of revelry that day—Americans all over the country getting ready for Christmas. A glorious Sunday it was—sunshine flooding churches, Service clubs, living rooms, young people laughing, joking, dancing, practicing songs and dances for a show they were giving, reading comic books like "Mighty Superman," or "Batman," listening to a favorite song—"You and I," perhaps, or "I've Got Spurs That Jingle, Jangle, Jingle"—played by a favorite orchestra, listening to a symphony or a Round Table discussion, writing invitations to a party they were giving, wondering whether they would be invited to this dance or that, planning for the homecoming of brothers and boy friends away at training camps.

In the middle of Sunday dinner, the news came—when the family was laughing over happenings of the past week, while a father who loved music listened to a symphony. The words left a silence that all could feel—even the baby was quiet. The concert continued, but no one listened. The dish of cranberry sauce was untouched, and no one thought of the apple pie. One after another the bulletins came. "All officers and men of the Navy report to their bases." And then a commentator's hurried warning. "All places of business holding government contracts are asked to put on extra guards and take immediate precautions against sabotage."

The manager of a bag-loading plant immediately calls the office and asks that all guards tighten up on the gates. Where

formerly there were two guards, there would be four. Each car was to be searched—under the hood and the seats, the trunk in back of the car, the glove compartment—even the school bus. No matches were to be allowed in the restricted area. And people who entered the grounds must change their clothes for others without pockets. . . .

All evening long, men drop in to see the manager. They talk of the plant and of the war . . .

It came to the soldiers dancing at Service clubs—the news that told that the war was real. A dead silence followed the announcement. Then a soldier shouts: "Strike up the band! We'll dance before we go!" But though they danced, their minds were on the news they had heard. Soon they gathered into little groups to mull it over. Soon they left.

It came to the movies—out of the mouth of Robert Taylor, the strange words came in an excited voice that was not his: "All newsboys report at once to their stations!" There followed a hum of voices and a shuffle of feet as newsboys and soldiers hurried out—many civilians, too, leaving to learn what it was all about. With all the buzzing and commotion and few people paying any attention to the screen, even Robert Taylor fans got up and left.

Outside in the sunshine, newsboys were already yelling "*Extra!*" and people were stopping to buy a paper. Cars pulled up, and their occupants signaled for a paper. Everyone was talking excitedly. Here and there on street corners were huddles of soldiers talking of war and Christmas and furloughs. Others were hurrying off to their posts. There were the Salvation Army workers as usual with their change pot and cheerful bell. One was playing on a wheezy violin. The sad tune floated out and hovered in the air. It seemed more in keeping with the news than the gay shop windows and the green and red lights and festoons of evergreens strung along the streets.

Beyond the business section, newsboys plunged ahead, shouting their news. Doors and windows were flung open while

people strained to catch the words. Many bought a paper. A car flew by, and a high school boy yelled out, "A Jap just got me drafted!" Farther on, a crowd of youths came along singing lustily, "We're in the Army now." Later that evening, at a Christian Endeavor meeting, two eighteen year-olds joked together. "I must remember to join the Navy in the morning." They decided they would be admirals. One would take the Pacific, the other, the Atlantic.

* * *

'Buckets of sand and forty hand pumps have been installed around Independence Hall to safeguard the 'Birthplace of the Nation,' " declared the *Chicago Sun*, in the summer of 1942, adding that plans were under way to build a \$20,000 subterranean vault into which the Liberty Bell could be lowered by pressing a button. In the nation's Capital, Archibald MacLeish had removed from exhibition cases the Declaration of Independence, the Magna Carta (left with us after the World's Fair for safe keeping), and the Gutenberg Bible and put them in "places of greater security." For any day now the bombs might fall.

* * *

The east coast had its first raid scare at noon on December 9, 1941, though the alarms were found later to be the result of a misunderstanding. Daily newspapers, with glaring headlines gave a report of the confusion it caused, reminiscent of the 'invasion' by creatures from Mars several years before, when Orson Welles became too realistic on his radio program.

According to press accounts, a man who was able to identify himself telephoned First Army Headquarters at Governor's Island, New York, to report hearing a Washington broadcast that bombers had been sighted. He asked if this were true. Governor's Island telephoned the inquiry to Mitchel Field, where it seems to have been mistaken for a War Department warning.

Rifles, steel helmets, and gas masks were promptly issued to the 7,500 men at the airport. Soldiers donned full field equipment. Families of fliers and enlisted personnel were ordered to evacuate neighboring homes. All the planes were sent into the air.

The Civil Aeronautics Station at Washington ordered all radio beams along the Atlantic coast and one hundred miles inland turned off for two hours lest enemy planes use them for locating targets. Navy patrols soared along the coast. Fire and police sirens screamed. Civilian defense volunteers and plane spotters manned their posts. More than a million school children in New York City and thousands in Long Island and along the seaboard were sent home. The stock market—seismograph of the world's quakes—suffered its worst slump since the capitulation of France (1940).

In Manhattan the sirens failed to excite thousands of persons who poured out of subways and went about their business. In Times Square, men and women glanced at the sky but kept on walking—perhaps a little faster. Others, however, took no risks—for example, a restaurant proprietor on East Fifty-second Street barricaded the front of his place with sandbags.

The surrounding New England area was included in the scare. Boston was "alerted" for more than an hour. Huge military and naval establishments at New London, Connecticut, took precautions. Tens of thousands of civilian employees throughout the Northeast were rushed out of defense factories and Army and Navy centers. At Quincy, Massachusetts, the day shift of 14,000 men at Bethlehem Steel Corporation's Fore River shipyard was sent home.

Immediately after the bombing of Pearl Harbor puzzled residents of the San Francisco Bay area, as well, underwent three blackouts in one night and early the following morning without knowing what it was all about. The morning after December 8, they bought all the papers off the news stands to

find out what they were supposed to do in a blackout, and what had happened to their radios and lights the night before.

For the only thing uniform about the blackouts was that everybody's radio went dead about dinnertime when the stations stopped broadcasting. People who heard the sirens had only a vague idea what they meant. Some, guessing that the radio's silence meant an air raid alarm, rushed to windows. But seeing the street lights burning, they decided their sets needed repair. One woman, annoyed by an air-raid warden, complained to the police: "There's a crazy man prowling around my place shouting, 'Lights out!'"

During the third blackout, lights in residential areas were extinguished by pulling a master switch. But since downtown lights were controlled by individual switches, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company had to send a man around to turn them off one by one. Palo Alto pulled a master switch that turned off lights, electric refrigerators, clocks, heaters, and everything else run by electricity.

Residents who were awakened by early morning sirens complained to police headquarters: "Can't they keep those sirens quiet? People can't sleep in all this noise." Or: "Why weren't bombs dropped if those planes are Japanese? Why didn't you shoot?"

Replying to the calls during a tense Civilian Defense Council meeting following the alerts, General De Witt said angrily:

"There are more damned fools in this locality than I have ever seen. Death and destruction are likely to come to this city any moment. These planes were over our community. They were over our community for a definite period. They were enemy planes. I mean Japanese planes. They were tracked out to sea."

"Why bombs were not dropped, I do not know. It might have been better if some bombs had dropped to awaken this city."

The reporter's account of the meeting quotes a melodramatic statement by Vice Admiral John Greenslade endorsing the General's warning:

"By the grace of God, we were saved from a terrible catastrophe last night. If bombs had fallen, damage would have been worse than anything we can imagine. When the time comes, be ready."

Mrs. Roosevelt—who had flown West with Mayor La Guardia—added her warning: "Don't say, 'Nothing can happen to us.' Just pray that it doesn't, but be prepared if it does."

For according to the newspapers, Army informants had reported that a fleet of thirty Japanese planes had flown over the industrial area and Mare Island Navy Yard; that they had come over the southern tip of San Francisco Bay just north of San Jose and split into two groups—one flying north and the other south; that United States' planes had trailed the northern squadron, but lost track of it and were unable to pick up the southern flight at all.

The whole west coast had been partially blacked out; and the Long Beach and Wilmington and San Pedro area south of Los Angeles, as well as Mare Island Navy Yard and Vallejo, California, had been completely blacked out on Navy orders. Under orders from the Federal Communications Commission, Oregon radio stations were off the air for the second successive night.

Precautions were taken in Seattle to prevent repetition of the rioting of a mob of a thousand persons during the previous blackout, when store windows had been smashed and displays looted. A nineteen-year-old woman, whose husband was at sea on a destroyer, was arrested as their leader.

"We've got to show them they can't leave their lights burning," she explained to the police. "This is war. They don't realize one light in the city might betray us. That's my patriotism."

It was fervor such as this, as time went by, that caused farm-

ers in Skagit County, Washington, to worry about the future of cabbage—how to keep the ducks from their seed cabbage during dim outs. Before dim out regulations were imposed on coastal areas, farmers had flashed floodlights over their fields to keep away the mallards, teals, and widgeons. But under pressure from neighbors, who had written to the defense council asking that cabbage raising farmers turn off their lights to prevent Skagit County from becoming a "huge beacon for enemy planes," the farmers were forced to comply.

Nevertheless, the county agent for the agricultural extension service warned the council: "The nation's cabbage crop of 1944 virtually could be wiped out if the seed is not produced. Somehow duck lights must be kept burning."

So in the match between cabbages and the OCD kings it looked as though the cabbages might win.

The first authenticated attack on the American mainland occurred on February 23, 1942, when a Japanese submarine surfaced off the Elwood oil field outside Santa Barbara and fired two dozen shells at rigs and storage tanks. The submarine was definitely determined to be Japanese when some time later a Tokyo radio carried what purported to be an interview with an officer on the craft, who told of the 'destruction' visited on the oil field (actually only about \$200 worth of damage).

Again in June, an 'unidentified craft'—presumed to be a Japanese submarine—fired from six to nine shells into a sandy waste on the Oregon coast. This was the second attack within twenty-four hours. The shells landed on the empty beach between the abandoned logging camp of Columbia Beach and Seaside, a suburb of Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia River. Residents of neighboring towns awakened by the firing, said they had heard the whistle of the shells and the report of their explosion, and had seen orange-colored flashes at regular intervals from the sea.

By January, 1942, cities all over the country were checking up on their serious business noisemakers—checking their vol-

ume, shrillness and penetration. Siren makers were so swamped with orders that many cities had to dig up substitutes. In Sepulveda, California, the community resorted to using a hundred-year-old Mississippi River cast-iron boat bell. OCD officials of Reading, Pennsylvania—unable to obtain wiring for installation of more sirens—used automobile horns to warn residents outside the siren-sounding areas. Three horn blasts and a dash (the V-for-Victory signal) would mean an air-raid alert.

The first "alert" auditions were a medley of discordant screeches and bangs—shrieking, tooting, booming all over the country. You would hear a blast from a mortar that not only jarred the neighborhood with its carsplitting noise but also sent up a big cloud of smoke. School children, unable to keep their minds on their work, kept their ears pricked for a "low moan" or a "boom," interrupting a recitation to ask for silence when the weird noises began rehearsal for air raids like those they had read about in England.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor the whole nation was air-raid-conscious. Schools held raid drills—silent columns of wide-eyed children marching to their assigned places in inside corridors under penalty of expulsion for the least whisper. Thousands and thousands of helmeted air-raid wardens strutted about in their new authority—attending OCD meetings and first-aid classes. Newspapers daily carried instructions for air attacks—*do's* and *don't's* for handling fire bombs; what to do during a blackout; what to wear on a "raidy" day. Many stores were sold out of black cloth for covering windows. People rummaged among old trunks for velvet draperies for emergency use in blackouts.

Mayor La Guardia had a tilt with Director Landis about New York's failure to receive 22,000 civilian steel helmets ordered early in the year. Each blamed the other. Then the *Beacon Journal* of Akron, Ohio, revealed the reason: the hel-

hats had been made so small they "would be just the thing for a civilian defense force of midgets."

McCord Radiator and Manufacturing Company of Detroit, charged with furnishing the helmets, had sent them to B. F. Goodrich Company in Akron for installation of cork and fabric linings.

"After 300 were completed," the *Beacon Journal* stated, "an employee tried to don one. It wouldn't go on! Other workers experienced similar difficulty, and it was discovered all the helmets were three-fourths of an inch too small. Goodrich Company promptly stopped its work on them . . ."

Confusion was rife while the OCD greased its gears. Air-raid shelter signs at Warner Brothers' studio in Hollywood read, "Run, don't walk, to the nearest shelter," while those at R.K.O.-Pathé read, "Walk, don't run." When the huge raid alarm whistle blew at Warner Brothers' studio to signal the industry's first test evacuation, Bette Davis was left unkissed. Picture work came to an instant halt as more than two thousand employees poured from sound stages, dressing rooms, shops, and office buildings, following the arrows to the shelters. New York police banned whistles because many persons confused them with those of air-raid wardens. Doormen at hotels and apartments had to find other ways of summoning cabs.

Residents of Reading, Kansas, for a while in January, 1943, thought that Judgment Day had come. Bombers from Topeka air base on night practice mistook lights of the tiny town for lights of the bombing range. Several bombs fell in and near the town—with no damage other than craters left by their explosion. Anyhow, Army officials apologized.

The Aircraft Warning Service had many soldiers in homespun watching the skies—leaning out of windows of humble cottages, standing in the rain huddled in raincoats, watching from remote outposts. Helen Hayes helped maintain a twenty-four-hour watch of the skies as part of her duty with the

AWES. The task of the plane spotters is without uniform, glamour, or much glory. They just stand outdoors, hour after hour, watching the sky and listening for planes.

In June, 1942, when a Japanese radio commentator was reported as saying that President Roosevelt had "abrogated the poison-gas clause of international law," west-coast cities accelerated preparations for meeting a possible gas attack. According to newspaper reports, the Tokyo broadcast declared that should the United States institute poison-gas attacks against Japanese forces "Uncle Sam's boys will be given a smell of their own Du Pont gas which the Japanese captured at Guam."

San Francisco then staged another "rehearsal for bombing," with anti-gas instructions to the effect that gas alarms should be sounded only after a block warden had determined that gas was present in his particular area. Residents were instructed in such cases to close doors and windows and to climb as high as possible above street levels.

Los Angeles' city health officer told the public that burned bodies in gas attacks might be prevented at the cost of a few blushes. "Immediately before entering any house," his instructions read, "remove your outer clothing. Don't hesitate to do this. It is better to have a red face than a burned body."

In the Chemical Warfare Department across the Potomac from Washington, there is a photograph showing Charlie McCarthy trying on a Micky Mouse gas mask, originally designed to entice children to wear them. The idea was finally abandoned, however, because it took too much rubber and was unnecessary.

San Diego held its first "white-out" late the following month—a man-made fog designed to obliterate entire cities from the air. For nearly two hours the west side of the town was covered by a thick layer of white chemical smoke sent up from hundreds of flame pots spotted throughout vital areas. Located every few yards throughout the bay and airport districts, the flame pots shot up deep billows of smoke that soon changed

into a gray mist and became thicker and thicker. Planes flying overhead were not visible through the fog, though the Army searchlights spotted them from points outside the blanketed area.

While California was taking every precaution against an air attack, up in the extreme west corner of the nation a farsighted city council (years before) had passed Ordinance No. 59867, providing, "No explosive shall be transported over any part of the city in any aeroplane or other aircraft."

Mind Your P's and Q's

Despite Lieutenant General Hugh Drum's request that the east coast areas voluntarily tone down shore glare, New York City went on glimmering like a glow worm. In his report on results, Brigadier General Thomas A. Terry, Commanding Officer of the Second Service Command, called the night sky above Manhattan a 'murderous mound of light,' adding that the Army 'hoped' to avoid drastic measures. "In Queens," he continued, 'the Rockaway flared like a diamond sunburst.

Inland Brooklyn was ablaze with light. In the Bronx, gardens of light. It seemed that the only unlighted areas in Queens were the many graveyards."

All this despite the discovery that dim outs pay. For Patrick Quilty, Commissioner of the City Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, declared that dim outs would save the city \$200,000 annually—though the end of the year showed a saving of approximately \$1,000,000. Even a twenty-minute blackout saved \$300 on street, fire alarm box and one way lights—though this figure was ultimately cut to about \$180.

Following the failure to comply with his request, Lieutenant General Drum issued drastic regulations to the governors of New York, New Jersey, and Delaware, ordering every window and skylight in the coastal areas screened and every outdoor advertising sign extinguished for the duration.

Soon New York City was so black at night you never knew when a black cat crossed your path. You groped along downtown streets and bumped into affectionate couples cloaked in benevolent darkness, or sometimes spilled over into the street on crowded Broadway.

In all sections of the country during the summer of '42, state-wide blackout tests were held. It was an exciting experience for an unbombed people to rush to switch off lights at the sound of the weird sirens. People ran to windows or front porches to watch the goings-on, joking about the bold violators: the moon, full and bright and challenging; and a host of undimmed fireflies.

The procedure was, in principle, the same throughout the country. For example, at 8:58 at night the traffic division superintendent would tell the chief toll operator to notify the several communities in the area: "Air-raid warning, yellow." This order would set in motion the business of calling several thousand Civilian Defense workers, air-raid wardens, auxiliary police and firemen, nurses' aides and emergency medical units, demolition and utility crews and others to notify them that the town was being "bombed."

At 9:15 a blue light would flash in the control centers of the participating areas, indicating that the raiders were headed toward the area—were now closing in. And at 9:29 red lights would indicate that the enemy planes were less than ten miles away.

At this stage the siren and wildcat whistle stations were called. Then began the doleful wailing note that was the air-raid warning signal. Immediately lights began to blink out, cars pulled to the curb and turned off lights. Advertising signs went out. Finally street lights subsided in unison as master switches were pulled—only an occasional light remaining from exempt defense plants or navigation markers.

In the control center, directors of the several emergency divisions of the defense council would describe resulting "bomb

incidents" The Director of Health, officers of the police and fire departments, and the Director of Public Works would dispatch appropriate units to the scene—perhaps a "direct high-explosive hit on a church on the city limits"

When the first ambulance arrived at the disaster, unwarned medical workers would be stunned to find Boy Scout "casualties" sprawled all over the place in ghastly attitudes, cutsup dripping from their sleeves But they soon came to and set to work in the manner appropriate to the injuries typed on cards tied to the "casualties"

The first surprise daylight air-raid test caused quiet bewilderment in one town Pedestrians peered uncertainly at the sky, then at fellow pedestrians to see how they were taking things Some sought shelter in doorways—complying with instructions Others kept walking, puzzled as to why cars halted on green lights and why people were jammed in doorways But they soon learned as cruising police cars kept shouting through loud speakers "This is a test air raid—only a test—keep calm—do not become alarmed"

Streetcars stood where the alarm had caught them, the July sun blazing through windows on perspiring faces An anxious girl leaned over to confide to a soldier, "I'm going to be late for a date"

"And me," returned the soldier, "I'm losing time on a week-end leave"

Another fellow queried, doubtfully "There couldn't be anything to this, after all, could there?"

II

Wake Up the Mighty Men

Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up:

Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong.

—Joel 3:9-10

FROM afar, from over the mountains, over the desert, over the vast plains and broad rivers, down the eastern seaboard, over the South's red fields, over the white-pine lands, down through the Midwest, through the industrial towns, through the less big towns, came the muted call of three on-rushing trains. "Convert or Die!" was its far-away warning.

They were government trains, clipping off the miles on their six weeks' tour from coast to coast, bearing samples of defense equipment—more than twenty thousand items that the government needed, from the tiniest spring or part of a bomb fuse to guns or an Army field cooking range. At Wright Field, Ohio, at Aberdeen Proving Ground, at many an Army and Navy depot the red-white-and-blue trains had loaded up with samples in order to exhibit them to hopeful manufacturers—in order to spread contracts among little industries.

This was in November, 1941. The schedules had been published. Circle tours they were, to rally industries large and small to convert their plants before too late—to convert from peace production to war. There was adventure in the challenging call. Adventure, yes, but also fear, as the little industries strained to catch the urgent message in those far-off moans—in the muffled clatter of wheels on rails as the caravan rushed on

through the night Already their businesses were slowly dying—helpless victims of war's priorities

Now, as the trains came nearer—nearer—the sound of the whistles, loud and shrill, was the midnight shout of Paul Revere, startling the Mighty Being awake with that cry of alarm "*Convert or die*"

Louder and louder grew the cry, until all you heard was the clatter of wheels, the rush of trains, the thunder, the roar of the government's red white and blue 'Defense Specials,' shrieking the message, "*Convert or die*" to every industry throughout the land to be up and to arm 'in the hour of darkness and peril and need,' to take down their muskets—to lay aside peace until Axis enemies have been crushed to earth'

* * *

In all the towns small industries waited They had written Floyd Odum (the little man's friend and Chief of the Contract Distribution Division of the Office of Production Management) to make an appointment to visit the trains—the makers of toys, umbrellas, fishhooks, makers of pianos, organs, trumpets—instruments not meant for war's harsh cry

They headed out of Washington—the bright colored Clinics ' One train flew East—the No 1 Defense Special—stopping, in the order of Odum's itinerary, at

Wilmington, Trenton Bridgeport, Providence,
Lynn, Portland, Bangor, Berlin,
Rutland, Springfield, Waterbury, Poughkeepsie

Onward it rushed—the No 1 defense train—stopping for a day or two at each scheduled town while big men and little men visited the cars to gape at the bewildering display of items, each with a serial number tacked alongside it—alongside the minutest spring or washer

Hundreds of little men flocked to the trains The Fords and

the Kaisers knew their way about, but the little men were dazed by the strange new order—about how they'd make war weapons instead of toys and fishhooks. Still they felt a thrill run up and down their spine as they talked with the train's impressive staff—the Army Corps, the Corps of Engineers, the Medical Corps and the Chemical Warfare Service, various branches of the Navy and Marine Corps and, last, to officials of the Maritime Commission.

The little men stood before these high-ups in awe: big-time officials soliciting their aid! Men whose fingers felt the sluggish pulse of the kindly old gentleman, Uncle Sam. *They* knew what was needed to restore his health—new blood, new vigor in his dying industries.

The little men went back home inspired, hearing the alarm grow fainter, fainter as the train rushed on. It was hurrying to the Southland, stopping according to schedule at

Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Binghamton,
Scranton, Reading, Harrisburg, Greensboro,
Charlotte, Atlanta, Macon, Tampa,
Jacksonville, Columbia, Raleigh, Richmond.

Down to the exhibit trains trooped the little industries—the man up the stairs in the crowded cities—the men on spur tracks beside freight depots—small fry, the backbone of Liberty's strength.

Fifty-six big companies held 75 per cent of the nation's war contracts, which Odum hoped to share with the little firms. Says Jonathan Daniels, writing in the *Nation*:

His job did not so much involve billions of dollars as thousands of people, from the man running the shop in the shed to the enterprise that erects steel-wire fences around half the country.

So into the special trains the small fry poured—hearts aquiver with hope, with adventure. Into the conference car they trooped, where the problem of each was analyzed. "Could you make this?"—"Could you make that?" Then they were sent to

look at the things—to the car that displayed the material which each was thought best qualified to make. They gazed in awe at the government's list. The maker of fishhooks, handling a piece, feels his pulse begin to quicken. Instead of fishhooks he can make machinery springs for use in machine guns. And the toymaker, fins for aerial bombs.

* * *

Now, the No. 2 train was heading out of Washington, shouting the alarm "Convert or die!" It would swing through the Midwest, stopping here and there:

Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Erie, Akron,
Youngstown, Toledo, Lansing, Muskegon,
South Bend, Milwaukee, Madison, Minneapolis

Thousands of industrialists visited the trains. There were no blueprints, no bewildering specifications. The small factory owners as well as their foremen just roamed through the cars, handling the parts to get the feel of the stuff their country needed. A fellow from the "sticks," who made split-bottom chairs, could make watchmen's night sticks and wooden trolleys for mine cars. And one that made jewelry could make firing pins and safety washers for artillery fuses.

Then the No. 2 train was on its way again to

Rock Island, Des Moines, Omaha, Springfield,
Joliet, Indianapolis, Evansville, Louisville,
Cincinnati, Columbus, Charleston, Lynchburg

My, how much the OPM was learning about the size and shape of the nation's business! It saw not only how big was Big Business but how big was Little Business and what was happening to it. For when most of us think of American industry (says Jonathan Daniels) we have in mind Ford's vast corporation or sprawling aircraft plants within high wire fences, or the giant furnaces of United States Steel. Yet 75 per cent of the nation's industries—135,000 out of 185,000—are

the little ones with twenty employees or fewer—only 6 or 7 per cent of United States labor; only 5 per cent of its strategic material.

There was something tragic, says Daniels, in the need of production clinics for the little industries—*clinic!* a term reserved for the sick. But Little Business was seriously ill. Big Industry had drawn the big war contracts and Little Industry, the clinics.

Yet the little men hung on with grim determination. At every stop of the bright-colored trains they swarmed through the cars, peering about. An umbrella manufacturer wants parachute work. A plant that made farm machinery can make bomb crates. And one that made electric shavers, automatic mixers, coffee pots, and toasters finds it can make explosive shells.

* * *

Last out of Washington roared the No. 3 train, shrieking the challenge, "Convert or die!" It was headed for the west coast, headed for—

Denver, Billings, Salt Lake City, Boise,
Spokane, Seattle, Portland, Sacramento,
San Diego, Phoenix— (My, how big the country is!)

Everywhere the trains went, hundreds of industrialists flocked to visit them. Many found hope. The man who made steel cylinders for holding laughing gas found he could make bullets for piercing armor plate. And household washing machine and ironer industries found they could make tank treads and bomb-releasing devices.

"Convert or die!" the whistles warned, for the No. 3 defense train was on its way again. Only one more swing now—the home swing through—

El Paso, San Antonio, Houston, Dallas,
Oklahoma City, Little Rock, Memphis, Jackson,

New Orleans, Mobile, Birmingham, Nashville,
Chattanooga, Knoxville—

Yes, thought the little men, there was now hope. Machines that made buttons could make gas-proof bags. And those that made cotton gins could make chemical mortar shells. A feeling of pride now swelled their chests. For they were not just enlisting their aid. Their government was actually soliciting their production units—small fry as well as the Fords and the Kaisers.

The tour was over. Fifty thousand manufacturers had visited the caravan. All had seen. Some had conquered. Thus runs the saga of economic romance and American industrial ingenuity. For never in the history of the world had industry been challenged to a job so colossal, nor management asked to tackle the job of procuring and manufacturing new products on so staggering a scale—management comprised of all new people, from big firms and little firms—asked to outstrip in eighteen months Axis production that had been going on for years.

The list of conversions to products utterly opposed to peacetime output is unending. A Midwest manufacturer of fine watch cases and compacts now works on delicate delaying mechanisms for shell fuses and on tiny radio parts for the Signal Corps. A floor-waxer plant in Pennsylvania bores gear housings for antitank guns. One of the world's largest manufacturers of merry-go-rounds turns out gun mounts, plane gears as well as jigs and fixtures for tank production. The skilled fingers of a sixty-five-year-old carver of wooden horses for carnival merry-go-rounds now makes bits and pieces for the Airacobra (an Army fighter plane).

An organ company turns out airplane parts. A Kentucky firm that once made vanities, first made shell rings and then incendiary bombs. A woman from the Kentucky mountains, who used to cut dimension hickory for golf-club manufacturers, now makes push poles (hickory poles eight feet long,

used to get trucks out of the mire, to push landing boats in, and used by engineers in constructing pontoons).

A firm that made mantels now makes photographic kits for enlarging maps, and one that made fireplace equipment makes gun-mount assemblies. A manufacturer of electric signs turns out mounting plates and clamps for ships; and a maker of scales and meat choppers produces aircraft parts. A maker of pinball and cigarette-vending machines turns out 20-millimeter cartridge cases and armor-piercing shells. A manufacturer of hosiery machinery (the only manufacturer of the "looper" in the country) now makes cartridge tools, torpedo parts, and airplane parts. A beer-can concern makes war products from hand grenades, bombs, land mines to cups for collecting sap of rubber trees.

A woodworking machinery company makes chemical mortars. A New York company that made dental drills makes drills and burrs for small arms. A company that made Kleenex and other absorbent cellulose products now makes two-gun and four-gun 50-caliber mounts to go on landing craft and convoy trucks. A big manufacturer of hospital supplies, a maker of golf balls, and a vacuum cleaner company assemble gas masks. A well known firm that formerly made antiseptics makes protective ointment against vesicant gases. A Boston pickle manufacturer pickles incendiary bombs by dipping them in acid to remove corroded metal.

Companies that made wallpaper, stoves, brass beds, or celluloid dolls make incendiary bombs. Fireworks companies make incendiary powders for bombs and illuminating parachute flares. An animal trap company makes 30- and 50-caliber cores for ammunition. Looms that once made carpet now weave heavy duck for the armed forces. Leading typewriter companies, a hardware firm, and a manufacturer of steering gears now make carbines. A linoleum company makes ammunition. A Midwest fountain-pen factory turns out firing pins, fittings for planes, essential "innards" of airplane engines, and battle-

ship control parts A firm that made envelope folding machines now builds small arm parts An orange squeezer plant makes bullet molds A company that made pumps to put out fires now makes flame throwers And, finally, a coffin manufacturer produces airplanes

Even the confectionery and chocolate industry went to war Along with its regular products, which go in vast quantities to the armed forces, it makes war weapons A well known Pennsylvania chocolate company was awarded the Navy 'E' for making parts for the Navy A Massachusetts confectionery company set up a department for making vacuum radio tubes A famous Chicago candy bar company operates its machine shop two shifts a day to produce shell dies Another candy company operates machines for fastening electric connections on electric cables, and a company with branches in Florida and Connecticut incinerates coconut shells for the manufacture of coconut char for gas masks

When it was discovered that powdered eggs shipped to England in two hundred pound barrels were likely to spoil, the Agricultural Marketing Administration (under the Lend Lease program) decided to package eggs in five ounce paperboard boxes The Cracker Jack Company then converted half its facilities to meet this need and two other Chicago candy companies installed a packaging line And when the subsistence laboratory of the Quartermaster Corps selected dextrose and a malted milk dextrose table for Army use, another big Chicago candy firm converted part of its facilities to produce enough of the tablets for the Army's needs

The wooden and metal furniture industry—second only to the automobile industry in the production of durable consumer's goods—converted to the making of airplane parts gliders, ammunition boxes airplane fuel lines, tail and wing assemblies for airplanes, rear fin struts and seating equipment for planes tanks and ships Woodworking plants got assignments to build wooden aircraft for training programs bulk

heads for ships, and wooden lockers and shelving. Machine tool shops in furniture factories converted to the production of screw machines and turret lathes. One small Midwestern company that formerly used nickel for chair and table frames, decided to turn out bomb fuses, fuel lines for planes, parts for carburetors, and tank transmissions.

The story of conversion by one Kentucky old-timer is typical of the spirit of America. This seventy-two-year-old hill-billy, maker of the internationally known Gayle Fishing Reel, obtained a \$146,000 war contract to make copper eyebolts, horn bases, horn-base nuts, and contact points. His factory is a two-car garage, a negro dwelling house (six and a half rooms), and a chicken coop. Early in the war he traveled through the state, borrowing any old drill press, punch press, milling machine or lathe available; and on them today he has tags that read, "Loaned by So-and-So for the duration."

His employees are neighborhood women (some at least sixty years old) trained to operate the machines. They drop in to see if he needs them—wearing their aprons and carrying their market baskets. Or sometimes he'll stick his head out of the window and yell for them. When he needs a tap or a die or a drill, he makes it himself. He has no confidence in "the stuff you buy on the market."

Gayle finished his contract 100 per cent, and intends to keep on producing until the war is over. He has two sons in the service who can't retire until the war's over, he says; so he's going to stay with them.

The conversion of St. Louis's Midwest Piping and Supply Company (turning forty-foot lengths of pipe into thousand-pound demolition bomb cases) is a modern version of the biblical phrase: beating plowshares into swords. The lengths of pipe are slipped from a freight car through a trapdoor in the factory wall into a conveyor. The cutting crew marks on the pipe the desired length, and oxyacetylene torches slice it into short pieces. Four different machines shape the pointed nose

of the bomb cases. Heated white-hot, the nose is rounded and closed by a whirling disc that forms the metal as easily as if it were molding clay. Another machine compresses the other end of the pipe, giving a teardrop effect so that the pipe now looks like the deadly projectile it is to become.

Then a hole is bored in the nose of the casing to hold a small propeller, which must open as the bomb drops or else the charge will not explode. Next, the jacket is machined to make it smooth. Loading lugs are welded to its sides and it is put into an annealing furnace.

Finally, an assembly plant loads the casing and adds a charge of high explosive and devices to guide the bomb. Thus, an innocent-looking pipe has been transmuted into one of the deadliest of war weapons, and the Midwest Piping and Supply Company is awarded the Army-Navy "E" for its demonstration of American ingenuity.

Most incongruous of all conversions was the change-over of factories from making musical instruments to making organs and trumpets of war. One by one the knells were sounded, tolling the death of one musical instrument industry after another. . . .

No more harps after May, 1942!

A harp has 2,400 different parts, requiring six kinds of metal and various kinds of wood. One of the largest companies quit selling harps, renting them instead for the duration to keep its name before the public. If it sold its harps it would be out of business.

No more band instruments after June, 1942!

Stocks in the hands of manufacturers and jobbers were "frozen" for use in bands in the armed forces. Shops that made saxophones, cornets, and trumpets converted to the making of plane parts, tanks, navigation instruments, and gun turrets.

No more pianos or organs after July, 1942!

Organ manufacturers turned to the production of special devices for trainer planes. Factories that made pianos began to

make gliders. Piano wire, because of its great tensile strength, was used in the manufacture of springs to actuate firing mechanisms of machine guns.

Incongruous though it seems that the makers of instruments of music should turn to the production of instruments of death and destruction, the curtailment and restriction of production of these symbols of harmony saved about 16,000 tons of steel annually—enough steel to build 800 light tanks, or 228 heavy tanks, or 1,400 howitzers of the 155-millimeter type, or 24,000 large artillery shells.

* * *

Listen! the *mighty being* awakes! Stirred at last from peacetime dreaming, America's soul is kindled to flame with a fierce impatience to repel the invader. Day and night, the people toil. They work to music that the inner ear hears. As strange symphony, like their life, of precious traditions and glowing memories—memories of Valley Forge, Gettysburg, and of slow dream-led caravans creaking westward.

Stephen Vincent Benét tells the story in his "Dear Adolf" series, written for the Council for Democracy (his part in the fight for freedom) to be broadcast over the NBC network. There is the letter from the American *soldier*:

Dear Adolf:

This is me—one American soldier.

My dog-tag number's in the millions—my draft-number came out of a hat in every State in the Union.

I'm from Jacksonville and Little Rock, Monroe City and Nashua. I'm from Blue Eye, Missouri, and the sidewalks of New York. I'm from the Green Mountains and the big sky-hooting plains, from the roll of the prairie and the rocks of Marblehead, from the little towns where a dog can go to sleep in the middle of Main Street, and the nickel-plated suburbs and the cities that stick their skyscrapers into the sky.

I used to be a carpenter and a school-teacher and a soda-jerker and a mechanic. I used to be a hackie and a farm hand and a leg-man and a bookkeeper—the son of a guy with money and the son of a guy with none. But I'm a soldier, now. . . .

And there is the letter from a *housewife and mother*.

I am young and old, middle-aged, with my children grown,
With my children still in my care I live in a town,
A city, a suburb, a pleasant, tree-shaded street,
A bare street, hard with traffic, ugly with noise

.
. That's me,

The *millions* of us, all over *America*
Who tell the census-clerk, "Occupation—housewife"
And we buy the food for the nation and guard its children,
We keep the house and see that Mister gets fed

And there is the letter from the *farmer*.

Dear Adolf

Thus is me

Thus is me—one American farmer

Six million farms and over in this country, last census Six million places where we can raise food for freedom

Food for the men on the ships and the men in the planes

Food for the boys like my boy in his soldier clothes

Food for Ed Summer's boy on his destroyer and Gus Taub's boy over in the tank plant

Food for all kinds of folks I'll never see in my life who are fighting on our side

.

They won't be flying "E" pennants from the silos and we won't be getting medals and decorations But we've got Pearl Harbor written down on our hearts, Pearl Harbor and Wake Island and the names of the dead.

Then there was the letter from the *workingman*

Dear Adolf

We're writing you a letter and it isn't in fancy words It's written around the clock by the working stiffs of America—the guys with grease on their faces who know what work means It's written in steel and plastics, carborundum and tungsten, rivet buckers and drill templates, planes and guns

We got brothers in the Army and Navy, we got sons and

nephews and guys that worked at the same bench with us. We aren't spilling off about them but we aren't forgetting them. We don't like the bunk and the oil and the big words. We don't like star-spangled orations that don't add up. But we know what we're doing—and we know what they're doing. Every time we throw a switch or pull a lever—every time we set up a new job—every time the whistle blows for the new shift—we know what we're doing—over twenty million of us—and don't be fooled about that.

Get it, Adolf? That's us.

And there is, finally, the letter from the *businessman*:

Dear Adolf:

This is me.

This is me—one American businessman—J. B. Benson of Benson and Company.

I run one plant in one town in a place called U.S.A.

And there are thousands like me all over this country. Just the plain, ordinary businessmen who sit at table 24 at the convention dinners and are out on the end of the row when they take the group photograph.

That's why I'm taking time off to say "We're all against you, Adolf."

The businessmen—the *manufacturers*—the industrialists—the men who designed and put together the whole big plant of America—we're moving against you.

We're against you and we're out to lick you, come hell or high water.

It's a big job and we know that. But we make everything in this country from electric toasters to suspension bridges. And, if we don't know how, at first, we scratch around and find out.

We make gadgets and dofunnies and jiggers—and things that last. We're crazy about three-ton presses and automatic lighters, about cash-registers that ring bells at you and cranes that pick up tons of steel. We're crazy about feeding stuff in at one end of an assembly line and having a car drive out on its own power at the other. We're crazy about jigs and dies and tools that make tools.

And that's why this war is up our alley, Adolf.

. . . But the real mass production's just starting on the war.

It's in the plants and on the freight cars and trucks It's crossing the oceans in convoy. It's pouring from thousands of factories, all over America . . . It's boiling in the converters and humming over the power lines It's being stamped out and welded and machined and finished—and marked with your address.

.
That's what the clock keeps ticking, Adolf. That's how we see your threat to our kind of people. . . .

And that's why this poet of democracy, Stephen Vincent Benét, devoted his last days following Pearl Harbor to the cause of freedom. That's why he wrote "for free" these broadcasts for the Council for Democracy. Like the soldiers dying on battlefields, he gave his life for his country.

III

Sherman Had a Word for It

THE attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, gave the spark that fused American opinion. In a daze at first we watched the Pacific scoreboard:

"December 25—Hong Kong falls. . . . January 2—Manila and Cavite taken. . . . January 31—Malaya conquest completed. . . . February 15—Singapore falls. . . . February 27 to March 1—Java defense fleet wiped out. . . . March 9—Java falls. . . . April 9—Bataan falls. . . . May 15—Burma falls."

Like a giant octopus, Japan was reaching out to seize our outposts one after another. Yet the spirit that led Colin Kelly to give his life inflamed the hearts of Americans back home. Everyone was asking: What can I do?—high-school students, teachers, clubwomen, workers.

There were service stars in windows and on coat lapels, and booming war industries dotted fields in the Midwest where wheat and corn had grown before. Women were working beside their men in the fields or working in war plants to produce the staggering amounts of war supplies that Donald Nelson (chairman of the War Production Board), Claude Wickard (Secretary of Agriculture) and President Roosevelt had told Americans they must provide.

The United States was no longer familiar to us. Everywhere we went, we saw men training for war or workers toiling in war plants. Even resorts were no longer carefree and gay. The white sands of Florida's shores were patrolled day and night lest spies and saboteurs land by submarine and rubber boats. Beaches—even privately owned strips—were closed to night bathing, and highways along the coast were shut off from sun-

down to sunup lest car lights silhouette ships at sea for submarine targets. The swank Miami Biltmore had been converted into a military hospital, and the windows of the Roney Plaza were black at night, though we knew it was full of people. Cheerfully we groped our way along black streets, or stumbled about our rooms at night.

The gay look of Miami Beach had gone with the war. Up one street and down another the names over the entrances of famous hotels were overshadowed with red signs that read "Military Reservation—RESTRICTED." Back and forth before each fashionable hotel a guard marched, shifting his gun from one perspiring shoulder to the other. Through doorways that once had welcomed smartly gowned women who came South for a gay holiday now flowed an endless stream of khaki-clad men. Pale pink and eggshell furniture of pastel tinted rooms, dance halls, and night clubs had been stored to make room for three-decker Army bunks. Smart shops that once had catered to fashionable tourists now concentrated on the Army's needs.

On Biscayne Boulevard, white barbed wire fenced off the center. On Collins Avenue, once the haunt of the wealthy, there was nothing to be seen but khaki. A stock broker's office was used as a clinic for treating tired and bruised Army feet. Empty stores were used as lecture rooms. Classes were held in the coffee shop of the Drake Hotel. A class in chemical warfare was held in the grandstand of the Flamingo Park baseball field. In a quiet street, standing on the sidewalk, men would be listening to an Army instructor. Under the trees in the park, in empty lots, in former gambling casinos—everywhere were soldiers intent upon cramming the maximum of technical knowledge into the minimum of time. And on the once green fairways of the Bay Shore golf course columns of perspiring men drilled.

Farther up the eastern seaboard affairs were much the same. The gayety of Atlantic City, too, was gone. In one of its largest hotels, Air Corps cadets carried their own luggage to rooms

that once had cost \$25 a day. Glamour trimmings had been removed. Ballrooms were lecture rooms. Cadets made their own beds and ate Army "chow" in the dining rooms. In Chicago the famous Congress and Stevens hotels had been taken over by the Army Air Corps for use as radio schools. History had once been made in the Congress Hotel: political careers boomed and broken; Presidents chosen, later to be ratified in the tumult of the convention floor.

Along the Pacific, where attack was a constant menace, Japanese citizens were evacuated. Dusty caravans of hundreds of family cars, trucks, and rattling jalopies rumbled northeastward from Los Angeles to internment camps—following the coast, traveling across the Mojave Desert, over the Sierra Nevadas to the Owens Valley induction center at Manzanar.

The first caravan was of men only—Japanese volunteers going ahead to get the giant camp ready for the mass evacuation from the west coast. They were aged merchants, young workmen and schoolboys in worn caps and tattered hats, though many wore lettered sweaters won for participation in school athletics.

They arrived at dusk after a long, weary journey over miles of desolate mesquite and sagebrush—past a few dying trees of a once profitable orchard. On the far horizon loomed Mount Whitney. It may have reminded them of their own Fujiyama, for as they bedded down for the night on straw-filled mattresses of the unfinished barracks, the muted voice of one Japanese murmured: "You wait—we'll make a little heaven of it."

Some of these interned citizens were well educated and probably loyal to the United States. But the country could not afford to take risks. All along the west coast people felt the Japanese menace. For months after the attack on Pearl Harbor people slept with their coats and flashlights near at hand, and a suitcase packed. Stores were quickly sold out of flashlights,

and long lines of people waited to buy candles. Old folk left for the East or Midwest and children were sent inland to relatives and friends.

In California, antiaircraft guns were hidden among the eucalyptus trees, and antiaircraft lights concealed in clumps of hibiscus. Soldiers with fixed bayonets patrolled factories, bridges, lighting plants. Air-raid and dim-out instructions were issued and placed under the plate glass of hotel dressers.

Everywhere was tension. Everywhere, fear of the Rising Sun just over the rim of the West. Yet California, with her famed braggadocio, could not resist capitalizing on her perilous situation, making a bid for tourists with such words as "thrilling," "dynamic," "lovely," "world famous." One publicity release read "Residents and visitors alike watch the everyday pageant of activity jeeps and command cars in the streets, P-38's zooming overhead, factories and war plants keeping pace as America produces, men and women performing their tasks of civilian defense."

The wide-open spaces—background for movie productions such as "Beau Geste"—now served as maneuvering grounds, where battalions of tanks, half tracks and jeeps were training men for desert battle. Over the sage and mesquite chugged troop trains loaded to capacity. At Barstow, from out the night fog, soldiers emerged like ghosts to convoy motorists over the river. From Mexico to Canada the coast line bristled with guns—with troops, ships, planes keeping a twenty-four hour watch. Beneath camouflaged netting, artillerymen crouched, and on the hilltops both soldiers and civilians kept lookout.

In San Diego, the Number One war town, the streets were full of jeeps and peeps. The Plaza was full of people. Vacant lots were converted into trailer camps. Balboa Park was all but closed. The main thoroughfares were roped off for military highways. In the summer of 1942 there were 100,000 more people in San Diego than there were two years before. Twenty

thousand new houses had been built by fall, yet only half the newcomers had found separate housing.

Here was a sample of America's war effort: sprawling aircraft plants and vast defense-housing projects. Here were destroyer bases, naval bases, naval training stations, Army posts, Marine Corps bases. Here Uncle Sam weathered leathernecks for future expeditions such as Guadalcanal.

Farther up the coast the scene was the same. Portland's population had doubled. The city-owned traction company was carrying 225,000 more riders per day than it carried normally. By 1942, not a house, room, or park bench was available. At the end of the year some 60,000 houses were being constructed. Here the shortage of labor was plainly seen—women serving as police, garbage collectors, streetcar operators. Crops were rotting on trees and in fields for want of pickers.

As early as 1941 Seattle had grown by nearly 140,000 inhabitants when unnumbered hordes of workers thronged to the Boeing aircraft plant. They had come by train, bus, and private car from Montana, the Dakotas, and other surrounding states. Lodging houses and small hotels were jammed, and wages soared.

Seattle, too, was a war town. A helmeted army was quartered within the city limits. Guns were on the hills, in the gardens, in the back yards. Troops, troops everywhere—on duty and off: on the streets, in the restaurants, in the movies, in the stores, in the hotels, on the busses, at the airport as guards.

Yet alongside this picture of boom times is the tragic one of wartime "ghost" towns—depressed industrial centers with empty houses and unemployed male citizens looking for women's jobs. *Iron Age* tells the story of eighty-two such towns, citing the glaring case of the Greater Scranton, Pennsylvania, area, with 30,000 of its 300,000 citizens unemployed, more than 20,000 in the armed forces; another 20,000 men and women gone to Bridgeport, Baltimore, and other war-booming cities; and 7,000 of its houses empty.

The well known press team, James Marlow and William Pinkerton, paints a disturbing picture of such towns throughout the country

The one-industry towns of the Middle West whose stove factories, silk yarn mills, soft-drink mixers have cut down for lack of the war stuff and haven't obtained war contracts

The little Southern shops which turned out a finished job in peace, and haven't the "know-how"—or the machines, in many cases—for switching to subcontracting

The county that lost 4,000 customers to neighboring communities boom happy with war work

The deserted villages whose men have all gone off to airplane plants or tank assembly lines

The Southern State where more than 200 small plants employing from ten to two hundred workers faced shutdowns long ago for lack of the necessary materials for civilian production

So the businesses that could not convert worried—the little fellows who needed tools to convert but found that big industry had cornered priorities, those who had machines and skills for doing a war job but were too far away from other shops for collaboration, those who followed the advice of Philip D Reed (chief of the Bureau of Industry Branches of the WPB) and formed production "pools" yet got no contracts, the lone industrialists who repeatedly tried for war contracts or subcontracts but finally gave up discouraged, the man with the small-scale shop who was baffled by the job of guessing costs and figuring out complicated government specifications without the aid of a skilled accountant and engineer, the little businesses which, for one reason or another, could not possibly convert to war production and were threatened with extinction for lack of materials and labor needed for civilian services and production

As time went by, the plight of these little businesses, the mainstay of small towns, grew daily more serious. In September, 1941, before the clamor of war began to ring in our ears, their plaint had become an ominous chorus that was heard all

over the nation. Said Walter D. Fuller, president of the National Association of Manufacturers (September 22, 1941):

"Thousands of non-defense plants employing millions of men are threatened with shutdowns. Thousands of others are closing or will be compelled to in the near future unless the problem is solved. . . . Lack of metals and the strategic materials sequestered for national defense . . . has thrown out of gear our normal, peacetime production."

Said Standard & Poor, a business statistical concern (September 22, 1941):

"'Let us buy our materials or else give us contracts' is the chant emanating from most small businesses, and many not-so-small businesses."

Testifying before the House Small Business Committee, Philip Reed (former General Electric executive) predicted that approximately 24,000 small manufacturing firms (whose annual sales totaled about \$4,000,000,000) would be forced to close down before October, 1942, because their plants were not adaptable to war production.

"The future of thousands of small communities is dependent upon the existence of these private plants," Reed declared, expressing a big-business man's concern lest small business—the backbone of American economy—be broken on the rack of war. To help the little fellows through the dark days he had suggested concentration of production, subcontracting, pools, conversion.

The Congress, under the leadership of Senators Jim Murray of Montana and Jim Mead of New York, finally enacted the bill creating the Small War Plants Corporation. Much later (in February, 1943) the House Select Committee on Small Business was to report that it had received testimony presenting a "shocking picture of bureau buckpassing, incompetent and listless administration, and almost traitorous activities on the part of certain interests to protect their companies at the expense of the war effort."

And even, by the end of the year, Drew Pearson was to tell us (and WPB officials to admit he was right) that when the war is over the country will find a greater concentration of industry in the hands of a few than ever before, that the Army and Navy had ignored little business partly because big firms had been efficient and speedy, "partly because of an expert lobby in Washington, partly because of old Army-Navy friendships established years ago"

* * *

So the little fellows were left to shift for themselves Under the priority system they could not buy materials to keep them going Yet one small industry—the church goods business—was actually enjoying a boom This industry follows a strange cycle in times of prosperity the sales volume ebbs, but in times of trouble, when people turn to religion for comfort and security, business picks up

So today religious articles of all kinds were in demand, not only by civilians, but by the armed forces as well votive candles to be lighted before thousands of altars for boys in the service, pocket missals and hats containing scapular and miraculous medals for soldiers, sailors, and fliers to carry along with identification tags An unprecedented demand for Bibles (along with rationing of paper) caused a shortage that grew steadily worse Copies were sold as fast as they came from the bindery Not for a hundred years has the demand exceeded supply By 1943 one department store wishing to set up a window display for National Bible Week was unable to find enough Bibles to do so

Then with the increase in advancements and ordinations caused by the need for Army and Navy chaplains, the demand for outfits for the new priests monsignors, bishops, and arch bishops increased

According to reports of Chicago's House of Hansen the cost of the clerical outfit for the bishop—the purple garments and the black cassock—runs around \$600 The ermine cap is

\$400 additional. The slippers are around \$40 a pair. The miter runs from \$50 for a simple one to \$500 for a precious miter. (A bishop uses three miters—simple, gold, and precious—on different occasions.) The bishop's ring may be had for \$250 and up to \$1,000 or more. The same is true of the crosier.

Shortages and priorities hit the church-goods industry, like all other businesses—for example, silver, which (though not rationed) was sold to manufacturers on the basis of 50 per cent of their previous purchases, so that it was difficult to get it for chains, etc. Tabernacles are made of plastic except the doors, which are supplied from some that were in stock. No more doors can be made. Silk warp with 80 per cent wool is used for priests' cassocks and monsignor robes, and celanese silk for vestments.

* * *

Indeed, it was a strange world that the church sought to save. While certain factions were bemoaning an "upward trend" in atheism, terror-stricken soldiers huddled in ditches "praying aloud and fervently"—"praying for a solid hour" during heavy bombing attacks, as many and many a tough soldier admitted. Said a sergeant after such an experience:

"There are no atheists in fox holes."

IV

Design for Victory

What constitutes the bulwark of our liberty and independence? It is not our frowning battlements, our bristling seacoasts, the guns of our steamers, or the strength of our gallant army

Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in our bosoms. Our defense is in the preservation of the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands everywhere.

ALL the soldiers defending America were not wearing uniforms, wrote Peter Odegard, Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury—not manning guns, guiding planes, or peering from the portholes of transports. Many were soldiers in overalls and slacks—hundreds of thousands of men and women in factories, on farms, in laboratories, in mines, in shipyards, in shops—all as vital to the defense of democracy as are the men in the armed forces or the generals or the admirals commanding our fleet. Soldiers of freedom were operating drills, bending over drawing boards, plowing fields, teaching in classrooms. They were building barracks, laying out streets and water mains, erecting hospitals and recreation centers and houses for the hundreds of thousands of workers who had moved to war production areas. They were working in forests, turning out billions of board feet of lumber, thousands of miles of sewer pipe, millions of yards of cloth, tons of cement and steel and copper and aluminum—all this by the hundreds of thousands of tons to provide material for other workers to make into needed products.

Moreover, there were the wizards of industry—the miracle shipbuilder, Henry J. Kaiser, for example, who could build a Liberty ship in ten days. “When Kaiser sets out to build some-

* Carl Sandburg *Abraham Lincoln* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company)

thing new, he has the same answer to skeptics," writes Herbert Lundy (*Nation*, August 24, 1942): "'Give me the men, the materials, and the assembly, and I'll give you whatever you want at the end of the line.'"

But Kaiser had other ideas, too. For the above remark was made in support of his plan to build gigantic cargo planes—5,000 "flying freighters" a year, sky trucks capable of transporting weapons and troops across the Atlantic Ocean out of reach of submarines. Though he told the Congress that building the planes would not obstruct the shipbuilding program, and though Nelson had approved the proposition, there was so much arguing back and forth with WPB officials that fall arrived without his getting anywhere in this urgent solution to our transportation problem, not only in security but, more, in speed. We read that one important WPB official refused to have "any part of anything Old Man Kaiser was connected with."

So Kaiser, with Nelson's O.K. to build but without a grant for priorities, got the best available minerals expert to dig into the metals bottleneck so that he might get to work to break the record in building cargo planes as he had broken it in building Liberty ships. Still he got only a small contract, the greater job going to the Higgins aircraft plant.

In the conversion of automobile plants to war production, there was something symbolic. The workmen must have felt the significance as they looked, somewhat bewildered, on the once familiar scene now suddenly transformed: old machinery ripped out and shoved back to make floor space for the new; cutting, pressing, boring machines shoved back, each with a tag telling its function; smaller machines lying about like mummies—odd-shaped, brown-paper-wrapped bundles . . .

Over the place that once had been a maze of humming, clashing, whining machinery hung strange silence, broken only by the sputtering of an acetylene torch cutting down the overhead conveyer tracks. The drawn faces of the workmen re-

flected their thoughts the shock of seeing their life's work suddenly cut off, the half-mile-long assembly lines empty as bowling alleys, the cleared floor space striped with paint (still wet) marking locations for the new machinery that waited along the wall in its gleaming coat of fresh gray paint . . .

In the office of the plant manager the big wall map that once showed every department and machine in the factory was two-thirds overlaid with fresh brown paper on which were drawn the new layouts for airplane parts and gun parts. For very soon—instead of automobiles—tanks, guns, and bombers would roll from the assembly lines.

With much creaking and groaning the giant war machine got under way—expanding, expanding, always expanding. Budgets were swelling, armies increasing, during the first year after the South Pacific crisis. For this was the crucial year. The enemy knew it. He was pressing on all fronts. There was no time to lose in details of organization or consideration of costs. Said Donald Nelson at the close of 1942: "Don't measure this war in terms of money or even in terms of time. Measure it in terms of American lives." And a cartoon illustrates just how the military fell in with his orders—the one in the *New Yorker* picturing a conference table with government officials and generals seated around it. Says a government official to one of the generals:

"When you say 'at slight additional cost,' General, can you be more specific—one billion, two billion?"

During that first year of defense and preparation the United States had to raise, equip, and transport an army to all parts of the globe, produce a staggering amount of weapons, materials, and food for both ourselves and our allies—food even for the countries we hoped to occupy.

Naturally there were breakdowns at first. Plants faced shutdowns and slow downs because they were "making goods too fast." One factory that made shell cases could turn them out faster than the filling for them could be made. The manufacture

of shell cases would then have to stop for lack of warehouse space in which to store them.

While WPB officials were worrying about the effect of such shutdowns and slowdowns on the morale of workers—who had been laboring at top speed on the assumption that the faster they worked the sooner would come victory—a “dovetailing” process was devised whereby workers in a plant that had closed because it was producing too swiftly would go to work in another that was not producing so fast.

Lack of strategic materials was an equally important part of the picture, threatening to make it impossible to produce at the same time all the tanks and all the ships needed. Factories that made tanks faced periods of inactivity while the steel they would have used was diverted to the building of ships or some other product that high war officials might consider more important at the time.

Then, when war factories were rolling out a military colossus so deadly in offensive striking power that it soon would outstrip anything the Axis powers even hoped to have, Donald Nelson said to the public: “It doesn’t matter how much we are doing today. We must do more tomorrow.”

The situation reminded us of Alice’s adventures in a crazy land—Alice panting as she flew through the air trying to keep up with the Red Queen:

“In *our* country,” said Alice, “you’d generally get to somewhere else—if you ran very fast for a long time as we’ve been doing.”

“A slow sort of country!” said the Queen. “Now, *here*, you see, it takes all the running *you* can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!”

Shortages of all kinds began to trouble defense industries—the dwindling of labor not the least of these. One of the first industries to make a voluntary survey of its own field in order to utilize its skills in war production was, strange to say, the theater. The War Production Training Committee of the

American Theater Wing War Service got out a simplified questionnaire covering the whole entertainment field. Reaching about twenty thousand people, the questionnaire brought flocks of temporarily jobless theater people into war jobs. Aptitude tests revealed hidden talents, which free training courses quickly developed. A chorus girl was found to be a born mechanical engineer. Men from the allied crafts found jobs in shipyards as welders and electricians. A stage director works in an airplane plant as a wood pattern maker. Actresses have qualified as excellent workers on the assembly line.

An interesting example of conversion of entertainment technique to war production was the use of actors, musicians, writers, and directors in training enlisted personnel of the Army Air Corps at the Casey Jones School of Aeronautics in Newark, New Jersey, and the Academy of Aeronautics at La Guardia Field, New York. Seventeen out of nineteen registrants remained to the end of the four or five weeks' course in a specialized branch of aviation maintenance and repair, and all seventeen passed the Army examination. Trained to learn quickly, and knowing how to tell a story effectively, they became excellent instructors.

As the armed forces continued to take able-bodied men, even threatening workers in war plants, industry turned for relief to the physically handicapped. It was the labor shortage alone that convinced most employers that for certain jobs a physically handicapped man, a deaf mute, or a blind person can perform the work as efficiently as (and often better than) a physically normal person.

A survey conducted by the National Society for the Blind (March, 1943) revealed that 365 totally or partially sightless persons were working in war industries—happy to be of use. They worked at jobs such as spot welding, operating drill presses, and smoothing oakum (old ropes untwisted for the hemp) for wartime shipping. Large numbers of them made tents and other equipment where rope and cordage work was

required. They not only handled rope and canvas but also operated machines which stamp in eyelets and grommets.

Throughout industry the blind frequently were found doing delicate inspection work depending on their highly developed sense of touch. One man's exceptional hearing tested sound bearings for quiet. Another's fine touch helped him file bearings. A third operated a machine that honed out the bore of cones, and near him several fellow blind checked these cones. In the Timken Roller Bearing Company, where these men worked, the blind wore red caps so that fellow workmen would be aware of their presence in case of emergency.

At the Marine Construction Company of Hialeah, Florida, the nimble fingers of the blind were used to smooth and roll the long ropes of calking which is hammered into the seams of boats to make them watertight. In other places blind men with acute hearing served as air observers in the aircraft warning service. A team of blind riveters at the General Aircraft Corporation plant in Astoria, New York, got along fine without seeing the rivets.

Even convicts contributed to the war effort. Those in prison workshops at San Quentin made life nets, mattress covers, cafeteria trays, night sticks, and air-raid sirens. Oklahoma State Penitentiary turned out 100,000 boiler suits to be distributed to naval bases throughout the world, and was urged by the WPB to increase its shirt contract from 84,000 to 150,000 shirts for use in the armed forces and for Lend-Lease. The penitentiary was also asked to make 25,000 bush jackets for use in the North African campaign. Alabama State Prison made shirts for the Navy. New York's Auburn Prison inmates made Navy carpenters' chests. And the Federal Reformatory for Women at Alderson, West Virginia, turned out bandoleers for the Army.

* * *

With labor migrating in hordes to war production areas, the problem of housing them was a national headache. There were

towns like Childersburg, Alabama, whose 1940 population of about 500 leaped to over 6,000, starting pandemonium among the peaceful townsfolk. Rooms here were actually rented on a three shift basis. Then there was Hampton Roads, the great naval area—taking in Newport News, Norfolk, and Portsmouth. Thousands of workers swarming in were housed in trailers, back rooms, storerooms, basements, and in abandoned buildings of all kinds. There is a brand-new city that didn't exist until 1942, where 40,000 mostly tin-helmeted shipyard workers from near-by Kaiser yards live. And, finally, there is the much publicized Willow Run, Michigan, which only a short time ago had been a barren plain.

In the early days of the war the lack of adequate housing facilities was a serious factor in man power shortages. Lack of housing at the Troutdale aluminum plant near Portland, Oregon, was causing the country a daily loss of 100,000 pounds of aluminum production because labor could not be obtained at the plant. And there is the glaring case of Willow Run, site of Ford's giant bomber plant. The nearest town (Ypsilanti) is three miles distant, and the majority of the workers must come from Detroit, thirty miles distant. But workers were unwilling to make the long trip from Detroit or to live under existing conditions near the plant.

In June, 1942, after more than a year of wrangling, the acute housing shortage there was still unsolved. As migrating workers realized that home is where you roll it, trailer camps sprang up for a mile or two around Willow Run. This makeshift solution became a cause of alarm, for such camps lacked sanitary facilities, safe water supplies, recreational and other facilities.

In asking an appropriation of \$600,000,000 for war housing for more than one and a half million workers who were expected to migrate to war centers (beginning June, 1942), the President said:

"This war involves a total national effort and industrial mobilization. Industry cannot effectively mobilize, and plants can-

not expand with sufficient rapidity, unless there are enough houses to bring the worker to the job, keep him on the job, and maintain his efficiency and morale. More than ever before in our history, we need houses to help win the war."

Soon the Federal Security Agency experimented with trailer camps. One such village on wheels was established at Newton Falls, Ohio. The community included white "utility" buildings containing laundries, showers, and washroom facilities. Tires and wheels were removed to conserve rubber. ("With the wheels gone from the trailers," one trailer dweller said, "you get the feeling that the 'fireside' is going to stay in one place for a while—at least until the war's over.") A similar camp was located at Portsmouth, Virginia—2,300 trailers covering 290 acres, this as late as April, 1943—until permanent housing could be erected.

The huge Gunnison Housing Corporation plant at New Albany, Indiana, came to the rescue, turning out houses en masse. Applying methods which had made Detroit one of the industrial wonders of the world, Gunnison and his three hundred workers produced complete houses in thirty-five minutes. A call "Quick, send a house!" would not bother Gunnison, for the houses are built in sections and hauled in huge trucks to the site, where all the workmen have to do is fit the panels into position. By early 1943 the factory had completed 750 houses for a government housing project at the Charlestown plant.

It was a tough problem—this job of providing places for people to live. Shortages of materials, man power, and rubber had changed the whole concept of war housing. Soon Federal housing officials were studying Great Britain's Billeting Act, under which the Government may billet war workers in unused rooms of homes and apartments. Adoption of such a plan in the United States, however, raised a legal question. The *Fourth Amendment of the Constitution prohibits the billeting of troops in private houses, though the Constitution is silent on the subject of war workers.* Nevertheless, in some war pro-

duction centers, many well to-do persons (with numbers of spare rooms) hastened to choose their roomers before billeting should begin

How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?

How to feed the nation, the armed forces, the United Nations and conquered countries was another problem for Uncle Sam to solve. With the armed forces and war industries taking men, the shortage of farm labor had become so acute that many farmers were planting only what they were reasonably sure of being able to tend themselves.

Clifford Townsend, Administrator of Agricultural Conservation and Adjustment, told the Midwest Farm Bureau School (July, 1942) that farmers must produce more foodstuffs with less labor and equipment, warning them that "one single failure in food supplies could give us a setback that would cost us the war," and reminding them that our forces at Bataan had been starved into submission. And Edward White, Assistant Chief of the AAA, at a conference called to consider plans for adjusting 1943 production to the needs of the war effort, told chairmen from forty-eight states that farmers must not only produce more *food* crops but also cotton, flax, peanuts, and soybeans for the oil they yield, that they must look to the cities and high schools for labor and must put all available horses to work.

In Tipton, Indiana, Boy Scouts mobilized to detassel corn. In Fitzgerald, Georgia, the "kid" sisters of big brothers somewhere in war zones formed a WHAC unit (Women's Harvest Auxiliary Corps) to help thirty members of the high-school football team bring in peanuts and cotton, threatened for lack of labor. The first-aid division of the WHAC bandaged hands that had been blistered from handling pitchforks and applied lotion to sunburned backs. The morale division carried cold lemonade to the fields in midafternoon and stimulated interest by offering prizes to boys doing the best harvest job. A news-

paper photograph shows a thirteen-year-old girl of Leicester, North Carolina, behind the plow "turning up furrows for victory."

But with the President proclaiming food as a "weapon against Hitlerism" and as a "weapon in all our efforts towards insuring a more orderly and peaceful world," the public was urged to supplement farm production by using all available ground for growing as much of its own food as possible. By summer, vacant lots, back yards, and city dumps blossomed with melons and vegetables. Greenhouses threw out beds of roses and other flowers to make room for vegetable plants to be sold alongside orchids and Easter lilies in flower shops as well as in seed stores. A retired banker of Houston, Texas, opened his 1,650 acres of truck-garden land to persons wishing to raise vegetables for their families. He even agreed to plow and harrow the land free. *Time* (February 8, 1943) tells of a newsman who bought a pound of turnip seed (enough for an acre) to plant in his back yard. And seed companies reported inquiries for coffee seed and one request for succotash seed.

In Portland, Oregon, city commissioners passed an ordinance permitting the use of dead-end streets and plots in the center of streets for Victory gardens. City farmers were soon spading up, not only their lawns, but also the grassplots between the sidewalk and curb. Some converted flower gardens and fishponds into vegetable patches. Golfers adopted a new iron—the hoe—as members of Portland's swank Alderwood Country Club turned the roughs into garden plots.

Lester J. Norris, chairman of the Victory Gardens Committee of Illinois' council of defense, urged Chicago golf clubs to turn spare ground into Victory gardens, indicating that, if the plan worked, community canning centers would be set up in golf clubs to combat the food shortage.

By early 1943, Claude Wickard, Secretary of Agriculture, asked the nation for 12,000,000 Victory gardens in cities and

6,000,000 more on farms. As a result of the vigorous campaign in Seattle, led by Chairman Orrin Hale, of *Northwest Gardens and Homes* magazine, there were 78,000 gardens in Seattle by the following summer—that is, nearly 60 per cent of Seattle families had victory gardens. With the added interest in home gardens, five canning centers were opened at schools located in strategic areas, directed by a trained home economics instructor who volunteered her time.

Too Much, Too Soon

The WPB order "freezing" all sales and deliveries of softwood construction lumber was another setback in the battle of food. Farmers who could not ship grain to already filled elevators were unable, in many sections of the country, to build bins for their spring wheat. This was the state of affairs in May, 1942, when Wickard, pointing to shortages in transportation, storage, and processing facilities, told farmers it was their patriotic duty to fatten their hogs for early shipment to market and to store as much wheat as possible on farms.

Farmers will long remember the summer of 1942, when the wheat harvest created the worst wheat storage problem the country had ever seen. The public elevators in terminal cities were already full with the past year's huge wheat stocks. By July, a Kansas farmer gloomily surveyed the biggest and best crop he had had in years. There was nowhere to store it. In desperation he moved the furniture from his living room and filled the place with grain.

The story was the same throughout the grain belt. Farmers of Vega, Texas, used a hotel for storing their wheat. Those of Hemphill County, Texas, boarded up a schoolhouse as a storage elevator. Others used garages, steel tanks, vacant store buildings, or simply piled the grain on the ground.

Carload after carload of knocked down wooden grain bins

had been shipped into Kansas. Yet despite all such measures, growing piles of the new crop appeared on the ground with no protection against the ravages of the weather.

Bread Instead of Bullets

Already American food had brought us years nearer to final victory than we would have been had we not used it as a war weapon. So testified Wickard before the House Foreign Affairs Committee in early 1942. It was American food that had kept our Allies in the fight—that had kept British industry doing the main job of war production in the days when we were gearing our industrial plants to war. It was American food shipped to Russia that helped her hold out—helped her win the all-important battles there.

Indeed, every battle won by our Allies brought the end of the war that much closer. So the problem of food loomed larger and larger in the ever increasing host of problems on the home front.

V

Goodbye, Folks—We're Off to War

IF, like Gulliver, you could have looked down upon the nation as it mobilized for war, you would have seen a vast and momentous pageant that told of the adaptiveness of the American temperament. Total to the point of putting animals, vegetables, birds, fish, insects, toys—even junk—to new and unheard-of uses, such was total war.

Like a Walt Disney feature, the pageant was coffee beans enlisting to be used for making fuselages, bananas serving as a source of gasoline for high speed engines, peanut oil helping the Army and Navy fire their guns, soybeans, milkweed, candy, cotton, walnut shells, sardines, spiders, mosquitoes, canaries, pigeons, dogs, cows, horses, toys, the merry-go-round, the Ferris wheel, the crazy contraptions of Coney Island, the fantastic contributions to the scrap drives—all enlisting in Uncle Sam's fighting forces.

Which of us would have dreamed that the milkweed would join the Navy, contributing its floss as a substitute for kapok in life preservers and rubber boats? Yet thousands of acres of milkweed were being planted for profit, the down being six times as buoyant as cork, six times lighter than wool for high-flying airmen's suits—and warmer, besides.

And who would have thought seriously of drafting spiders? Yet on a "spider ranch" at Fredericktown, Ohio, vital silk for bomb sights, gun sights, telescopes, and microscopes was obtained by "milling" a herd of more than two hundred harnessed spiders. As the silk emerged from the spider's pouch it was wound on reels—about a hundred feet to a reel.

One after another, these strange recruits entered the nation's

gigantic war effort. There was the humble sardine of Pacific waters, many of whose fellows went into the production of fertilizer or food for poultry and animals until the WPA ordered all sardines canned to help meet the food shortage.

There was the lowly peanut. A sort of vegetable commando, the peanut proved to be—as Congressman Stephen Pace of Georgia set out to show. In the cloakroom of the House, Pace set up a peanut “bar” during Peanut Week—a buffet of peanut delicacies for his colleagues to nibble on while he showed them the humble peanut at war. He displayed samples of explosives, medicinal products, synthetic cork, insulating board, cloth, even adrenalin—some 139 products, all made of peanuts. He told how no American submarine puts to sea without a plentiful supply of peanut oil—the only cooking oil, he explained, that does not smoke at cooking temperature. He brought forth vitamin charts that showed the importance of the peanut in the diet. He exhibited pictures of two rats—one a poor, weak, scrawny rat raised on a white-flour diet; the other a fine, sleek, strong rat whose sole diet had been peanut flour.

Then there was that vegetable upstart, the soybean. “Just a little bean that looks like a pea,” people used to call it. Now it was about to become the savior of the nation, ready to act as substitute for many vitally needed materials. Soybeans were used to produce laminated board, valuable in aircraft and other war industries. For baby food, hubcaps, varnish, celluloid, cloth, soap—the soybean has shown its versatility. Scientists declare that it is impossible to determine just how great a role the soybean will play in the war.

There was another odd recruit—the walnut, whose shell was used by Vega Aircraft Corporation in a new plastic for drill jigs and dies to replace steel critically needed for aircraft tooling. The shells were ground into a “flour,” which was then thoroughly mixed with an oil resin and catalyst, poured into molds, allowed to set awhile, and then baked in an oven at 175 degrees Fahrenheit. This plastic nut bread was sent to the

shop to be used in making a forming die that would stand up in hydraulic presses under pressure of 8,000 pounds per square inch

The sweetest recruits were candies, wrapped and unwrapped candy bars, jelly beans, joined in April, 1943, by chocolate Easter eggs and bunnies when the WPB and the Department of Agriculture forbade the manufacture and sale of Easter novelties made of chocolate Under Order M-145, an army of 4,000,000 men appropriated one-fourth as much of the chocolate production as the entire civilian population of about 125,000,000 According to a survey (by the Confectionery Section of the WPB) of representative manufacturers of bar and packaged candies, 15 per cent of their production was sold directly and indirectly to the armed forces through Army Exchange Service, Post Exchange Service, Ship Service Stores, and Quartermaster Corps for Overseas

Wherever our fighters go, there too goes America's candy—in the mountains, jungle, desert, under the sea It is in ration "C"—hard candy along with coffee, sugar, and hard biscuit Large cans of hard candy are part of a tank's equipment as a means of moistening soldiers' mouths Emergency ration "D," a chocolate bar, played a large role in the occupation operations on the Solomon Islands, where for weeks our Marines slugged it out with the Japanese until the Army took over Three bars a day will maintain efficiency for three days Field ration "K" (a sweet fruit bar) and two ounces of ration "D" (designed to save space and weight) is used by parachute, mountain, and desert fighters and by tank units and submarines

Americans, who (according to the executive secretary of the Association of Manufacturers of Confectionery and Chocolate) ate 2,236,000,000 pounds of candy in 1941, and who yearly consume enough candy bars to reach almost from New York to Berlin and back, are learning to do without candy as it grows scarce, many stores rationing chocolate bars, one to a customer, many others hiding it behind counters for those who

ask for it. Though the percentage sold to the armed forces seems small, the point of wonder is that we get any candy at all.

The same is true of chewing gum, which was also drafted. Approximately 10 per cent of the industry's production was allocated to the armed forces to relieve tension. Much was reserved for defense workers, who are not allowed to smoke in war plants, so that, although Harry Hopkins (Lend-Lease Administrator and close adviser to the President) declared in the *American Magazine* that there would be no shortage of chewing gum, many stores began rationing it, one package to a customer.

Faced with the reduction in sugar supplies and the problem of obtaining gum base such as chicle and Far Eastern jelutong, the three largest manufacturers—American Chicle Company, Beech-Nut Packing Company, and the William Wrigley, Jr., Company—joined forces with several companies in the food and confectionery industry to become major producers of the Army field ration "K." John M. Whittaker, as confectionery chief of the WPB, stated that the per capita consumption of chewing gum had increased nearly 100 per cent since World War I.

Puppets, too, went to war. In 1943, fifty members of the Puppeteers of America convened in Springfield, Illinois, to discuss ways of helping to maintain the nation's morale. Chairman Romain Proctor declared that puppets had proved useful in selling war bonds and in entertaining the armed forces in camps all over the nation, and that puppets were widely used in occupational therapy departments for the treatment of mental disorders.

Even the characters of the "funnies" were helping Uncle Sam both on the fighting and on the home front, showing us what was going on. Government officials had been quick to see the power of humor as a medium for getting their morale-building messages across to the public, and long before the

attack on Pearl Harbor cartoonists were enlisted for the job. Top-flight cartoonists and many others served unstintingly, with no other recompense than the satisfaction of knowing they were doing their bit.

You would hardly have believed that the merry-go-round and the Ferris wheel would be operating in defense plants. Yet at one General Electric Company plant a device which allows rotation in the manner of both these features saves about thirty hours a week in the drilling of marine gear casings. Even the crazy devices of Coney Island's fun houses went to war when Sergeant Herbert Cook of Brooklyn—the man who used to think them up—turned his genius to inventing "booby traps"—those freaks of modern warfare that can blow men to bits. His comment on the change-over from creating for fun to creating for destruction was, "It's just a case of looking at things from a different viewpoint."

Even "toys" play an important part in today's war. At least they look like toys—the trucks, planes, tanks, ships, guns, tin soldiers used in the Army training camps to instruct soldiers and fliers in strategy, tactics, ground maneuvers, and recognition of both friend and enemy equipment. In January, 1942, Secretary of the Navy Knox asked the nation's high-school youths to build 500,000 aircraft models for the armed forces—10,000 models each of fifty different types of fighting planes—for this training.

At Fort Ord, California, a miniature village painted on a screen teaches recruits how to use rifle fire. An actual village of foot-high buildings is the textbook at Fort Knox Armored Force Replacement Training Center to help teach the soldiers map drawing and scouting. There is a general store, a church, a schoolhouse, residences—even a saloon. Tiny gravel highways run through the village, little utility poles strung with wire, a railroad complete with tunnels and a trestle that spans a small ditch. The town is built on an outdoor slope at the fort,

and to men standing at the edge of the village the miniature tanks and other armored vehicles placed on the tiny streets look as real ones would look in battle 800 yards away.

The thought of the dove of peace taking his assigned place along with bombers, tanks, antiaircraft guns, and all the other mechanized equipment of blitzkrieg warfare was at first startling. Startling not only because of the incongruity of this antiquated method of communication used along with radio, telephone, and telegraph equipment, but chiefly because there seemed to be a symbolic meaning in the very incongruity: that, despite man's boasted inventive genius, in the final match between life and death the simple creatures that God designed were sent out to man's rescue.

When radio, telephone, and telegraph communications are down, pigeon messengers are invaluable. Methods have been developed for dropping the birds by parachute to beleaguered troops so that messages may be sent back. Fliers forced down in dangerous territory have been saved by such messengers. Every bomber flying out of England carries two pigeons, and many a pilot forced down in the Channel owes his life to birds carrying back a message giving his approximate location. It was by pigeon that Britain received the first news of the progress of the Allied raid on Dieppe in August, 1942. For reasons of security the report to headquarters in Britain could not be sent by wireless. Two pigeons bearing a report of the landing were released on Dieppe beach. One was immediately shot down. A message announcing the capture of Gafsa—sent by a United Press correspondent, eyewitness to the event—was conveyed by pigeon to a forward teleprinter base.

In recognition of the dove's value in an emergency, the Signal Corps' lofts at Fort Sam Houston doubled in size after Pearl Harbor. Mobile lofts have been devised for transport to battle fronts, and combat lofts that can be torn down in four minutes and set up in fifteen by using wooden pegs and hand screws for nails.

Canaries, too, won their wings in the fight against malaria. Lack of quinine had been a contributing cause of the fall of Bataan, where starved, sick soldiers just could not hold out. So when the Japanese took the Dutch East Indies—the source of 90 per cent of the quinine supply of both the United States and Great Britain—thousands of canaries were used as shock troops against mosquito "Messerschmitts" in the quest for a substitute for quinine in the treatment of the disease. Bred and raised in a Federal insectary, the mosquitoes were feasted upon malaria germs and allowed to attack the canaries, infecting them with the disease. Various drugs were then administered to test their curative powers. Thus was atabrine discovered.

Even domestic animals such as the dog, horse, and cow went to war. In 1942, at the request of Quartermaster General Edmund Gregory, Dogs for Defense, Inc. (a non-profit organization), sought hundreds of thousands of dogs for K 9, the Dog Corps. The dog recruits undergo a tough physical test and a strenuous training course in "G.I." technique administered by Army and Coast Guard trainers—most of them former kennel owners and expert dog fanciers.

King, a Belgian police dog, who enlisted in the Army on November 8, 1942, was graduated from the Dogs for Defense school at Fort Robinson, Nebraska. The notification was sent to the owner by the War Department, along with King's diploma and a letter explaining that if the dog were killed in action the owner would be informed by telegram.

For overseas service the WAGS (their unofficial name) are used as sentries, carriers of ammunition and other supplies. Sometimes they carry messages through the thick of battle. On the home front they patrol beaches, guard Army posts, Navy yards, arms plants, airplane hangars, warehouses, arsenals, and have captured dangerous saboteurs.

Lieutenant Commander McClelland Barclay, internationally famous dog fancier and celebrated artist (later reported missing in action while on the way to the New Georgia battle

front), had early advocated the use of dogs, in patrolling beaches, to detect saboteurs such as those landed in the summer of 1942 by submarine on the coasts of Long Island and Florida.

"Along the coast," said Barclay, "fog dims out the beaches—fog so thick it is frequently impossible to see more than six feet. It is well known fact that in this type of weather the sense of smell and hearing become more acute. These senses in the dog are eight times that of a human. Long before the patrolling Coast Guardsmen become fogbound, dogs could be utilized."

Dogs could be placed in shelters every quarter of a mile, he explained, within which range they could hear the slightest sound. One Coast Guardsman could easily cover three miles of beach, his chief duties being to feed and care for the dogs. Under this plan each dog could literally release fifty guardsmen for other duties.

Harry I. Caesar, dog fancier and member of the American Kennel Club, had indorsed the plan with the statement that "long before Pearl Harbor we knew by transfers of papers that 25,000 thoroughbred dogs had been transferred from Germany to Japan. Now we know why—to do sentry duty along Japan's rugged coastal beaches."

For the procurement of dog recruits, Dogs for Defense, Inc., established the War Dog Fund. Money contributions provided "commissions" for 4-F dogs that could not serve their country on the front line of duty—the rank depending upon the amount of the contribution. Falla, First Scottie of the land, became Private Falla when his Commander-in-Chief sent a dollar to the War Dog Fund.

Horses are still wanted in the Army along with their rival, the jeep—brown and black horses especially, since light-colored ones would be too readily visible to the enemy. Before induction, the horse undergoes a rigid test to meet specific requirements in teeth, hoofs, muscles, height, weight, and gait.

Though cows did not enlist as WACS or WAVES, they were doing their part in defense—not only providing milk for

food but also the "tin" for making cans to handle it. Lactic acid, a milk product, turned out to be a fine substitute for tin coating in cans, and already dresses, coats and "felt" hats made of skimmed milk were on the market.

Junk Will Win the War

While in 1941 the main task before us had been conversion from peace to war production, by the summer of 1942 the big problem was the flow of raw materials. In June, when the nation faced a major crisis for lack of scrap to keep the steel mills burning, the big scrap drive was launched.

Reporting to the Senate Defense Investigating Committee, Donald Nelson had boldly declared: 'We must build up a supply of weapons which will match and overmatch, weapon by weapon, whatever the enemy now has or can produce.'

What he said was true, but how were plants to produce these weapons if the steel mills shut down? Shipyards are ravenous steel eaters, and the wailing of hungry mills was soon giving Nelson sleepless nights. For want of scrap three hundred or more employees in the Rolling Mill Company of Newport, Kentucky, were laid off. A contract for two hundred Liberty ships was canceled. And *Flying*—an Army paper—had published a "war scare" that enemy planes were dropping termites on United States camps to eat up the wooden guns used to defend them.

Soon the WP Bee was buzzing around the Arsenal in the Clover, hovering over discarded farm implements, droning over automobile "graveyards," zooming around city parks and boulevards, its merciless eyes condemning metal fences and monuments. Every old building with an iron constitution trembled on its foundation when the eyes of the hungry WPB lingered on it.

The story of the scrap drive is the story of a People's crusade led by the nation's daily newspapers—a story of thousands of

local triumphs in which community pride, energy, and ingenuity caused mountains of scrap to pile up in thousands of cities, towns, villages; caused metal by the truckload, bargeload, trainload to flow across the land to the hungry mills, so that the furnaces where the tools of Victory are forged "might glow with the white heat of peak production."

Donald Nelson had asked for 4,000,000 tons of scrap in eight weeks. The people gave him more than 5,000,000 tons in three weeks—enough, said Vice Admiral S. M. Robinson (chief of the Navy's Bureau of Procurement and Material) to build several times more battleships than were in all the fleets of the world combined. This was the people's triumph—and the newspapers' triumph. For never in history had the American press been so challenged to prove its capacity to serve the public. The assignment was a big one, but the newspapers gladly accepted it. Almost overnight they had set up national, sectional, state, and local committees; had enlisted the aid of local officials and the cooperation of civic, welfare, and religious organizations.

The drive was promoted by advertisements prepared by the National Committee of Newspapers and adjusted for local use by local newspapers. Almost overnight the nation was scrap-conscious. When the drive was under way, the newspapers spurred the people to greater endeavor with news stories, pictures, cartoons, editorials. In thousands of communities there were local contests, prizes, public meetings, special events designed to speed the job along.

On July 13 the drive began—Bing Crosby as the Pied Piper introducing the magic tune, "Junk Will Win the War." And ere three crooning notes he uttered,

You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,

as out of attics, basements, farmyards; out of abandoned gold mines of South Dakota's Black Hills; out of old lumber districts

in the forgotten wilds of the Midwest, up from the bottom of lakes, from every nook and cranny came old metal—skillets, flatirons, fences, horseshoes, sanctuary gates, pianos, old jail bars and padlocks, cannons and caissons from three previous wars, the autogiro used by Rear Admiral Byrd on his second Antarctic expedition in 1936, the famous U S battleship *Maine* whose sinking forty-four years before had inspired the battle cry "Remember the *Maine*," old jalopies, thousands of miles of abandoned spur lines and hoists and engines from gold mines—contributions fantastic enough in the variety of oddities to resemble delirium tremens

There followed a nation-wide treasure hunt as housewives and Boy Scouts ransacked the country. All day the telephones of salvage committees jangle-jangled with "Come and get it" scrap calls. The harvest fiesta of San Mateo County, California (in peacetime a colorful display of crops from field and orchard) became one great picnic—admission, five pounds of scrap metal. Watertown, Lake Benton and Verdi, Minnesota, became "ghost" towns when business halted for the day and schools closed to allow men, women, and children to hunt scrap.

"Key Kans" were placed in public buildings—in schools, offices, hotels, banks. The "key man" of the drive was the thirteen year-old boy who collected 2,400 keys. San Francisco allowed traffic violators to pay their fines by surrendering the bumpers of their cars. Citizens of Norman, Oklahoma, erected a wire jail in which persons who failed to contribute eight ounces of scrap were to be detained until friends bailed them out with the required amount of metal. Peetz, Colorado, with a population of 207 citizens, gathered 225 tons of metal—an average of more than one ton per capita. An ice-cream manufacturer of Memphis, Tennessee, offered through outlet stores in Arkansas to give a pint of ice cream for each set of 1941 automobile license tags.

Promontory, Utah, reenacted in reverse its May Day cere-

mony. In 1869 Leland Stanford of California had driven the golden spike into the historic rail which completed the nation's first transcontinental railroad. Now, while the golden spike rested in its plush case in a San Francisco vault, Governor H. B. Maw of Utah braeed a bar beneath its "stand-in" and lifted it from the old bed—once the only line across Utah.

It was, indeed, a weird procession of "inductees" that answered Bing Crosby's call to arms—heaving their queer frames into active service as they marched from the forty-eight states into the jaws of the insatiable steel mills. In hordes they came—from the hundred-year-old slave chain contributed in Greenville, Mississippi, and the shoes of General Robert E. Lee's horse donated in McAllen, Texas, to a twenty-two-story "ghost" building in New York City and the Tacoma Narrows Bridge that wobbled out of useful existence several years back.

From Danville, Virginia, came two steel radio towers—emergency antennae weighing seven tons. From Kansas City came two more towers—a landmark for eighteen years. From Wisconsin, a forty-five-ton, 126-foot-high steel and iron water tower and tank—a famous landmark of the Sheboygan Falls area for thirty years. Moreover, many a decrepit bridge hobbled off to war.

Albert Radtke, automobile dealer of Zaehow, Wisconsin, went fishing in a pond on his farm for five hundred old cars (1,000,000 pounds of steel) that for sixteen years he had been dumping into the fifty-foot-deep lake. Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, and the Carolinas contributed more than fourteen tons of seized copper stills. From Atlanta came half a dozen unexploded twenty-five-pound shells, fired by General Sherman's artillery at Confederate breastworks along the Chattahoochee.

Never in the nation's history had there been such a parade. Even words—millions of them on metal plates—were contributed by publishing houses in response to the WPB Conservation Order M-99, which required that obsolete metal printing

plates be scrapped each quarter-year—the term “obsolete” defined as unused within the past four years

J B Lippincott Company celebrated its one hundred fiftieth anniversary by turning over to the government the plates of some fifteen hundred books, amounting to approximately forty five thousand pounds of vitally needed copper, zinc, steel

Little did the authors dream that their words would one day be shot from the mouths of guns—words from S Austin Allibone's eighty-year-old “Critical Dictionary of English Literature” and the German doctor's medical reference book—now to scream messages of death and destruction at the Axis

Even the government had words to shoot at Hitler At Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, plates containing opinions and reports of the state's Supreme and Superior courts from 1881 to 1931 were released for war use

Behind this barrage of words a strange procession of ghosts clanked by, when the Brooks Costume Company of New York gave its old stage armor—ghosts of kings and actors creaking and groaning as their shining armor went to war There was the chain mail worn by John and Lionel Barrymore in “The Jest”, a suit of armor from “Richard III”, costumes used in “Mary of Scotland,” starring Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, costumes from “Richard of Bordeaux,” starring Maurice Evans, those from the Celebration of Saint Joan the Good in Ziegfeld's “Louis XIV,” besides a whole regiment of armor from “The Vagabond King ”

Last of all, their eager hoofs clattering from away off in Hollywood, came two iron deer from Walt Disney's front lawn Together they weighed a ton—enough iron to make one 75 millimeter fieldpiece or 10 000 incendiary bombs

The Rubber Tangle

When the Japanese armies swept across Malaya and seized Singapore they did more than achieve a military victory. They

threw a rubberized nation into a panic. Not until then did the American public realize that 92 per cent of its rubber supply came from the Dutch East Indies. This knowledge, together with vague but persistent rumors of nation-wide gasoline rationing to save the nation's rubber, and of possible confiscation of civilian tires, kept the public in a state of confusion. Too many people made statements about rubber. Too many conflicting statements were made by government officials.

Equally conflicting had been the claims about the best way to make synthetic rubber, so that the unending debate was: whether to make it from grain, petroleum, guayule, poinsettia, milkweed, goldenrod, or sunflowers; or whether to fall back on plain old *cryptostegia* and *kok-sagyz* (commonly known as dandelion) shipped from Russia.

It was into this fray that the man with the determined chin and the nice grin stepped to launch the rubber drive. In a fire-side chat on June 12, 1942, he talked the matter over with the people:

"I want to talk to you about rubber," he said, in his genial way, "about rubber and the war, about rubber and the American people. . . .

"You and I want the finest and most efficient army and navy the world has ever seen—an army and navy with the greatest and swiftest striking power. That means rubber—huge quantities: rubber for trucks and tanks and planes and gun mounts; rubber for gas masks, and rubber for landing boats. . . .

"We are going to see to it that there is enough rubber to build the planes to bomb Tokyo and Berlin—enough rubber to build the tanks to crush the enemy wherever we may find him—enough rubber to win the war."

So from June 15 to June 30 there came about another draft, bringing in the strangest of all the scrap inductees! Throughout the forty-eight states you saw filling stations with their junk rubber piles. Some had a clothesline strung with samples of rubber to be donated. One near Sunset and Vine Street in

Hollywood bore this sign "We'll take anything that's rubber—except your cheek" In the heart of the shopping district some towns put up a bulletin board on which were displayed all types of scrap rubber you might have around the house, yard, or garage—rubber gloves, girdles, hot-water bottles, garters, bathing caps, soles, inner tubes, overshoes, jar rings, belting, sheets, pads, raincoats, garden hose, tires—anything of rubber

Scads of worn-out rubber heels were offered by shoe repair men 1,400 heels from one in Chicago, 12,000 pounds of heels saved from soldiers' shoes by a repair man in Seattle From the Cook County Clerk's office in Chicago came 1,000 rubber stamps—some of which read, "Feeble minded" A cartoon by O Soglow shows a man carrying to the scrap pile a blank-faced politician dressed in top hat and morning suit He says to the service station operator "I'm turning in this rubber stamp"

Representative Anderson of California suggested that Congressmen give the rubber mats under their spittoons And when Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes seized the rubber mat at the entrance to the President's executive office, he started a heated argument on the merit of doormats in aiding the war effort Some said such rubber was not worth bothering with Others said it was Anyhow, as the President's subtle answer—that every bit counts—a truckload of several hundred pounds of scrap rubber from the White House grounds included doormats Members of "Victory Offices," established at all movie studios, collected rubber doormats, rubber doorstops, rubber typewriter keys—putting the money derived from the sale into a cigarette fund for studio employees in the armed forces

Chicago's stores turned in rubber models and heads used in window displays Rubber toys were donated by children—bouncing balls and the dime store animals that whistle when squeezed Sally Rand's fifty balloons floated into the parade—leaving poor Sally only two for her Bubble Dance

Down by the riverside, men fished for automobile tires used

along piers as shock absorbers for landing and mooring boats. A modern "gold" rush was started in Hanover, Massachusetts, with the discovery of a 3,000,000-pound pile of scrap rubber on the site of the abandoned Clapp Rubber Company—the very spot where the anchors of the historic frigate *Constitution* were forged. Word of the rubber mine spread like wildfire through the town. Soon Hanover children were carrying away hundreds of pounds to the nearest gasoline stations for a penny a pound.

Part of the bonanza was on the property of a sixty-year-old woman, who was too breathless with joy to estimate what the stocks of rubber on her acre would bring. But a neighbor figured that from 70,600 pounds dug up in five hours she would derive \$706, half of which went to the old woman and the other half to "a couple of gentlemen who had made an agreement" with her to remove it.

In St. Louis, Missouri, a Serbian immigrant gave out 700 double-dip ice cream cones to children who brought scrap rubber. Children could swing a deal for a cone with as little as a rubber jar ring.

Bringing up the rear of the parade came Hollywood's stars: Cecil B. De Mille's celebrated rubber octopus and Alexander Korda's snakes that writhed in "The Juogle Book"—a forty-foot python, one foot thick, weighing 300 pounds; a few half-pythons for close-ups, totaling the same; two cobras at fifteen pounds each. The full-length python, which was worth \$3 at the government's penny-a-pound price, had cost Korda \$8,000—that is, with machinery inside to make it writhe.

* * *

But the parade is not complete without the man behind the scrap—the junkman, who had at last found his place in the sun. A cartoon shows the lounge of an exclusive men's club and an older member questioning the footman about three new members in the background. He receives for reply: "That's

our new aristocracy! That's Smith who sells used cars, Jones from the retreading place, and Snirkin of the Elite Junk Yard!"

Indeed the junkman's job was something of a science. He must sort steel from cast iron and remove metals that would spoil steel if dumped unknowingly into a furnace. Cast iron must be broken into 150-pound chunks. Steel for open hearths must be not more than five feet long and eighteen inches wide. All this sorting and breaking, the junkman does himself with shears, cutting torches, and hydraulic presses. The WPB considers his work so vital to defense that it grants him, upon fulfilling certain requirements, an award similar to the Army-Navy "E."

This is the scrap that feeds the insatiable mills. Mountains of it to be turned into finished steel ingots. Stacks of them, bluish gray, to be transmuted into weapons of war.

VI

It's a Wacky Age

For the want of a nail, the shoe was lost,
For the want of a shoe, the horse was lost,
For the want of a horse, the rider was lost,
For the want of a rider, the battle was lost,
For the want of a battle, the kingdom was lost—
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.

—FRANKLIN, "Poor Richard's Almanac"

NOTHING like this was to happen to America. So industry had said as it worked around the clock to produce war supplies. So the great, unpredictable American public had said as it scoured every rock and rill for bits of metal. So now its women said, leaving their homes to work in war plants or fill civilian jobs as men were spirited away from everyday life. They enlisted in auxiliary branches of the armed forces or as Army nurses, worked with the Red Cross and the OCD, or helped keep high the morale of war workers and service people in crowded areas.

It was a topsy-turvy world in which we were living—a tragic yet funny Alice-in-Wonderland kind of world, with values suddenly shifted and often our sense of proportion somewhat off balance in our frenzied efforts to meet the national emergency. Yet our hearts quickened with a kind of exalted feeling that out of the bedlam we read about in Washington and even saw at home during those two years before the fall of Tunis—out of all this madness something big and wonderful and breath-taking was to happen. It was in the air—that feeling of coming miracles—as Nelson, the President, and our High Command ran a race with Time, prodding, prodding us with-

out ever letting us in the know But our men were dying for us and for all that makes men worthy of life—this much we knew. So to hasten the war's end became our one aim, with the result that barriers, one after another, were razed

Thus it came about that the cover girl of popular magazines was a radiant WAC, WAVE, Army nurse, or a grease-smudged, bandanna crowned Rosie the Riveter or Winnie the Welder Society as such was simply out for the duration of the war—so Hope Ridings Miller, society editor of the *Washington Post*, announced in an article titled "Farewell to Society" Until the war is over, the *Post's* society page would feature only those persons doing useful war work

Already the trend of wartime society was apparent in other parts of the country, as hundreds of thousands of volunteers made bathrobes, bed jackets, socks, sweaters, pajamas for servicemen, or assembled in Red Cross rooms to fold millions of surgical dressings, knowing that their work here might mean the difference between life and death some day for the fighting men 'One woman working all day can't turn out the pile of bandages required for a badly wounded soldier," they were told So they spread the word among friends and neighbors, rallying every available worker—society women, shopgirls, and humble housewives working side by side toward a common goal Victory

At Palm Beach you were welcome if you were willing to make sandwiches for hungry soldiers, wash dishes at the Victory Canteen, answer an emergency call at four o'clock in the morning with Lieutenant Gloria Baker Topping of the Red Cross Corps, mend soldiers' clothing, check their valuables while they went for a swim, or accompany the trailer canteen to a remote Army Post Princess Zalstem Zalesky welcomed you if you volunteered for duty at one of the four first aid stations that she was superintending, and Mrs Robert D Huntington, if you took a Nurse's Aid course at Good Samaritan Hospital

Everywhere the Red Cross had its legions of cheerful women workers—its smiling "gray ladies," who visited hospitals to cheer the men, do shopping errands for them, teach them to make useful articles out of wood, clay, paper, or old leather pocketbooks. It was the Red Cross that recruited Army and Navy nurses, supervised the training of nurses' aids, stocked Navy patrol boats and dirigibles with medical kits, supplied emergency clothing and food to torpedo survivors, established club-hotels in foreign lands where American servicemen could find lodging and food at reasonable prices, sent clubmobiles and recreation huts to men on fighting fronts and parcels of food and vitamin tablets to American prisoners of war.

Then there was the American Women's Voluntary Services—perhaps the next largest national emergency organization in the country. Under the leadership of its founder, the energetic and resourceful Mrs. Alice Throckmorton McLean, the AWVS was determined that, so far as it was concerned, the war would not be lost "for want of a nail." There was a little delay at the post, it is true, over the question of a uniform that would satisfy both the founder and her several thousand sister volunteers.

In a profile of Mrs. McLean, published in the *New Yorker*, Janet Flanner says that after the first half-dozen tentative designs one tailor declared flatly: "I make up no more uniforms until the ladies make up their minds." And harried tailors at Bloomingdale's, which had dyed one thousand yards of cloth with the idea of taking on the uniform job, finally groaned: "Please—don't ask us to make your uniforms. We'll gladly keep the thousand yards just as a souvenir."

Once the *sine qua non* of a suitable uniform was settled, the AWVS was on its toes. On the day of the attack on Pearl Harbor members worked until five o'clock in the morning transporting men to their posts. From then on, they have been on the job—driving ambulances and mobile kitchens; using their own cars to chauffeur Army and Navy officers on inspection tours

in town, or to taxi some hot band to a benefit performance for the armed forces

Throughout the country thousands of blue-uniformed women are on the alert to meet servicemen's needs. In San Francisco they have taught Braille to seamen blinded while swimming through flames from sinking tankers. In Santa Barbara a button brigade sews buttons on the clothes of soldiers at a neighboring camp. In New Orleans the members have founded a mobile mending unit—sewing machines and tailors traveling to local Army camps to mend and alter uniforms. Squaws of the New Mexico unit service troop trains passing through Gallup. In St. Louis the women make weekly visits to the U.S. Army Recreation Center to alter uniforms for the men and help them with wedding arrangements. In Washington, D.C., members of the War Photography Committee take pictures of new babies for fathers in the service.

In Hollywood and Santa Barbara they make nightly "chow" trips to Coast Guard stations and to air and fire watchers on remote posts. At Coronado the AWVS was the only organization that assisted in the Second War Loan Drive. It borrowed a tank and a jeep from a camp near by and gave a ride to every purchaser of a bond. At Auburn, California, a junk jewelry campaign called "Baubles for Buddies to Barter" was started to supply the Army with "rewards" for cooperative natives in primitive countries. Washoe County, Nevada, sponsored a similar project with the slogan, "Send a clip to beat the Nip." Junior members of the MacArthur unit cooperated with the government by digging small eucalyptus trees to be used to camouflage heavy guns.

At the beginning of 1943 the California Department of Commerce asked the AWVS for 7,000 trained women fruit pickers. The organization set to work to train them, letting the pickers practice on wooden fruit models. In Colorado the AWVS organized women and high school children vegetable pickers to release the men for heavier farm work. Junior members in

Atlanta raised and sold tomato seedlings and sprayed fruit trees as a start in the "Food for Victory" campaign.

On the northwest coast some units organized "minders," to look after all the children on the block while their mothers did war work. The unit at Tulsa, Oklahoma, cooperates with the Board of Education by having a member care for the children in the Day Nursery three days a week while their mothers attend an adult education class.

This is an extremely important service, in the light of surveys made by the OCD in many war production areas, where thousands of children ranging from two to twelve years of age received makeshift care while their mothers were away from home in defense work. For example, Justice Justine Wise Polier, assistant in the division of the OCD that was headed by the First Lady, told of unattended children locked in a car along a Connecticut road, lonesomely waiting while their mothers worked in defense plants. Children of women workers at Lockheed, Vega, Bendix and other giant aircraft plants in California were left in parking lots for want of any other place to leave them. Movie theater managers reported that children came in after school with instructions to wait until called for—sometimes until midnight.

In Arizona, elderly AWVS members in Catholic circles embroidered altar cloths for camp chapels. Members of Terry, Montana, with headquarters in the Sheriff's office, organized a "car pool" for persons taking a car out of town and those wanting transportation. The Westlake unit at Rocky River, Ohio, with headquarters in the Town Hall, offered a similar service called the "Thumbers Exchange."

Stars in many fields have served in organizations supporting the war effort, such as the Red Cross and the AWVS. Helen Jacobs, tennis champion, toured the country to conduct courses in incendiaries, bombs, air-raid shelters, war gases and masks, evacuation, and control of refugees. Elsa Maxwell of

New York, dressed in a borrowed blue uniform, rode on the front seat of a junk cart in the city's Waste Paper Conservation Drive. And "Prairie Lily" Allen, former rodeo performer, guided the horses of a covered wagon through the city's winding streets to haul Victory Books collected along the route from the Stock Exchange to the Chase National Bank.

* * *

While leaders of the nation worried about such postwar problems as feeding and policing the world, and who is to control the air, Dr. Coleman L. Maze, president of the National Office Management Association, declared that the biggest problem on the hands of the nation's businessmen at the end of the war—if not before—was likely to be the American woman.

Cartoons reflected the trend as women flocked to war plants, Red Cross bandage-folding units, or classes in first aid, nutrition, mass feeding, and such. One shows a harassed father interrupted by the ringing of the telephone while in the process of feeding two toddlers in the kitchen. With the receiver in one hand, a baby on his shoulder, and his foot extended to deter the other child, who already has her hand in the sugar bin (about to spill over), he says to his wife at the other end of the line: "I know your home defense work is important, dear! But some day will you tell the kids what I did to help win the war?"

A second cartoon pictures a neglected husband carrying his shirt to a Red Cross room, where his officious-looking wife is folding bandages. Caption: "It won't take but a moment, dear! —it's my last shirt and needs just a couple of buttons!"

A third shows a wife in slacks, her tin lunch box clutched in her hand, leaping through the front door on her way to work and mowing down her husband who is returning from the swing shift. Caption: "As long as we're on different shifts, you'd better use the back door so this won't happen every morning." And a fourth shows two high-school girls brooding over their

sodas at a corner drugstore. Caption: "After a date, I can't confide in Mother any more, now that she's on a night shift—and what I'd have to say sounds awfully silly in the daylight!"

As man power faded from civilian life, more and more women took over men's jobs. They drove cabs, busses, street-cars; were train conductors, elevator operators, bell hops, life-guards at swimming pools, car washers, oil-station operators, markers in brokers' offices, ticket sellers at airports—even cow-girls for roundup duties and branding chores on the range. In Washington, D.C., a girl with a shoulder corsage of gardenias would tuck a telephone between her shoulder and cheek and murmur into it the words that reserved you a place in a Pullman or chair car. Newspaper photographs showed women in overalls, spades swung over their shoulders, working on the railroads—one section gang, on Maine Central's tracks between Augusta and Hallowell; another improving the Northern Pacific roadbed near Ravensdale, Washington.

You heard more and more soprano radio announcers. Louisiana reported a large crop of "lady barbers." The northwestern lumber industry was able to turn out the billions of feet of lumber required in war orders, thanks to the 4,000 "lumberjills" who took the places of the lumberjacks gone to war. And a new job in an egg dehydrating plant was crying for women with nimble fingers and an acute sense of smell who could crack an egg and with one quick sniff detect a bad one.

In scores of cities throughout the nation, in carefully guarded buildings, women wearing telephone headsets sat about the rim of a huge table-map charting the course of every plane that rode the skyways of their area—reaching, stretching, sometimes climbing onto the tables to plot the path of an approaching plane.

Women were engaged as state police. There were the WOOPS of the Tennessee Valley Authority (Women Officers of Public Safety). They wore trim olive-green uniforms, Sam Browne belts, overseas-type caps. They carried a gun, learned

to work with sentry dogs and to use the judo technique (modified jiu jitsu) In Virginia, there were the WASPS (Women's Auxiliary of State Police) whose duty it was to examine drivers' licenses

At Hagerstown, Maryland, a skirted police corps, armed with whistles and loaded riding crops, protected the Fairchild aircraft plant against saboteurs, enemy agents, etc They policed the inside only, and in case of a real scrap blew four blasts on the whistle to summon help from husky men guards on the outside In Detroit, women were sworn in as civilian air auxiliaries to military police to serve as guard escorts at the naval ordnance plant operated by the Hudson Motor Car Company

Women managed to get locked upstairs into the pre Pearl Harbor strictly a man's world of the air The St Louis squadron of the Civil Air Patrol—dubbed by male pilots the 'Powder Puffs'—was a self trained unit which had as its nucleus the local NX 11 Flying Club These women had sought others of their sex who could fly or wanted to fly and established an efficient ground crew and office staff With a knowledge of map reading, radio communication, navigation, and first aid, they had felt they had what it took to man the air So, shortly after Pearl Harbor a smoothly functioning crew of sixty two women sought entry into the new Civil Air Patrol

CAP squadrons have an important role in national defense They are on duty twenty four hours a day at all airports guarding them against sabotage or invasion, and are on call for domestic ferry duty They make observation tours of back country stretches or long reaches of uninhabited coastal areas They are expected to provide personnel for military planes landing for emergency causes at civilian airports and to provide air patrol in hunts for saboteurs They are ready to cooperate with fire and police departments in case of fire or explosions at war plants By using radio communication from the air they can aid in clearing traffic

Arms and the Woman.

As Paul McNutt brooded over the passing of able-bodied men into the armed services, hundreds of thousands of women thronged to war plants, clamored to operate drill presses, lathes, milling machines, metal processing machines, work on steel assemblies and even act as fuse fitters. Even the grandmothers were serving in Uncle Sam's production army. The first "Grandmothers at War Club" in the country was organized at the Manning, Maxwell & Moore factory at Bridgeport, Connecticut, August 11, 1942. Soon grandmothers throughout the nation were following their example.

Everywhere courses were established to train new workers for technical defense jobs. The NYA and other government-financed mechanics' classes, in cooperation with the United States Employment Service, trained girls. Curtiss-Wright selected four hundred girls from a hundred American colleges for a ten-months course in six engineering schools—Cornell, Purdue, the University of Minnesota, Iowa State College, the University of Texas, and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. California Shipbuilding Corporation had a class to teach women a new system of blueprint reading. Successful students were to be placed in the blueprint departments in the yards, where they would show the workers what they were expected to do to make the ship conform with the blueprints.

A cartoon shows a group of teen-age girls seated on the steps of "Mrs. Snitwich's Finishing School for Girls." One student brags to a daydreaming chum: "I flunked in charm and social composure, but I passed in welding and riveting!"

Labor Day of 1942 found 13,000,000 women (every fourth worker in America) among the nation's workers. Two million had donned overalls and work gloves and stood on the assembly line beside husbands and brothers (or in their place)—goggled and helmeted girls working in clanging munitions factories,

welding airplane parts, making bullets, all helping to turn out the billions of weapons needed to win the war

At the Puget Sound Navy Yard women laborers in the ship-building yard pulled levers of mammoth 600 ton hydraulic presses, ran cranes, threaded bolts In steel mills women tended furnaces, drove tractors, and performed many other operations They worked above ground at mines In their zeal to help their country they left glamour at home Their badges of service were the dungarees they wore, the bandannas that bound their hair, and the grease smudges on their faces

By March, 1943, more than 6,000 women were employed in war work at Mare Island Navy Yard, California—3,000 of them in machine shops At the government-owned Kingsbury ordnance plant, early in 1943, women made up nearly half of its 14,000 employees—manning assembly lines, putting together different types of shells, hand grenades, land mines, bombs, and other death dealing projectiles Nine tenths of the employees assembling barrage balloons for both Goodyear and Firestone Tire and Rubber companies were women In other plants women sewed, folded, and inspected parachutes, made gas masks, and worked on instruments and electrical equipment Even former antifeminist plants succumbed to hiring women

At shell loading plants women pour TNT into shells As the conveyer brings them up by the basketful, there are the white gloved girls nonchalantly pouring the deadly mixture from rubber buckets into the open end of the projectiles The women—most of them—enjoy their work A cartoon shows such a scene with a gay young worker saying to her sidekick 'This is a lot better than cooking—you just follow the recipe and hear no crack from your husband about it not being like mother used to make'

Girl workers at the powder plant at Charlestown, Indiana, undergo a kind of strip tease before they enter the explosive area Dressed in nothing, they go through a passageway where

"hostesses" search each girl—even feel in her hair—for hairpins, metal ornaments, pins, warchies, matches; search her sandwiches—each biscuit, each pickle—because sometimes girls hide cigarettes and matches in them.

"One little piece of metal might cause a spark that would blow them to kingdom come," the plant police chief explained. "A match might cause a million dollars' worth of damage. A little piece of glass dropped in a machine might halt work for days."

Women in slacks took their place in bomber plants beside men—riveting, torch- and spot-welding, assembling, inspecting, upholstering, sewing, blueprint reading, machine operating, staffing the blueprint cribs and fitting the plexi-glass (synthetic glass for the nose of the bomber) into molds and shaping it.

Slender women are in greater demand in plane factories than stout ones, because the smaller ones can twist and bend into places on assembly lines that the fat ones can't reach. It was amazing to watch them—small, slightly built girls climbing over giant assembly jigs in which whole airplane wings are built, or crawling inside to "buck" the rivets that a teammate drove. A truly revolutionary scene, the activity within the guarded gates of war plants: trousered women working along with men, unmindful, apparently, of the high pitch of voices, the blazing intensity of lights, and the incessant clamor. You saw them on the assembly line climbing around Vega Ventura and B-17 bombers, installing parts, putting on engine coverings, attaching wing parts.

According to O. W. Winser, president of the American Society of Tool Engineers (holding its 1943 convention in Milwaukee), women in factories are to have a lasting effect upon factory conditions:

"Industry spent twenty years emancipating women from drudgery at home," he said; "now it has to do the same job all over again at the factory. Besides making factory work easier and more pleasant, the engineer must compensate for a

shortage of skilled help by transferring the skill of the worker to the machine to make it perform more intricate tasks more rapidly than it has in the past simply by pushing a button or pulling a lever "

Meet the Champ

As Donald Nelson cried for a speed-up in production, a new type of competition came into being. Where once girls strove for the championship in tennis, swimming, or golf, they now set out to be champion welder or riveter. A newspaper photograph of May, 1943, shows Vera Anderson of Ingalls Shipbuilding Corporation at Pascagoula, Mississippi, being awarded the trophy as "woman welding champion of America" after defeating Mrs. Hermina Strmiska, the best welder from Henry J. Kaiser's Oregon shipyard.

A few days later, Robert Dolley, Florida's Director of Vocational Training for War Production, protested the decision. Award of this title, he declared, was "manifestly unfair to the many skilled, patriotic women welders from other yards who had no invitation to participate in such a contest." He suggested holding elimination contests all over the country to select finalists for the championship match.

A cartoon shows a factory girl in slacks and sweater, gabbing with a baggy looking young thing while she operates a press. Caption: "That new foreman is simply divine—you've no idea how thrilling he is when he takes your hand in his, looks dreamily into your eyes and murmurs 'Baby, you're the best little drill press operator in town!'"

Yet women defense workers were by no means easily imposed upon, as was evident in the sweater war at the Vought-Sikorsky Aircraft Corporation plant, where fifty three girls were sent home for wearing sweaters on the job. Completely burned up, they submitted their complaint to a grievance committee. They simply did not like the "baggy old slack suits" the company asked them to wear.

"It's too cold to come to work without a sweater," said one girl. "And the jackets are too bulky and expensive, and you can't roll up the sleeves to work easily." Said another: "How much do *they* [plant officials] care for production if they stop it for something like this?"

For a time there was a deadlock as officials of the company and of the United Automobile Workers argued the matter. At the company's explanation that the no-sweater ruling was based on moral grounds, a union spokesman—pointing out that office workers wore sweaters—demanded to know why moral standards for the office and the factory differed.

The National Safety Council tried to soothe frazzled nerves by explaining that sweater fuzz attracts static electricity and ignites easily. Besides, the council argued, since sweaters don't rip so easily as other fabrics, if they should get caught in machinery the wearer might get hurt. To this, irate Rosies and Winnies retorted: "If it's the danger, not the distraction, of sweaters that brings the objections, why let the men wear them?"

The question stumped the council; so the sweater case was dumped into the laps of the predominantly male Conciliation Service of the Labor Department, whose members must have secretly yearned for Hollywood's "oomph girl" to come to the rescue as Veronica Lake had done in the matter of hair. Reporters who had previously interviewed Ann Sheridan on the subject declared she had said she would gladly help in the investigation, but that, so far as she could see, the major factor in the controversy was not the sweater itself but the girls: that a little girl in a big sweater would be a hazard in a war plant, and that a big girl in a little sweater would deter production.

Though the case was at last settled happily, both sides making concessions, Federal Conciliator Elizabeth Christman said that "plenty of resentment by both union and management" had been aroused by the publicity. "It was not a matter of 'glamour' on the job," she explained, but a question of "proper

work clothing to be worn by the girls as a measure of safety on the job ”

The matter of hair had never reached an impasse between worker and company, although it had long bothered the WMC and the WPB, as they watched approximately 20,000 one eyed haidos bob about the gears of machines in airplane factories The WPB finally appealed to Paramount Pictures, Inc., to see what could be done by their star to save 20,000 girls from being scalped As a result, Miss Lake—who said she was tired of a one-eyed view of the world, anyhow—promptly unveiled the other eye with a swept-up haido The WPB then asked for photographs of the actress with the famous hair done up, to use it as an example for girls in war plants, where clear vision is imperative and haidos unimportant

Gun Molls of 1943

Under the Engineering Science Management Defense Training, women were paid at the rate of \$1,440 a year during the ten weeks' course in ordnance inspection, and positions were promised upon successful completion of the course Requirements were a high school diploma, and one and one half years of trigonometry and one year of physics in high school or college At the Illinois Institute of Technology women took courses in explosives engineering At the proving ground at Aberdeen, Maryland, women filled shells with powder and primed them They ran huge cranes to assemble the big guns They loaded, cleaned, and fired everything, from Garand rifles and Tommy guns to the big railroad guns

What a blow to Hitler (who thought Americans soft) to see one of these women in blue slacks, a wide-brim straw hat, and sun glasses, whistling as she pedals an ammunition cart (a bicycle with a low two wheeled cart in front, loaded with a charge of powder) up to the firing line

Before experimenting with women on the proving ground,

experienced at "putting on lipstick and looking in mirrors" than anything else. For that reason, he preferred non-combat workers from World War I veterans. "They're more interested in their work than how they look," declared the lone critic of those whom "God made . . . close to angels."

In the debate over the finishing touches, when it was suggested that some of the sailorettes would be used "in the culinary services," Vincent reminded the House that "there'll be a devil of a row if the Navy puts them in the kitchen."

"Why, bless you," he argued, "do you not know that they are not going to spend \$200 to dress up a girl and then put her in the kitchen? You must know when a girl gets dressed up she wants to get out of the kitchen. Why, you would start a war."

Furthermore, Vincent offered to bet that there would be no grade in the feminine reserve lower than an ensign. "If she isn't an ensign, she'll be mad as the devil."

The training program started in the early fall, with 900 college graduates between twenty and fifty years of age enrolling at Smith College. The director was Lieutenant Commander Mildred Helen McAfee, who had been president of Wellesley College before taking over her new duties. At Smith the WAVES learn to call a floor "the deck"; walls, "the bulkheads"; stairs, "ladders"; and windows, "ports." They wear naval uniforms—blue suits for winter and white for summer with a hat which is a narrow-brimmed affair rolled up on the sides—copied from seamen's hats of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and quite attractive.

* * *

Small talk soon reflected the times. To be a WAVE or a WAC—that was the question. Some soldiers appeared a little behind the times, as a Washington reporter revealed in an overheard conversation:

"I won't have my girl called a WAC," the soldier told his

girl And to her protest, he shot back, "All right, you can be a WAC, but you won't be mine!"

Two other branches of the nation's guards were later pried open and women's auxiliary corps formed the Coast Guard, in which the guardettes are called SPARS, and the Marines—the last men's fortress to yield

So the man in the Senate gallery was right the day the WAC bill was passed

'Total war is really with us The gender bars are down'

Colonel William B. Hardigg, the commanding officer, had pondered seriously the hazards involved: Would women faint when a big gun went off? Would they be nervous about handling gunpowder? Could they be relied upon to stick to the recipe and not experiment in loading a shell? Would they mind getting very, very dirty and greasy?

The test was more gratifying than he had dreamed. Various officers declared that women do especially well the routine small jobs, on which a man tires or gets bored more quickly. The cleaners of homes were equally adept at cleaning tanks and guns. The bakers of pies proved excellent in putting into shell cases the ingredients that make them go off, with no danger of their putting in an extra pinch "just to see what happens."

Many of these women in war plants had members of their families in the armed services. They would sometimes tell you, if you asked why they were working here, "My boy friend is in the Navy, and I feel I should do my part," or, "I lost my son at Wake, and then my husband. I know they would want me to carry on."

Goddesses of Victory

Fort Des Moines—the "Women's West Point"—had its face lifted in the summer of 1942 to make ready for the newly made WAC and its snappy-looking director, Colonel Oreta Culp Hobby. (The organization was first called the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps, but in 1943, when it was made a regular branch of the Army, the "auxiliary" was dropped.) The large white-porched barracks that lined the south border of the parade ground were renovated for the first contingent. Half a block back were nine brick garages to be made into barracks. The unused riding hall, reminiscent of the post's early history as a cavalry center, was to be reconditioned and turned into a winter drill hall.

For months there was great excitement at Fort Des Moines.

Mess officers worried over the feminine appetite "My observation has been that women are daintier eaters than men," said a mess officer, but how much daintier when doing men's work he couldn't decide. But the No. 1 ladies' man—Colonel Don C. Faith, commandant of the Training School at the fort—faced fearlessly the job that might have shriveled the courage of the toughest warrior. "The American woman is the most cooperative human being on earth if she fully understands an order," he declared, as he mapped out a training program to appeal to the "realism and enthusiasm" of his new recruits.

They looked quite smart—the girl rookies—with their khaki uniforms and their caps that resembled those worn by French Army officers with the WAC insignia on them. Pallas Athene, Goddess of Victory.

As days went by and raw troops changed into well-drilled soldiers, requests for WAC units began to flood the General Headquarters. Commanding officers of the armed forces all over the country hastened to put in bids for a shipment of doughgirls. Artillery, infantry, armored and mechanized divisions—all clamored for their share of the Goddesses of Victory, setting forth a long list of good reasons why a detachment of WACS was imperative to "the successful pursuit of the war."

Blue Jacquettes

Before the end of July, 1942, the President signed into law a bill creating a feminine naval auxiliary of about 11,000 members—a measure designed to release for sea duty thousands of officers and enlisted men holding desk jobs.

The bill had weathered a squall of ridicule in the House before it sailed onto the President's desk, there to be launched on the seas of women's destiny. Beverly M. Vincent, Representative from Kentucky, refused to believe that the creation of a feminine corps would send any men to sea. In his opinion "the whole thing is ridiculous." In the first place, girls are more

VII

Beauty and the WP Beast

THE problem of maintaining the morale of the home front was one of Uncle Sam's first headaches. Taking care of his nephews had been a fairly simple task, with the public eager to help. But his nieces— Well, when defense took priority over glamour, that was another matter.

It was a rude awakening for Americans to discover that "the face that launch'd a thousand ships, and burnt the topless towers of Ilium" was not just a bit of Homeric hyperbole, but rather a stern and literal reality. For the WPB, on its glacial path, taught us that the stuff it takes to glamorize Miss America is the same that goes to the making of ships, guns, tanks, bombers, or into the powder and dynamite that can blow them to kingdom come; and that the steel in all the bobby pins made in 1941 was enough to make 16,000 aerial bombs weighing 2,000 pounds each.

Miss America herself was a little startled to learn that beauty parlors and cosmetics counters were practically arsenals cleverly camouflaged—that "all the things you are" were pretty much the materials needed to get the Axis as well as her man. While she insisted that cosmetics are armor for her soul, she was learning for the first time what that armor consisted of—not "sugar and spice and all things nice" but at least eighteen critical commodities, all the way from acetone through castor oil to zinc.

J. C. Furnas, in his *Saturday Evening Post* article "Glamour Goes to War," disclosed that crimson nail and toe polish contained acetate needed to make explosives; that perfumes, astringents, cold cream, facial packs, and hair dyes required glycerin

or alcohol—essentials also of synthetic rubber, smokeless powder, and nitroglycerin, that lipstick contained castor oil needed for lubricating airplane motors, and was used on battle fronts for marking wounds of soldiers to be sent to the hospital, that bleaching cream required quinine—a drug needed for treating malaria, that hydrogen peroxide, basis of hair bleaches, was used in the manufacture of synthetic rubber, that face powder was made of zinc oxide, which was used in large quantities in tire plants (metallic zinc, source of zinc oxide, was even more needed for defense alloys), and that permanent waving called for aluminum as well as ammonia—materials needed in defense products

It took a global war to teach us the "scaography" of cosmetics—the economic and transportation problems involved in their existence. A thoroughly glamorized girl might well be a map of many natural resources of the world. Talc, used in face powder, formerly came from Italy, much substitute talc, from India and Manchuria. Titanium (which as titanium dioxide can replace zinc oxide in face powder) came from India. The henna in many hair dyes and tints originated in the Near East. The mucilage in hand lotion was made of a special moss from Ireland. Quinine in hair tonics was a product of the East Indies.

Almost all beauty products were formerly perfumed, and many of the important "ottos" (essential oils) were imported from war isolated spots: attar of roses from Bulgaria, Persia, India, Syria, Turkey, ottos of jasmine, orange blossoms, tuberose, mimosa, and a dozen other flowers from France, musk (used to give permanence to scents) from Tibet, civet (a scent like narcissus, used in soaps and sachets) from Abyssinia, oak moss from the Baltic coast, ambergris from the South Seas, and many twigs, leaves, petals, roots, and bark from such places as Zanzibar, Madagascar, Formosa, and the Philippines.

Nobody could justly say that American women were not patriotic, for they were doing all kinds of national emergency work. But facing a world without even silk hose (to say nothing

of Nylon), without permanents and cosmetics—they began to wonder whether anything was worth that sacrifice.

Malvina Lindsay, in her column "The Gentle Sex" (*Washington Post*, April 6, 1942), reported a typical women's discussion of the WP Beast:

"I couldn't face anybody in straight hair. It's a very great mistake on the part of the Government to place a priority on permanent waving equipment. Think of the women who'll lose their husbands."

"And the ones who'll lose their jobs."

"Well, I'm as patriotic as anybody and I'm perfectly willing to give up sugar—and zippers—and lawn mowers—and washing machines—and flatirons—and the cuffs on men's trousers—and even Nylon hose. But when it comes to my permanent, that's different."

It was a psychological need—this desire to be well groomed. You couldn't "freeze" it. You couldn't clamp a lid on it. Sooner or later it would blow the lid off—and everything else with it.

Britain had learned to face it with facials. During the early days when her women's military services were first organized, the officers had banned the use of rouge and lipstick; but they soon found that most of their time was spent ordering members of the ranks to wipe off their faces. So they had given up trying to enforce the rule, and permitted rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, mascara, and powder, asking only that the make-up be inconspicuous. Realizing that cosmetics maintain the morale of feminine war workers, Britain had gone even further in appeasing her women. Ernest Bevin, British Minister of Labor and National Service, announced that special facilities for hair-dressing and permanent waving had been installed in war factories in isolated districts to keep women war workers happy.

So United States officials, too, finally decreed that war paint for women was as essential as paint for battleships. As one executive explained:

"It simply boils down to cold plain facts. You cannot keep civilian morale high if the gals go around looking frowzy. That

is common horse sense. The air-transport companies recognized it long ago and required every air hostess to carry a spare pair of stockings. They know that when a pretty girl gets a run in her stocking her morale takes a nose dive, and every passenger reacts to it."

The Chicago representative of the WPB in the fall of 1942 reiterated these sentiments. Speaking before the National Association of Hairdressers and Cosmetologists, he said:

"Anyone with a wife, sister, or daughter knows the mental and physical transformation that takes place in a woman following a trip to the beauty shop. Her resultant vivacious spirit, self-confidence, and geniality, being infectious, are transmuted directly to the male members of the family."

For those to whom figures speak loudest, there was the eloquent fact that the beauty industry, before the war, ranked among the nation's top eight industries in volume of business. Nearly a billion dollars a year had been spent by women on supplementary glamour: perfumes, cosmetics, beauty treatments, and all the other services for gilding the lily. While the national yearly per capita expenditure in food stores had been \$77.20, and at gasoline stations \$21.44, the average woman in the United States had spent \$16.00 per year in beautifying herself.

No wonder the beauty industry rushed to the defense of glamour. Clever hairdressers got around the hairpin shortage by using toothpicks to fix finger waves or by sewing the wave in with needle and thread. Parchment replaced aluminum foil for permanent waving. Cosmeticians had chemists hunting substitutes for critical materials needed for defense, only to find with each discovery that other industries had hit upon the same idea. So a new search began for a substitute for the substitute.

Still the industry hung on. Patriotism plus all the beauty aids needed by its patrons was their war motif. The Hump Hairpin Manufacturing Company advertised Hold-Bob Bob Pins with a picture of a pretty girl, head lifted, arms folded bravely above

the caption: "Beauty is her badge of courage." Below, the copy reads:

She wears it proudly—this badge of courage. It helps her face a shattered world with calm valor and deep faith.

It's a tonic to the war-torn nerves of those around her.

It's a silent, eloquent way of saying, "There must be no letting down. We will fight on to Victory."

Everywhere women were urged to realize that beauty was their duty. *Independent Woman* ran an article on the subject:

While once we had hours for massage and pedicures, now we want those same precious extra hours in which to roll bandages, learn to fly, take mechanics courses.

The temptation may be to "let down." . . . Our advice is: *Don't!* Beauty is really a duty today. It is part of our pattern of gracious living, our "face" to the world, that we be calm and orderly.

An article in the *Woman's Home Companion*—"Bright Flags Flying," by Hazel Cades—reiterated the exhortation:

We can't feel very cheetful with the whole world in turmoil and distress. But we can go to a little trouble to make ourselves look as if we could take it. We can remember . . . that lipstick is brave as well as gay.

Soon an epidemic of "bravery" swept the country. Beauty parlors complained that business was too good and offered self-service courses to teach war workers how to roll their own curls. Furthermore, their personnel dwindled with increasing patronage. High-school graduates, who formerly had enrolled in beauty-culture classes, now rushed into defense industries. Housewives, who once had been content with a plain shampoo and finger wave, now (engaged in war work, paid or volunteer) demanded an oil shampoo, a finger wave, and a manicure besides.

Moreover, there were special problems in beauty treatment resulting from industrial conditions. Hands roughened by con-

tact with metals needed to be smoothed and massaged with oil. The yellowish color produced by tetryl (that girls in munitions plants get in hands and hair) needed to be disguised.

Government specifications about short hair for the skirted soldiers soon influenced the prevailing hair styles. The military motif demands simple lines, and simple lines mean shorter hair. As in World War I, a fad for short hair swept the country. Even Greta Garbo went in for short hair.

For the woman worker who must ration her morning make up to minutes, a short, simple, curly hairdo was designed. "Carefree, casual, and careless," the designer described it. Thus "adaptability" was the byword of the beauty shop, and "speedy service" the keynote. For the doughgirls there was the "Waac-ceroo"—the hair cut to a length of two to four inches. Sailorettes would wear the "Waverette"—a swirled feather bob with a halo of short curls.

Meanwhile, the Supply Priorities and Allocations Board, the merchandisers, stylists, and laboratory wizards were tangled up with the problem of whether it was wise to deglamorize the nation's women. The old argument, once so potent—that the infinitesimal amount of basic materials used in cosmetics and beauty shop service was well worth the resultant strength of spirit and deep satisfaction—now fell on deaf ears. Morale or no morale, the WP Beast finally cracked down on the cosmetics and toilet-goods industry with the long dreaded Order L-181.

The new order classified cosmetics and toilet goods in three groups according to critical materials used and the essentiality of the products. The result was that, though bubble baths were not being purchased for Lend Lease, the WPB let itself in for a tough time explaining to the maker of bath oil, for example, why his product was less essential than bath salts. Though it was known that the WPB tried to determine which of the various cosmetics and toilet goods were considered essential, and whether a cut in their production would leave America's

femininity ungroomed and therefore demoralized, the purpose of the order was conservation of packaging materials and transportation.

The basis of essentiality was determined after two surveys had been conducted by the OPA's Consumer Division: one, a questionnaire sent out to some fifteen beauty editors; the other, a questionnaire circulated among the OPA's stenographers and other female personnel. The subject of the survey was: Which cosmetics would women miss most, in case the worst happened and they had to choose? The results indicated that women would practically collapse if deprived of face powder; that they could be brave only if allowed, in addition, their lipstick, rouge, face creams, and deodorants. The negro women (another survey revealed) could be brave only if they were permitted hair straightener and bleach cream.

So women wore proudly their badge of courage to look as though they were on the beam.

Reeling, Writhing, and Uglification

Seen in retrospect, the mobilization period was a series of priority headaches—with *McCall's Magazine* even hinting at a shortage of aspirin, because of vanishing chemicals needed for its production. But with leading magazines such as *Vogue* going all out to help the government put over the necessary conservation program, it was not long before Americans realized they could get along without many things they once had thought essential. They were learning to make the most of what they had, and to be resourceful as in pioneer days.

Formality soon gave way to common sense, as was demonstrated on the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera in Chicago, when for the first time in history a woman dressed in a serge suit appeared in an opera box. Even the Duchess of Windsor caught the spirit, renouncing diamonds for the duration to wear matched pearls instead.

Americans learned, too, that style is where you find it. That Order L-85 banning full skirts, knife pleats, patch pockets (any trimming or style that violated the 'no fabric over fabric' rule) was a challenge, not a disaster. Freed for the first time in history from the influence of foreign stylists, American designers found enough latitude in the new order to avert regimentation.

So today it was not only patriotic but also fashionable to wear less than the law allows. 'Save fabrics! Save every possible yard!' This was the voluntary program that designers adopted so that America might be well dressed for the duration, even though on a shoestring silhouette basis that meant slim coat dresses, cap sleeves for evening wear, and no superlative swing. A smooth number, the American woman was to be—stripped of all the floating extras that fashion designers could decently remove.

For the wartime woman of the year was a working, walking, fetching, carrying wonder—down to the earth for perhaps the first time in her life, with the wind and the rain in her hair and her arms too full of parcels to mud. So fashion designers gave her smart styles for striding in the open, roomy coats that buttoned on snugly, or that could be tossed over the shoulders in a rush, tapering coat dresses, not too slim around the knees where striding is done, hats that would stay put in a high wind or a jostling crowd, durable, washable gloves that could clutch trolley straps and heavy twine of packages, giant bags that could swallow papers, parcels, and overnight clothes, shoes (the only reliable means of transportation) with low heels yet smart appearance.

To reduce the number of suits and dresses in a woman's wardrobe yet leave her variety to spice her life, designers adopted the two in one and three in one plan for suits and dresses—that is, interchangeable sections to make her seem to have two or three outfits instead of just one.

It was the threatened disappearance of the flattering, romantic, floor sweeping evening gowns that, early in the war, almost devastated debutantes and college girls. At a spring style

show in 1942, they greeted with open contempt the new ballerina-length evening gowns. "Too, too, utterly old hat!" "Strictly for drips!" were their scornful comments, while designers were concerned not so much with whether to ankle or not to ankle as with whether next year anybody would be wearing evening dresses at all.

Indeed, the stylists were almost prophetic. For by fall, when tireless, gasless, meatless, fuelless days were a matter of course, the evening picture along the Atlantic seaboard was somewhat of a dim-out: dim lights outside, bright lights within; bands playing "Pass the Ammunition"; and woman after woman wearing short evening dresses, in the restaurants, in boxes at the theater, on the dance floor—very short, sheathlike dresses with off-the-shoulder décolletage and the briefest of cap sleeves.

Smart Fifth Avenue shops were prepared to meet any challenge, as the fashion reviewer of the *New Yorker* succinctly stated:

Kolman's pride and new venture this season allows for those sudden changes of mind that swerve you from dinner at home to visit some quiet restaurant . . .

"Kolman's pride" for such a swerve was a full-length dinner dress—"basic" in nature—with long sleeves, a low V décolletage, and a high back. There was a filmy skirt of unrestricted material that you could fasten about the waist with a sash or girdle for more important nights.

But with Morgenthau's aids asking, "How much of your income are you investing in war bonds?" and the ODT's ban on pleasure driving, not so many easterners were dressing up, these days. The sobering change in New York's sartorial habits was reflected in dry-cleaning establishments, as evening gowns and white tie and tails failed to show up.

"People used to dress for dinner," said Joel Blum, a former director of the National Association of Dyers and Cleaners. "We used to get big loads of evening gowns in our shops on Mondays. There's hardly any now. It's the war."

Then with radio singers "dreaming of a white Christmas" morning, noon, and night many of the nation's clothing stores were taking fuel rationing seriously. A window display in one big department store showed the women of the family dressed in warm clothes and gathered around an old-fashioned coal stove. They wore pajamas that hugged the neck, wrists, and ankles, a great grandmother's style nightgown of chiffon wool, pink chiffon wool vests and snuggles.

Renie (RKO's designer), opposed to long winter underwear for women, developed the "layer on layer" theory of keeping warm in wartime temperature of 65 degrees. For example, you wore a flannel suit topped by a wool vest, and over these a wool jacket. If you got too warm, you peeled off the jacket. If you got chilly, you put it back on.

Under Limitation Order M 217 (conserving leather), only six colors in shoes were allowed—black, white, navy blue, and three shades of brown. Moreover, all furbelows were eliminated. Shoes were to be simple, down to earth styles.

Under Limitation Order L-116 (curbing yardage), lingerie became law abiding. With limitations of lace and embroidery, machines that made lace could make mosquito netting for Marines' tents in the insect infested jungles of Guadalcanal and New Guinea. Machines that decorated slips and nightgowns could embroider insignia for uniforms of the armed forces. Silk and types of rayon that once went blithely into lingerie went to make parachutes, flare cloths and bomber tires.

* * *

Time was when American women felt pushed around by priorities, and were inclined to agree with the bewildered wife of "The Neighbors" cartoon who said "I think this war is affecting my husband's mind. Today he said: Compared with the history making events taking place, it isn't important how we dress this winter!"

But now that it was fashionable to work, even the govern-

ment awoke to the psychological truth that a woman's efficiency is commensurate with her assurance that she looks her best. To provide "G.I." glamour for the Army's nurses, eight new attractive uniforms were designed by the office of the Quartermaster General, under the supervision of Colonel George S. Doriot, assisted by Dorothy Shaver (vice president of Lord & Taylor and consultant to the Quartermaster Corps). From seersucker-for-duty uniforms (that wouldn't need ironing) to detachable wool coat linings that could serve as bathrobes, this trio thought of everything.

Nor was Rosie the Riveter to be totally deglamorized. With factory space for changing clothes at a premium, industrial officials called in America's top-flight designers to provide a uniform that was not only practical but also so good-looking that girls would be proud to wear it to work. Workers at the *Douglas and United Aircraft factories on the west coast* and at Sperry Gyroscope Corporation in the East wore helmets and turbans designed by Lily Daché, who formerly catered exclusively to the rich.

Vera Maxwell, another high-priced designer, fashioned the coveralls for Sperry Gyroscope girls. The finished garment incorporated thirty-one specifications for comfort, safety, and streamlined design—the result of lengthy conferences with plant officials, safety engineers, and the girls themselves. The president of the firm, used to dealing with complex government orders, described the thirty-one requirements as "the most interesting specifications I've ever seen." For example, there should be trousers "just long enough to cover and still show nur ankles"; creases should be stitched in; there should be no trouser pockets, because "they make hips look larger"; some sort of headdress should keep hair out of flying machinery.

By request, all models were to be of cotton so as to be easily laundered by the workers themselves. A bright uniform was tested in six kinds of materials, and a red and blue turban with typical Daché air was designed to go with it.

With the increasing need for farmerettes to meet Claude Wickard's "Food Will Win the War" program, the *Farmer's Bulletin* put out an issue on "Work Clothes for Women." Know your job and dress for it was the theme—remembering action room for stooping and bending, simple, streamlined style—every seam serving a purpose, colors that are fast to water and light, yet becoming (colors give a "lift" to workers and those about them), safety-first features such as shaped-in trouser legs and no loose sashes and ties, timesaving styles—easy to put on and take off.

To meet the exigencies of wartime work schedules, so that a working girl might make a quick change from work to glamour clothes for an evening date, "wardrobe extenders" were added to the other war born fashions such as "meat extenders" and "menu stretchers." They involved such accessories as hats, gloves, handbags, dickeys, gilets, jabots, and general froufrou which could transform a business suit into a dinner costume, or a work dress into a dance frock by a simple twist of the wrist. Department stores quickly promoted the idea, devoting whole departments to the fascinating possibilities of the priority-proof wardrobe.

A Stitch in Time

With taxes soaring and prices on inferior garments rising, there came a nation-wide revival of sewing at home. Thousands of women flocked to sewing classes conducted by mail order houses, department stores, schools, and radio stations. The large L. S. Ayres department store in Indianapolis changed its Tuesday broadcast from "Shopping Service of the Air" to "Ayres' Sewing School of the Air." One radio announcement brought 1,811 applicants in three days, and 3,000 by the end of the week. The class closed with another 3,000 clamoring to join.

In January, 1942, piece goods sales rose from 40 to 50 per cent. Some stores showed rises of 100 to 150 per cent. New

print, and "Free French" and "Vive la France" designs. A United States print designed on the Morse code V-for-Victory symbol turned out with a dash three dots (— ·) figure—"B-for-Bictory." Finally, in 1942, came a war-stamp print.

Colors took a cut when the WPB, in Conservation Order M-103, "froze" ten basic vat dyes for Army and Navy uniforms. As chlorine became harder for dye manufacturers to get, grayed pastels meant that dusty shades would replace clear, brilliant tones, that natural, unbleached tones would take the place of dazzling white.

Colors took on patriotic names. During the summer of 1942, when retail clothes buyers from forty-eight states flocked to New York to see the first collection of war-controlled fashions, they found such colors as Russian, Australian, and Pacific green, British rose, Iceland, Gallant, Commando, Salute, Alaska, Independence, and Overseas blue, American wine, Valor and Freedom red, Atlantic sand, Gunpowder, Air, Bomber, and Pursuit gray, Hawaiian lime, Canadian violet, Panama aqua, Chinese earth, India copper, Pan American red, and Coral Sea.

Shape of Things to Come

The bombs that fell on Pearl Harbor had shaken American women to their very foundation. Not until our Far East rubber supply was cut off did women realize how perilously remote had been their figure control. So while Mr. America guarded his tires with his life, Mrs. America brooded over her major problem of morale control of girth without a girdle.

Even in a moment of resignation to her shapeless future, some reminder of the past would confront her from the printed page. *McCall's* "Washington Newsletter" issued a warning:

Don't hang your girdle in the sun this summer—wash in the bathroom or basement and hang it where little light will reach it as it dries.

Or

Guard your girdle jealously. . . . Just what the lack of girdles will eventually do to styles is anybody's guess, but Washington's experts don't hold out much hope for a return to solid, hefty bulges. Stay slim for health, beauty, and morale—that's their advice. . . . Go slow on fats and sweets. And take exercises.

A beauty shop offered a less painful substitute for exercises, advertising in the newspaper:

You need a trim figger to wear slim L-85 suits and there's no room for excess weight these girdle-shortage days! The answer, ladies, is De-War Figure Control . . .

Washington experts had been right. The quick follow-up of sugar rationing indicated that women might not need the girdles they couldn't get. Anyhow, it helped the stout ones to realize that the rubber in 3,400 girdles would make one Army jeep tire. So every jeep that rolls to Victory represents the sacrifice of 13,000 girdleless women back home.

By the fall of 1942, advertisements of women's suits and dresses read:

No girdle required for this dress of tobacco brown spun rayon, with no fastenings (zippers gone to war), adjustable at waist and bust.

Or:

Duration suit: Both jacket and skirt of this rayon gabardine tailleur are adjustable at the waistline; designed for wear with or without a girdle.

Nu-bone rubberless foundation garments used piano wire coils instead of whalebone. Though piano wire was a critical material, the WPB decreed that girdles were needed for women's health and therefore were eligible for priorities. A full-page advertisement of "Even-Pul" foundation garments appeared in the *New York Times Magazine*, September 13, 1942. An accompanying sales talk read:

There's a new you—a busy, wartime you—right down to your very foundation. The unaccustomed activities you find yourself in,

and the longer hours you spend at them, require stricter attention than ever to your health beneath it all. The corset and brassiere creators of America faced and met a challenging situation in the midst of a desperate rubber shortage.

The Silk-Hose Blitzkrieg

That an army marches on its stomach was an accepted fact of life, but that paratroops would bail out in silk formerly intended for women's hose was a reality of new and staggering significance away back in 1941. With patriotic zest the women on the home front had passed the ammunition in the form of aluminum pots and pans, but giving up silk hose for parachutes and powder bags—well, that was the ultimate in sacrifice.

So America's beauties and would-be beauties lost no time in postponing the day when shapely legs must be sheathed in rayon stockings that bag as if Santa had filled them with oranges. From coast to coast, rich and poor were seized with hosiery hysteria. A veritable blitzkrieg on hosiery counters followed, customers crowding around five and six deep to order from three to a dozen pairs of silk or Nylon hose. Women unwilling to struggle up to a hosiery counter kept the telephone lines of apparel stores busy all day as they sought to lay in reserves.

Early in July, public tension over delicate diplomatic relations between the United States and Japan had started this new run in hosiery. Estimates of increased sales ranged from 'barely noticeable' to "more than 300 per cent" over the previous week. Some stores doubled, some trebled, some quadrupled former sales—often selling from twelve to sixty pairs to wealthy patrons.

Store managers appeared in accord that the buying was largely instituted by women from the upper income brackets—'women of enlightenment and money,' as one manager described them. In the interest of fair play, the head of the OPA's Consumer Division in Washington urged against "selfish raids" on hosiery—appealing to women to buy for present needs only,

in order to give customers with limited incomes a chance to share in the supply. But she might as well have addressed the wind, for the buying continued, gathering momentum, with the result that the week following the August "freezing" order found the stores depleted of the popular shades and sizes.

Managers of department stores stood by, impotent. Those of twelve selected New York stores declared stocking orders had increased from 200 to 500 per cent. One in Chicago described the hosiery counters as a "madhouse." Another in Philadelphia said the scramble was like that "just before Christmas"—sales four times above normal. Hosiery counters in San Francisco were jammed. One woman tried to buy thirty-three dozen pairs. Stores in some places began to limit customers to six pairs; in others, to three. Silk wholesalers of Portland, Oregon, with supplies that normally would have lasted six months, said that under the unprecedented demand there was not enough hosiery to last more than three days.

The announcement that the Department of Agriculture was ready to show industry how to make 150 styles of hosiery from cotton merely added insult to injury. We read in the newspaper that Marlene Dietrich hastened to cache 720 pairs of silk hose in the metal safety vault of Hollywood's largest bank, despite a warning from Willys De Mond that they would rot. De Mond, who catered to 90 per cent of the stars' hosiery needs, said that if Marlene were to throw away one pair every other day, she would still have enough to last two years.

Though, before Pearl Harbor, defense officials had cried, "Nylon is safe!" the WPB froze Nylon supplies for military requirements on February 18, 1942. A few weeks later we read that thousands of yards of silk in parachutes had been destroyed when grasshoppers "spit tobacco" on them as the billowy silk spread out on the resting field. One hundred yards of silk in each parachute sabotaged by grasshoppers! The equivalent of 136 pairs of stockings!

At pre-Pearl Harbor style shows in New York and Chicago,

fashion experts predicted longer skirts for fall wear and cotton hose with woolen or rayon mixtures—or even bare legs. Cosmetics for legs were prominently displayed in fall fashion brochures, and by spring department and drug stores were advertising 'bottled stockings'

Forty two pairs of the sheerest looking, smoothest feeling stockings you ever saw, in any of five fashionable and flattering shades

Three cents a pair! No runs, no wrinkles, no twisted seams!—though some women went to the trouble of painting seams down the back of their legs

Ingenious women quickly learned ways to make their silk hose last by wearing them past the one runner stage. Darn that run' with rosebuds was a government worker's solution. Over a hole she embroidered a bright bud, and when a run went rampant she backstitched a stem with leaves and petals. A newspaper photograph showed Mrs. Bruce Baird, wife of a Washington banker, wearing hose which she had embroidered to disguise a run.

By the summer of 1942, silk hose were as precious as tires, and reckless walking as reprehensible as reckless driving. In Tacoma, Washington, a young man slipped on a downtown street, knocking down a woman as he fell and causing her to tear a silk stocking. Instead of just helping her up, brushing off his clothes, and departing, he took her to a near by store and bought her a new pair of silk hose—rare though they were by that time and at two or three dollars a pair.

Then came the pre Christmas sales of 1942 with unexpected stocks of silk and Nylon hose put on sale. Within a few hours after the doors were opened, the whole stock was sold out. Women (some so poorly dressed you wondered why they bothered with silk hose) fought their way to the hosiery counter—or rather were swept there by a crowd with but one thought on its collective mind. In one store 5,000 pairs of silk hose were cleaned out in three hours. Three girls wanted whe

they were finally pushed up to the counter. In a Chicago store the customers nearly wrecked the place, smashing glass cases and brushing display goods off the counters.

Even as late as March, 1943, the announcement of a sale of silk or Nylon hosiery had the effect of a red flag waved at a bull. Women charged upon counters and clerks, wreaking havoc. In Pueblo, Colorado, police were forced to close a downtown department store after an unmanageable crowd of 700 women had crushed counters and bruised clerks in a rush to buy thirty pairs of Nylon hose that the store had put on sale. Men had to be stationed behind the stocking counters to brace them with pieces of lumber in order to protect the clerks.

Indeed, it would take time to heal so deep a wound—to permit American women to watch a parachute fall from the sky without a tug at the heart to know that there went 136 pairs of silk stockings.

Split-Second Weddings

Yes, Sherman was right. "War is hell on women," said Mrs. Nellie Strull, organizer of the Widows' and Widowers' Club, to the 800 members summoned to an emergency convention in Chicago to study the problems that war had imposed upon love.

For as the list of "missing men" in civilian life increased daily, single women began to worry. Everywhere you heard their laments: "A date! What's a date?" Or the parody:

. . . Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "There are no men!"

Or the hit tune, "They're Either Too Old or Too Young." Little wonder that patriotism called many into the ranks of the WAC and WAVES and SPAR.

So now Mrs. Strull warned her widows: "We've got to keep love alert for the duration. It's our major war project. . . . It used to be that a woman could get any man she liked; now she

has to like any man she can get. Maybe the Mormons had the right idea after all."

Even the movie stars were uneasy, as one after another their escorts disappeared. Beautiful Olivia de Havilland saw the writing on the wall when Jimmie Stewart was inducted. Ginger Rogers startled us when once more she steered her emotions into the matrimonial harbor, suddenly marrying Jack Briggs—several years her junior. And glorious but sedate Greer Garson gave us a shock by marrying Richard Ney, her son in the war movie "Mrs. Miniver"—he, too, younger than his bride.

The younger set, long before the widows were advised of the menace, had decided that a soldier husband for a few days was better than no husband at all. Never in the history of the country had there been such a marriage boom. In 1941, a million and a half couples married—a 15 per cent increase over the previous 1940 high. December weddings following Pearl Harbor took up a staggering 10 per cent, a close second to June's 11.5 per cent.

Nor were all the husbands from the armed forces. High-paying, steady employment in industrial centers had contributed to the marriage boom. In Cincinnati, defense job weddings increased 51 per cent, in Baltimore, 47 per cent, in Youngstown and Akron, 17 per cent, and in Detroit, 12 per cent. In San Diego, where not only giant aircraft plants are located but Navy and Army bases, marriages doubled and even trebled in those first hectic two years of mobilization for war.

Merchants were almost as jubilant as the newlyweds. Jewelers, who get one fourth of their business from weddings, were having their heyday during the first three months of 1942, when wholesale sales of wedding rings rose 300 per cent. On a wide scale, the tradition of exchanging wedding rings was revived. Many jewelers' stocks were exhausted by the unprecedented demand for double wedding rings—especially from servicemen.

Sales of wedding outfits too rose. Those of formal bridal gowns jumped to 250 per cent, equaling the record sales of 1941. Lingerie and wedding-gown makers called this and the preceding season the "most hectic" they had ever seen.

Many of these young wives made long journeys across country—sitting up all night, or several nights, on day coaches—in order to be close to their husbands up to the last moment. Many worked in restaurants, stores, war plants to help pay the cost of these last hours together. You found them at railway stations on week ends seeing their men off to camp. You sometimes saw their eyes fill with tears as that one khaki-clad figure became lost in the stampede for the trains, and you wondered if this was the last visit . . .

VIII

Washington Wonderland

IN the spring of 1942 the news from battle fronts was still discouraging. Places were still falling. Corregidor, Sevastopol . . . The Japanese had occupied the western Aleutian Islands. Rommel was smashing the British in Libya. And the Nazis were rolling toward Stalingrad and the oil fields of the Caucasus.

But in April there was that electrifying feat of Jimmy Doolittle's men—the unbelievable bombing of Tokyo from the best-kept-secret air base, the never-never land of Shangri-La. And in June there was our Navy's smashing victory at Midway and one in the Coral Sea.

They were not many—our victories in the Pacific—but they were signs of recovery. Only a year had passed since that fateful summer of appeasing Japan, and only eight months since our entry into the war. Defeating the Japanese was not the push-over we had expected, but Washington kept telling us that ultimate victory would be ours—that funny, mad, incomprehensible, farseeing Washington which, whatever you might think of it, was getting things done—the colossal task of feeding and arming and giving hope to us, our allies, and nations cringing under Axis rule.

Still it was a madhouse—Washington at war. "A red-tape-snarled, swarming, sweating" metropolis, the columnist called it, surrealist combination of boom town, world capital, soldier town, and madhouse. Everyone you ever heard of was here. Like the grand finale of light opera on Hollywood scale of the colossal was our National Capital during those first two hectic years that followed the Aid-to-Britain fight.

At the Mayflower Hotel you couldn't stir beyond your room

without rubbing elbows with distinguished political figures, business bigwigs, millionaire dollar-a-year men, or foreign dignitaries—in the corridors, in the lobby, in the elevators, in the cocktail lounge. You watched them at the close of day—the business tycoons and bosses of the OPA, OEM, WPB (a merger of the former OPM and SPAB—watched them check their briefcases and stride into the *Mayflower lounge* or the *Cosmos Room* of the Carlton to relax. From your seat on the sidelines you tried to figure out which was what, or to make sense of the scraps of talk that reached you whether you were eavesdropping or not.

In the lobby of the Washington hotel you saw one day a tall man in a battered slouch hat, tweed suit, and sweater stride toward the elevator, hesitate, and then begin distributing to bell hops and elevator operators apples from the bag he was carrying. Bewildered, you asked who the apple man was, and learned that it was Justice Frank Murphy of the United States Supreme Court, who lives at the Washington and had probably spent his Sunday in the country.

The Justice was back from his vacation at Forts Benning, Knox and points west—a vacation spent in finding out for himself how well our armed forces are prepared and equipped to combat the most formidable antagonist of all times. Like any officer candidate, he had attended classes, taken copious notes, fired all the guns, driven the tanks, crawled over the ground under live fire—gone through the body-wearying tank maneuvers in the weltering South, with no handicaps asked for his Supreme Court home work which was sent to him by registered mail wherever he went. There, in his makeshift office under the trees, he had worked late into the night weighing the fate of the eight Nazi saboteurs landed by submarine on our Atlantic shore.

Back at the Capital, the Lieutenant-Colonel-Justice, long known for his relentless crusade against oppression and for human rights, was whisked here and there by the War Depart-

ment to speak, now at Boston, now at Detroit's war plants, or over local radio stations—prodding, prodding, prodding the public to wake up to the menace of Nazi aggression and to lay aside personal grievances until the war was won

Everywhere in Washington you felt the tension of bold plans in the making. It was in the air—that feeling of portentous events brewing. Though never a hint came from Nelson, the President, or the High Command, there was that visit of Churchill's in June to make us wonder. For we had learned that when Britain's Prime Minister and President Roosevelt got together something astounding was sure to happen.

And, sure enough, the news from the war front soon became brighter. There was the spectacular commando raid on Dieppe. Tragic though it was in results, we felt that the raid was a dress rehearsal for even more daring feats to come. Then there was the landing of our Marines on the Solomon Islands.

Yet with all the excitement over the war news a spirit of gaiety in the nation's Capital prevailed. No occasion was too serious, said the humorist Henry McLeMORE, no place too bustling for a distinguished representative of the people to see that "Rose O'Day" or 'The White Cliffs of Dover' or 'Deep in the Heart of Texas' was whistled or sung in the proper swing manner.

"A good share of our war effort," wrote McLeMORE, "is a mixture of tanks, sage in bloom, bombers, like perfume, Garand rifles, stars are bright, lease lend, and the boy I love."

Even fiction and mystery writers were here, asked by their agents to write serials with a Washington background. And the Stage Door Canteen had not only glamour girls as hostesses, but also Senators as bus boys.

Washington had become the rival of London and once gay Paris as the hub of international affairs. And a certain tree in the back yard of the White House was acquiring fame as a historic marker, for under a spreading elm the President often stood to greet a visiting ruler or ex ruler of foreign lands.

The city swarmed with foreign diplomats and royal personages—a clear indication, to many, of the part America would take in shaping Europe's postwar affairs. From all over the world they came to the Great God F. D. R. But the President need not flex a knee, for all said frankly that they sought United States support in stabilization of European affairs or restoration of their countries. When Postmaster General Frank Walker issued a special five-cent "Chinese Resistance" stamp, he was later deluged with demands from other Axis-ravaged nations for similar recognition.

In 1942, the procession of royal tourists was impressive: King George II of Greece; King Peter of Yugoslavia; Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands and her daughter Princess Juliana; an ex-king (the Duke of Windsor) and his American-born Duchess; Crown Prince Olaf of Sweden; Crown Princess Martha of Norway; Archduke Otto of Hapsburg, pretender to the Austro-Hungarian throne and resident at the fashionable Kennedy-Warner apartment; and the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg. Sometimes the President would give them a little souvenir—like, maybe, a submarine chaser.

Then there were presidents from our good neighbors—Peru, Colombia, Ecuador, Mexico—and one from our own outpost, the Philippines. They were permitted to sleep the first night in the Lincoln bed at the White House but the next day were lodged in the Blair house across the street. And there were always the foreign dignitaries—European governments desiring to strengthen their cause by dividing assignments of prominent men between Washington and London. The Czechs kept Foreign Minister Jan Masaryk in the United States. The Netherlands had a procession of cabinet ministers trekking to Washington. And the strongest man in the Belgian government, Minister of Colonies de Vleeschauwer, was in the United States for some time.

The Capital had become quite blasé over the way people flew

in and out of town on their way to and from London, Moscow, Chungking, or such far-away places. Someone would drop out of sight for a few days, and you would meet him casually later, only to learn that he had spent the week end in London. A New York lawyer would fly to Iran on Lend-Lease work, a physicist commuted to England, a diplomat flew to Chungking, and Wendell Willkie soared away on his "One World" tour of the globe.

Boom Town

War had doubled Washington's population. The town was bursting at the seams. A war contractor in the telephone booth at the Capitol on a warm day in May was reporting his success to his firm in New York. "I'm always glad to get out of this town. It's a madhouse," he concluded, mopping his face and not caring who heard him through the open door of the booth.

The President, in his annual message to the 1943 Congress, agreed with the man, but added "A madhouse of a nation that is fighting-mad."

Less fortunate industrialists—the little businessmen, chiefly—came away bewildered. "Washington's a funny town," said one who had gone there for a war contract and was leaving without it. "It's got scores of hotels, and you can't get a room. It's got 10,000 taxicabs, and you can't get a ride. It's got 1,000,000 telephones, and you can't get a number. It's got 5,000 restaurants, and you can't get a meal. It's got 50,000 politicians, and nobody will do anything for you. I'm going home."

That, in a mild way, describes the town. Traffic was in a continual snarl. Through the streets, at office-closing time, swarmed the tens of thousands of government workers. Taxicabs and passenger cars rushed wildly along the rumbling streets, and all taxis operated on the "share-the fare" plan. Busses and trolley cars were jammed, and half the people who rode them wore identification tags. The new OPA regulations

against delivery of packages under five pounds or fifty inches in girth converted streetcars and busses into bedlams of bursting bundles and bruised shoppers.

To make matters worse, the bus companies installed "stand-sits"—busses in which people neither stand nor sit, but lean against supports, as on shooting sticks. The ODT had introduced the "stand-sit" jam plan into Washington to find out whether people could squeeze themselves into the newfangled seats for the duration, or whether they'd rather just stand.

Whatsoever means you used for getting to places, you simply praised the Lord and prayed for transportation. Sometimes even the taxi drivers would get lost—especially at a time when some four-star personage came to town. On the day when the President of Ecuador arrived at the Capital one driver, having gone around Washington in circles for some time (all cross streets were closed), finally said to his fare: "Lady, let me drop you back where I picked you up, and I'll settle for nothing."

Sunday bus travel was even more discouraging, as one reporter discovered. She waited and waited at the bus stop for a bus to Chevy Chase, she said afterward; then finally she asked a driver going in the opposite direction: "When will the Chevy Chase bus come by?" He grinned and said: "Monday morning. Busses don't run that way on Sunday any more. You have to go somewhere else and catch another bus, and get a transfer, and take another bus, and then take that auxiliary bus to get home today. Sorry."

But no one had bothered to notify the public.

Everywhere you went you stood and waited: long lines in restaurants, at the movies, at the Safeway stores to haggle over a sorry array of sausage, ham, and odd cuts of veal—no beef. And no wonder, for every twenty-four hours trains, planes, busses and private automobiles poured newcomers by the thousands into the Capital—small-town girls seeking excitement and romance in the big town as junior stenographers; industrialists

with bulging briefcases, hoping for fat arms contracts, British, Russian, Chinese agents clamoring for Lend-Lease aid

The spectacle created in Washington in the name of national defense staggered the imagination. There was no place to stay. Government stenographers were jammed five and six into one boarding house. Housing newcomers had become a thriving business in itself, and sooner or later the traveler found himself telephoning the government housing bureau for a place to stay. Hotels limited the nights you might stay—five, it was, in the spring of 1942, but by fall it was three.

The National Housing Agency and the District war housing bureau sought to break down the barrier that kept women war workers out of rooms in private homes. It seems that landladies preferred gentlemen as roomers, and in this bachelor's paradise, girls far outnumbered the men.

One landlady frankly explained her preference. Girls want to do their personal laundry in the bathroom, cook in the kitchen, entertain in the parlor, and receive all kinds of extra service. "Men, on the other hand," she said, "don't wash anything but themselves, and eat all their meals out."

Families had even a harder time finding lodging. Some bribed real estate agents with cases of whisky to let them know, ahead, of a house for rent. There were plenty for sale—all terribly overpriced. Even rented places came high. A small Georgetown furnished house rented for \$2.50 a month minimum. None was unfurnished. One large but homely house in a "good" section rented, in the spring of 1942, at \$1,000 a month.

Pathetic little advertisements crowded the newspapers. "Diplomat wants a 3 room house somewhere for \$150," and "Won't someone help a refined enlisted Navy man and wife, employed, no children, to obtain an unfurnished room or two with kitchen?"

The main question in the Capital was: Why, with the labor shortage what it was, were so many thousands of girls sitting

on their hands and screaming with boredom in overheated agencies? While top people were overburdened, humble employees could find nothing to do in business hours. Some employers explained that you had to hire extra people while you could get them, against a rainy day. But some of the employed were hardly worth saving. Eleanor Hard Lake, in her column "On the Washington Front" (*Junior League Magazine*), stated that, while a good secretary was worth rubies, many of the new ones literally had never heard of carbon paper or of Webster's dictionary; and that one girl in the WPB sent an important letter to Peter Rabbit, Inwa.

Yet new girls continued to pour in, while city rumors flourished as to which agencies or parts of agencies would be moved out of town to make room for the unending procession of newcomers.

Even part of the War Department had been decentralized—moved across the Potomac into the new Pentagon Building, a five-sided, five-story, mile-around colossus covering forty-two acres and housing 40,000 workers (though only 35,000 were working there by the spring of 1943). A force of 700 janitors and charwomen is maintained. There are 288 guards on duty and 42 members of the Military Police regularly assigned to the building. The Pentagon contains 21,000 desks, about 140,000 chairs, 200 rest rooms, 650 water fountains, 1,500 electric clocks. At the six large cafeterias and nine beverage bars, between 50,000 and 55,000 meals are served daily.

The Pentagon is a small town in itself. It has its own branch post office, drugstore, shopping center, park, bank, office for issuing railroad tickets, taxi and bus terminal, telephone exchange with enough miles of trunk lines and operators to serve a town of 100,000 inhabitants. Its sixteen and one-half miles of corridor run around the five sides or crisscross at intervals to shorten the distance. Employees know their way only to their own offices. Visitors need guides.

An item in the *Reader's Digest* told of a joke played upon

some of the personnel of the Navy Department assigned to the Pentagon. At the time of the evacuation they found on their desks the following official looking memorandum written by a prankster

All personnel being moved will provide themselves with a sleeping bag, clothing for one week, food and water for one week, three extra pairs of shoes, a compass, a scout knife, a pistol and roller skates or a scooter. All section chiefs will be suitably labeled and packed.

Personnel are cautioned not to become panic stricken by the great expanse of corridor. Rumors concerning lost safaris in the Pentagon are hereby discounted. All but one have been located and rescued. Trained search parties will be on duty, and all corridor intersections will be patrolled at least once every two days.

* * *

When day is done and dusk gathers the town into its gray folds and the eerie fluorescent lights come on in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, a strange atmosphere settles over the few small, smoke filled night clubs—all jammed with dancing crowds. Out on the street can be heard the muted throb of drums, the rattle of gourds, as thousands of feet keep time to the music—officers and men of the armed forces mingling with the crowd for a last fling before they are ordered into combat. For today is theirs. Tomorrow—who knows? Soon they may be trudging over mine laid battlefields to the weird whistle of bombs and the rattle of gunfire.

So now they dance to their favorite tunes, "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with Anyone Else but Me" or "You'll Be So Nice to Come Home to," with girls they'll never see again—with one, perhaps, whose face will some day appear between a weary, homesick soldier and a game of solitaire. So now they try to cram into a few hours whatever happiness, whatever dreams they can.

Night clubs and theaters boomed, as they always do in war-time. Places like the Shorcham looked, at night, like Broadway

in the nineteen-twenties. The Capital—once poison to stage folk—was fast becoming known as a good “theater” town. These gay spots teemed with military men on leave, or with lucky persons who had nothing to do the next day. The other poor souls who did their partying earlier (and in their work clothes) began to yawn home at ten o’clock.

With work piling up in some government offices, an Indiana Congressman suggested a curfew for female workers so that they wouldn’t appear the next day tired out and sad-eyed from too much fun. He did so in verse:

Early to bed and early to rise
Will keep your complexion—
And brighten your eyes.

From a prospective curfew victim he received a prompt retort:

Since Washington women outnumber the men,
Just who is to keep us all out after ten?

Overtone of dissatisfaction in the girls’ banter had already been noted by officials in government personnel divisions throughout the Capital. Every month a thousand frustrated government girl workers went back home, said *Time*, so that not only the girls but government agencies faced the question how to live in wartime Washington and like it. The problems of inadequate housing, the high cost of living on modest incomes, insufficient recreational facilities and a shortage of male escorts soon set the employee counselor’s office of the Navy Bureau of Ordnance to thinking. In conjunction with a leading women’s magazine, the office sponsored a four-day career clinic to show government girls how to obtain from their pay checks the maximum of living.

Early hours and hard work became routine for most of Washington. The day shift of millionaire corporation presidents on dollar-a-year lease to the government, important government officials, Congressmen, military officers, diplomats—all tried to be in bed before midnight. Hostesses had to

conform if they continued "lion hunting"—though "lions" in wartime were sometimes of dubious value to a party. You could not very well ask a man "in the know" what he thought about current matters of political and military interest, and few people these days talked of anything else. Nor could you express your own ideas and speculations without feeling foolish. So he was silent or you were silent, or else you both talked about things that didn't matter in these serious times, only to find that all roads led to Rome—to the very topics you were sedulously avoiding.

Entertaining on a large scale was no longer fashionable in the Capital. During the early days of the war, when the social whirl was gathering momentum, the President sobered the town's socialites with his talk about "parasites," letting it be understood that the term included wartime playboys and playgirls who took up valuable space in this town where it was a feat to get standing room on a bus at rush hours. For a time everybody was asking, "Are you a parasite?" and trying, himself, not to appear like one.

Only the embassies and legations went in for old time parties, usually in honor of a visiting official from the home country or in observance of some national event. Legations and embassies of occupied countries were operating on limited expense budgets for entertaining. Even the British had cut out garden parties and large dinners.

It was the White House, however, that had set the pace in sobriety for the duration, canceling the usual formal reception, teas, musicales, dinners, and garden parties—as President Wilson had done in World War I. Clubs and other organizations were quick to follow suit. Members of the Congressional Club, for instance, instead of holding the usual teas and receptions, diverted themselves by doing volunteer work in hospitals to relieve nursing shortages.

Gasoline rationing contributed to the informality of wartime entertaining. Most private parties during wartime broke

up around eleven at night—often earlier—so that guests wouldn't miss the last bus. Invitations frequently contained an added note on how to get out by bus or streetcar; or, "Don't bother to dress"; or, to some important guest who had no idea when a war production conference would end, "Come when you can get away."

The fact that the more popular forms of entertainment were cocktail parties, teas, buffet suppers, or small dinners of from eight to twelve guests, was not wholly due to patriotic reasons. It was partly the "domestic" problem that disturbed Washingtonians. War was taking "service" men and women out of their jobs and putting them into war work or into the armed forces. Though some would-be employers still had the complacency to require references and health cards of their prospective maids and cooks, the tone of most appeals, said a Washington observer, was that the advertiser would gladly furnish his own references if he were not afraid of arousing suspicion.

Almost any maid could have her pick of jobs these days—a fact which affected her attitude to her work. One maid, said Columnist Bill Cunningham, demanded her wages on Thanksgiving Day and left before dessert. In one day's want-ad columns of a Washington paper there were eighty-seven bids for maids but only five advertisements by maids wanting such jobs—all five limiting their service: no children, no Sundays, and practically no work.

"Service" was on the growing list of vanishing American customs. Laundry service was increasingly slow. Some laundries discontinued doing bed and bath linen. Most of them turned down orders from new patrons. Dry-cleaning service was as bad. Repair work on your watch took at least six weeks. In less than six weeks countries had been conquered. Garage service was even worse. Many garages, with weeks of accumulated work ahead, could not accept new jobs. Hotel patrons faced having to tote their own bags, as WPB officials discussed

with members of the agency's hotel industry advisory committee plans for standardization of menus and curtailment of porter, bellboy, and room service. Even department stores no longer used the want-ad columns in advertising for full- or part-time help. Instead, they used display advertisements two columns wide and a foot long.

Soldier Town

Washington became a soldier town. Darkness shrouded the Capitol dome, where searchlights were blacked out for the duration of the war. The great steel doors of the Department of Commerce were locked, and guards demanded credentials at the main entrance. An extra detail of police strolled on the south grounds of the White House where the Easter egg hunt used to take place. On the day after the attack on Pearl Harbor—on Waterside Drive, where the bank rises sharply on the back garden of the Japanese Embassy, four plain clothes men in two cars sat parked all day.

Khaki-clad soldiers with tin helmets and fixed bayonets patrolled, two abreast, between the White House and the State Department, guarding the Capitol and the office buildings of the House and Senate. Drew Pearson, in his "Washington Merry-Go Round," wondered why United States troops were used to guard the Congress—"the worst waste of man power in Washington," he said. "Certainly nobody wants to steal Congress." Yet all night, if you lived near New Jersey and C streets, you heard the tramp of soldiers' feet and the throaty "Squads right!" in the dead of night as the troops marched around the House Office Building.

All the "soldiers" that guarded the building did not live and breathe, however. A curious Representative from North Carolina (Harold D. Cooley) made the "gruesome" discovery that wooden guns on the roof with "dummy soldiers wearing service overalls and hats" bending over them protected the lives of

Congressmen. "Sort of like a scarecrow put out in a melon patch," sputtered the perturbed Congressman in his report to the House.

Complaining before the members, Cooley argued from the duck hunter's viewpoint:

"When I put out my decoys, I expect to attract live ducks, and if I should put out wooden guns, I certainly would expect to attract live enemy planes. There is no effort made to camouflage those guns. They are sitting there under the blue sky, for every plane that comes and goes to see. Gentlemen, it was a gruesome sight."

The *New York Times* commented that, a few months before, Congressmen had uttered many expressions of approval when guardhouses were erected to shelter the "soldiers" from summer's sun and winter's cold. Now the rumpus forced the War Department to share its little secret by explaining to the Congress that the use of dummies to mislead the enemy "is one of the accepted principles in operation in all theaters of war at the present time."

"Dummy gun positions, interspersed among the active defense elements of a given area, are an indispensable part of the normal defensive measures in modern warfare," the Department argued. "It is common procedure to rotate artillery units from one position to another, the vacated positions being manned by dummies. By this means, hostile observation and enemy agents are unable to gain, at any definite time, an accurate picture of the actual defenses."

Rising to defense of the War Department, Representative Mahon of Texas proclaimed:

"If anybody in Washington is fearful of his own security here when men are dying in the battle zones of the South Pacific and North Africa, may Heaven pity him. . . .

"Congress needs no protection. It only needs to prosecute a more effective policy for victory and the peace to follow.

"Thinking in terms of all Americans at home, I say, not

from bombs but from brainstorm, bickering, backbiting, and bungling, O Lord, deliver us."

No building was so closely guarded as the Munitions Building—difficult to enter, difficult to leave. Everyone must pass the desk to get an identifying badge and an escort, and all awaited their turn: Secretary of the Navy Knox, a British officer, the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, even the generals. Every appointment must be checked by telephone. Every badge wearer must be escorted to his appointment, must surrender his badge upon leaving and receive, in turn, a slip to be handed to the outer door guard as a pass out.

Here in the low building that stretches down Constitution Avenue, who knew what history was being made? Here all the day long an endless file of important people hurried in and out—Congressmen, diplomats, civilians, officers of the War Department flaunting their Adjutant General's Office cards—all passing the glass case where lies the flag that once covered the coffin of a great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln. Yes—

He is among us —as in times before^{*}

His head is bowed He thinks on men and kings
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come,—the shining hope of Europe free
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea *

* From "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," in *Collected Poems of Vachel Lindsay* (New York: Macmillan).

IX

Arsenal of Bureaucracy

THE Minnesotan who said that wartime Washington was an insane asylum run by the inmates was not so far from the truth. Never had there been so much confusion as was created here in the name of defense. Daily the Government Printing Office recorded the wisdom of statesmen. Daily from mimeograph and multigraph machines rolled billions of words in wartime publicity. Yet neither God in heaven nor the President in the White House, said one Washingtonian, could possibly comprehend the whole vast business.

Ever since the attack on Pearl Harbor the Government Printing Office had had more business than it could handle. In addition to approximately five hundred regular jobs a day, the world's biggest printing shop was swamped with orders resulting from the emergency. There was the order from the Office of Facts and Figures asking for 50,000 copies of "Report to the Nation"—a sixty-two-page, two-color booklet. There was the OCD order for 1,800,000 copies of ten instruction booklets. The OPA asked for 35,000,000 copies of application forms authorizing purchases of new tires and tubes. The Treasury Department wanted new income-tax returns—reduced exemptions had brought an increase in requirements, which meant 500,000,000 pieces. Another order called for an eight-page defense-savings speech for women's-club presidents—4,000,000 copies; another, for pledges to buy war bonds—15,000,000 copies; and one for war-stamp albums (part of which had to be turned over to commercial plants).

Then, there were occupation questionnaires for draft registrants and myriad forms for reports to new wartime agencies:

later, ration books for gasoline, sugar, and finally, for processed foods, meats, butter, shoes, etc. For Ration Book One, the "Sugar Book," the Government Printing Office turned out 100 000 000 booklets besides consumer application forms, trade registration forms, cards on which retailers were to mount ration stamps taken in exchange for sugar, instructions for local boards, instructions for consumers and registrants—a job calling for more than 700,000,000 forms and cards and booklets, and between eleven and twelve million pounds of paper. Stacked, says the Associated Press, the sugar ration books alone would make a tower fifteen miles high.

The job of printing and distributing 150 000 000 copies of Ration Book Two was one of record breaking proportions, requiring the aid of eighteen commercial printing firms. The book contained 192 coupons—red and blue. The coupon pages required 3,000 000 pounds of paper. By pasting the pages to the cover, the government saved more than 75 tons of stapling wire—enough steel to make Garand rifles for a division of 15 000 soldiers. The job required 7 500 gallons of paste (about as much as a railroad tank car would hold) and ink weighing 87,000 pounds. For distributing the books 750,000 boxes were made—allowing two hundred to the package, these to be placed in larger boxes—ten to a carton. And 128 railroad box cars were required to distribute the books throughout the nation.

Much of the printed matter turned out by war agencies confirmed the definition of an expert as "someone who makes things sound complicated." For there was the OPA's new method of cutting beef, which brought on a barrage of words, baffling to the layman and even to many butchers. The new regulation became mandatory all over the nation after 500 wholesalers spent five hours of New York's meatless Tuesday watching OPA officials carve a 1,200 pound carcass—a demonstration designed to reduce hard to identify boneless cuts which had been a loophole for black marketing.

More than 40,000 men were employed by the OPA—many of them alleged experts and “technicians”—and they turned out proclamations, orders, and directives as bewildering as the following proclamation on the subject of wholesale beef regulation—a document containing nearly 40,000 closely printed words:

The excess loin (lumbar) and pelvic (sacral) fat shall be trimmed from the inside of the full loin by placing the full loin upon a flat surface, with no other support to change its position, meat side down, and removing all fat which extends above a flat plane parallel with the flat surface supporting the full loin and on a level with the full length of the protruding edge of the lumbar section of the chine bone. Then all fat shall be removed which extends above a flat plane, using the following two lines as guides for each edge of the plane: an imaginary line parallel with the full length of the protruding edge of the lumbar section of the chine bone which line extends one inch directly above such protruding edge; a line on the side of the loin two inches from the flank edge and running parallel with such edge for the full length of the loin. All fat obstructing the measurement of the second line shall first be removed. In addition to the foregoing, all rough fat in the pelvic cavity of the heavy end of the loin (sirloin) shall be trimmed smooth, and trimming by a knife shall be apparent. No fat remaining in the pelvic cavity shall exceed one inch in depth.

While the wording of this proclamation tends to keep us in the dark, the instructions issued by OCD Director James M. Landis for blacking out Federal buildings during air raids might well have had the reverse effect. At a press conference the President read aloud the Director's letter to the Federal Works Agency:

“Such preparations shall be made as will completely obscure all federal buildings and non-federal buildings occupied by the federal government during an air raid for any period of time from visibility by reason of internal or external illuminating. Such obscuration may be obtained either by blackout construction or by termination of the illumination.

“This will, of course, require that in building areas in which

production must continue during the blackout, construction must be provided that internal illumination may continue"

Interrupting his reading to remark with a grin that he knew some people who had internal illumination, the President continued

"Other areas, whether or not occupied by personnel, may be obscured by terminating the illumination"

Turning to his secretary, the Chief Executive—who has a rare gift for expressing himself clearly in the language of everyday people—ordered a rewrite job

"Tell them," he said, "in buildings where they have to keep the work going, to put something across the windows. In buildings where they can afford to let work stop for a while, turn out the lights. Stop there"

Madhouse

"This arsenal of bureaueracy has grown so big," wrote Raymond Clapper (Scripps-Howard) in the summer of 1942, "that it may be suffering from elephantiasis. When there are too many people around, they get in each other's way. Not counting the armed forces, the Federal Government has almost two and a quarter million employees. I am convinced that a lot of them just have to try to make work for themselves"

Such was the impression of those who visited the Capital during the mobilization period. Soft jobs were so abundant that the mere mention of them aroused resentment. The favorite indoor sport was coordinating things and contacting people. Agencies were formed to coordinate agencies that overlapped or worked at cross purposes, and then new agencies were created to coordinate the coordinators. In a wilderness of committees Donald Nelson was forced to organize another committee to simplify the relationship between the WPB and the businessman—that is, a new army of officials to issue questionnaires to the issuers of other questionnaires

Then, too, there was the constant spectacle of clashing authority. First, there was the clash between Davis and Stimson over Army information policies, the immediate issue being whether the public was to receive details of the trial of the eight Nazi saboteurs.

Then we read of a second brush off later, when Davis, with the support of the White House, sought to work out an arrangement by which news not harmful to the war effort could be released from the military mission deciding the fate of the Nazi saboteurs. We read that when Henry Paynter, a representative of the OWI, offered his services at the first meeting of the commission, he was handed a note from General McCloy which read "The general does not wish to see the gentleman. The gentleman need not wait."

Friction with the State, Navy, and War departments persisted. OWI men were refused priorities on airplanes, because military commanders (whose word is final) had the authority to decide whether or not they wanted one of Davis' representatives to accompany them. And the State Department could block the OWI by exercising its power to refuse the men passports. Immediately after the President's directive that OWI passports should be cleared, they were cleared. Later, however, the State Department adopted the expedient of delay after delay, and friction became so keen that people began dubbing Elmer Davis' office the "Office of War Arbitration." Such is the fate of the 'strategy of truth.'

Another cause of confusion was the fact that the government agencies kept changing their names—the OIT losing its identity in the OWI, and the OPM and SPAB merging into the WPB. You hardly learned your way around in one alphabet language when you discovered the names had changed.

For instance, a pretty girl at the information counter in the Civil Service Building was trying to explain to a stranger how to get a priority. (A priority, wrote Leonard Lyons—quoting Henry J. Kaiser, Jr.—was something which gives you an

option to ask for something which you know you're not going to get anyhow.") So this girl with the soft eyes was explaining to the stranger how to go about not getting what he wanted, sputtering PDA's and AA's and BB's and A-1-j's so fast that the man was in a daze. When he asked her to make it slow and simple, the plan ran like this:

"Well, first you file a PD-1A (that's an application for a priority). The PD-3A is the Army-Navy-Government form, whether it's an A-1-j or what. At first, the highest rating was AA. Then everybody started screaming because the Army and Navy needed things. So the highest rating graduated to AAA, then went to AA-1, AA-2, AA-3—all the way down. Then started A-1-a, A-1-b, A-1-j and all that sort of thing.

"AAA is emergency military rating; and BB, emergency civilian rating. Now the priority system is going out. We're allocating everything."

Her eyes roamed about the place as she talked without stopping to think—she had told all this so often.

"Each quarter-year these people file a PD-25A—that's a huge sheet like a newspaper, twelve pages or so; has every sort of alloy and metal you can imagine on it. They have to write how much they used in the last quarter-year and how much they want this quarter—they never get what they want.

"It depends on what the men want as to where we send them. If they want a certain metal, we look up the metal. Some are listed under iron and steel, some under miscellaneous articles. Sometimes when you'd think it comes under metals, you'll find it under chemicals.

"We try to set people right, yet some get pushed around. Before we send them to an office, we call the extension just to see if anyone's there—because they may move out overnight, but we don't know about it, and nobody ever tells us.

"Everything in priorities we send to 1501. We think a man should go to metals. We send him to metals, and they say: 'Why, *this* isn't metals. It's chemicals.'

"When the men leave us, we never know what happens to them. Sometimes one will come back and say, 'My golly, Mr So-and-so sent me to Such-and-such, and he sent me to So-and-so!' We call it the endurance test."

The girl was far from bored with her job. All the time she talked her eyes followed each new comer who breezed through the high ceilinged marble corridor, where the walls are decorated with colorful scenes depicting American industrial life.

"I love my job," she sighed, her eyes dancing. "Yesterday Robert Montgomery came in, and the day before, Spencer Tracy."

Indeed, the red tape worm was fast sapping the government's vitality and hampering defense—sloppy desk work, delay in paper work, lost messages and orders—plain red tape. The Truman Report gave appalling examples of delays caused by sloppy administration—important papers lost, whole desks full of mislaid priority orders. Some Lend Lease routines had involved six weeks of passing papers through more than twenty desks.

Drew Pearson disclosed a glaring example. In October, 1941, the Harriman Mission, on its return from Moscow, reported that Russia needed equipment to set up new refineries behind the Ural Mountains for use if her pipe lines in the Caucasus should be cut off and her Red Armies completely paralyzed for want of vital oil. A whole year had lapsed, with no action other than the pushing of many papers from one government office to another. The President, Secretaries Morgenthau and Ickes finally blew up, and on October 10 Roosevelt ordered the equipment sent to Russia at once.

Weeks passed. Then one day Emery Brenneman, of the WPB's Foreign Division, came upon a voluminous file of papers pertaining to oil equipment for Russia. Much to his surprise they had not been O.K.'d by the Treasury's Procurement Division, though memoranda had been written by all sorts of people through whose hands the papers had passed.

Brenneman, willing to override orthodox procedure in an emergency, did *not* write a memorandum asking that the papers be sent to the Treasury. Instead, he took the papers to the Treasury himself and fired a lot of embarrassing questions like: Didn't they know that Russia needed oil refineries? And hadn't they heard of the President's directive of October 10?

The Procurement officials said they had known nothing of all this, but went to work at once. So Brenneman went to the War Department to learn why the Treasury's Procurement officials had not been notified of the urgency of sending oil equipment to Russia, and tackled the two blithe young men who were charged with the matter:

Hadn't they received an order from the WPB's priority agent giving Russian oil equipment an AA priority?

Yes.

Well, didn't they know of the President's directive of October 10 ordering shipment at once?

Yes.

Then, why had they held things up?

Their reply left Brenneman stunned: "The order would have thrown some things out of gear."

Indeed, red-tape madness, like a virulent disease, was spreading throughout the country. In offices everywhere, irked executives fumed over the stacks of forms, the mountains of statistics to be returned to government bureaus. Weeks—even months—of having to dig through old files, wear out typewriter ribbons led them to wonder aloud to reporters whether they were supposed to be winning the war, or just reporting to Washington about it.

Seventy-two-year-old Ed Dixon and his brother, of Kansas City, closed the seventy-nine-year-old grocery business founded by their father, because they had had their fill of government red tape.

"We're not mad at anybody," they said. "But every time

we turn around there's a new form to fill out We just decided to call it quits "

Complaints against red tape became so loud that the Navy Department declared open season on it Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ralph Bard announced that awards of \$100 would be paid for meritorious suggestions from civilian employees for eliminating unnecessary paper work Admiral King, Commander in chief of the fleet, issued instructions in June, 1942, to cut by at least 50 per cent the number of seagoing typewriters, mimeograph and multigraph machines To date, each battleship carried fifty nine typewriters, each carrier, fifty-five, each cruiser, thirty, each destroyer, seven Officers and men were to do more fighting and training, said the Admiral, and less report writing

'Talk of the Town' in the *New Yorker* summed up the situation

One grapevine tells us that even a patriotically minded people is going to balk at too much red tape they don't mind the deprivation but they can't stand the paper work In other words a government finally reaches a point where it has to choose between having the people's tires and the people's patience wear out In that event, better kiss the rubber good bye It's a safe gamble

Advice to all composers of regulatory legislation for wartime consumption Make it strict but keep it simple

Government by Gab

Most serious of all the befuddlement was the basic confusion on vital issues—the neutrality debate, Lend Lease, labor and strikes, parity, inflation and price control, and the raising of billions for the giant defense program Sam Brightman, staff reporter on the *Louisville Courier Journal*, commented

Like medieval scholars arguing about how many angels can stand on the point of a pin the isolationists charge that amending the neutrality act will force us into a war that will send the

"sons of the mothers of this great nation" to shed their blood on foreign soil.

And the interventionists reply that this is merely a move to get material to Britain and Russia so that they can defeat Germany without the "sons of the mothers" etc. shedding their blood abroad.

Labor and industry dickered and bickered. Labor baiters hollered about irresponsible unions sabotaging the defense effort. Friends of labor shot back that it was irresponsible industry that was doing the sabotaging. And the Congress, interested mainly in V-for-Votes, confined its action to hollering.

Everywhere the public cried for an end to business-as-usual, but went right on with politics-as-usual. Opposition to inflation was universal. Labor sought to stop it by curbing everything but wages; industry demanded that wages be "frozen"; and farmers screamed for parity prices on farm products.

It all had started—this war of nerves—away back in the days of the sitzkrieg; the "phony war" of inane waiting behind a supposed-to-be impregnable Maginot Line. Then came the war with Russia, with the unsteady reports exemplified by the cartoon of the plain man reading his daily paper. One day he read with glee: "The Russians advance one mile." The next day, with bewilderment: "The Russians retreat one mile."

Then came the seesaw war in North Africa. The Nazis are crumbling, Sumner Welles said. But a few months later Marshal Rommel made a smashing advance toward Alexandria. From then on, for a while, confusion grew worse. One day, the British trapped Rommel. The next, Rommel escaped and trapped the British.

The confusion of affairs, both national and international, made you long for the Coordinator of National Emotions that Henry McLeMORE (a syndicate humorist) suggested, whose duty it should be to tell the country how to feel. For instance, one day such a coordinator might say to the reporters:

'Gentlemen, the synthetic rubber program is not on schedule . . . A tanker was sunk at the entrance to Central Park, and Congress is demanding five pounds of sugar for preserving purposes for each member I must ask you to tell the citizens to wear a sickly smile today By a sickly smile, I mean one that lifts the lips one twentieth of an inch at each corner of the mouth, but one in which the rest of the face does not join"

A few days later such a Coordinator of National Emotions might instruct the reporters thus

'Boys, the country must show no emotion whatsoever today Things are good in Russia and bad in China"

Daily the columnists and the cartoonists satirized the confusion, but the fog of argument persisted now about price control, now about a second front

There was even confusion over confusion, as columnists strove to interpret events for the public At a time when Samuel Grafton was protesting against confusion as aid and comfort to Hitler, William Shirer described it as a kind of secret weapon

"The enemy delights in us when we lunge into a great price quarrel" wrote Grafton, 'and spend six months of Congress' time debating whether pigs shall sell at the price of pigs, or perhaps at the price of peacocks Then does the enemy rejoice, for it means his [sitzkrieg] plan is succeeding"

On the other hand, Shirer (*New York Herald Tribune*) was optimistic over our befuddlement, at least in the matter of war fronts—a second, third, or even a fourth front

'This correspondent does not know," Shirer wrote, 'whether the confusion in Great Britain and the United States about the second front has been deliberately fostered by our respective Governments to fool the Germans or not

But certainly no master propagandists could have created more question marks in the minds of the Nazis as to our in-

tention and plans. One is inclined to conclude that this was not deliberate on our part, but merely the lucky result of typical Anglo-Saxon muddling through."

Meanwhile, halfway across the world, Major General Mark Clark was slipping into North Africa to carry his message to García—slipping into the sea, too, on the way back to his waiting submarine and losing his trousers with \$600 worth of "emergency" gold in the pockets. It was a daring and important mission, which might have cost the General's life, but which resulted in the most astounding event of the year—yes, of the war so far—the occupation of North Africa in less than four days, and the return of many of the French in Morocco and Algeria into the camp of the Allies. The trousers were later retrieved, and sent home to Mrs. Clark who turned them over to the Smithsonian Institution, where they remain for the amazement of posterity.

X

Beautiful Dreamers

THE Nazis' triumphal march into Paris in the summer of 1940 proved to be the march of time into captivity. The closely guarded platinum-iridium bar, exactly one meter long, on which every measurement of length depended—even, derivatively, weight and time—was in the enemy's hands. Little wonder that values were confused, and that chaos ruled as a dizzy world sought repose.

"Time is of the essence." Thus from the President and Nelson, on down. The East had known it when the threat of defeat at El Alamein brought the realization that failure there meant disaster to every citizen of the United States. The West knew it when casualties began coming in from the Solomon Islands and New Guinea, when hospitals grew by "leaps and bounds" so that Mrs. Roosevelt, visiting them, wrote in "My Day" that "it would take many days to go through all the wards and stop to speak to each man."

The columnists, articulating our cry for action, kept reminding Washington that these were our men who were being killed or wounded. But the big boys in the Capital seemed not to hear. For daily we read of strange happenings there.

There was the baffling conduct of the Seventy-seventh Congress, which led many newspaper columnists and editors to reiterate that it was "persistently, stubbornly, blindly doing its best to discredit itself." For at a time when our very survival depended upon the dignity and self-sacrifice of the common people and their elected representatives, at a time when the country clamored for price control to curb inflation—the bill over which the Congress faltered and failed miserably—at this

grave moment the Civil Service Act was passed, admitting Congressmen to its pension benefits.

The Congress had thought the public was asleep. But an avalanche of letters and telegrams from back home—the like of which had not been seen on Capitol Hill since repeal of the Neutrality Act—sent Congressmen scampering to undo their blunder. The “Bundles for Congress” movement that followed the passing of the bill was a tonic for the long-suffering public. People everywhere gloated to see the magic that the Spokane Athletic Round Table had worked with its campaign to ridicule the pension act out of existence. Bundles of old clothes from all parts of the West were loaded into three trucks to make the trip to Washington—mustache cups, celluloid collars, plug hats, dead batteries, hot-water bottles, old tires, glass eyes—any odds and ends that nobody wanted.

One woman in Whitefish, Montana, sent \$6 for gasoline money, and a Spokane woman added \$5. The Bonehead Club of Dallas, Texas, joined the campaign, promising to send a freight car of bundles to Washington, “all with pants without pockets, because the Congressmen don’t need ’em. They haven’t any money.”

The humorous cards which announced the campaign,

Don't worry about the war and taxes—
Get that pension, forget the Axis,

were in such great demand that the supply could not keep up with the demand. According to Joe Albi, president of the Athletic Round Table, one man asked for 10,000.

A sorry spectacle it was to see our elected “leaders” scurry to undo their folly. Many were the defenses they offered for their action. Some hadn’t known what was in the pension legislation (it was passed by unanimous consent).

“What’s he sent here for,” asked Representative Vinson of Georgia, “but to find out what’s going on?”

Another legislator reminded the group that aged lawmakers

sometimes were "thrown upon the cruel mercies of the world" when they left the halls of Congress. A third told how Congressmen were forced to pay \$2,000 a year in income tax out of their salary of \$10,000, and how the "high cost of living and expenses incident to our work keep us scrambling to get by." A fourth said he had been "too busy on Appropriations Committee work to take note of the act." Some lucky Congressmen had been absent that day ("Absenteeism," says Walter Winchell, "passes a lot of bills that nobody wants").

Yet on the heels of the "Bundles for Congress" rebuke, when the country thought the Congress had learned its lesson, there followed the raid on the OPA registrars for "X-cards" for Congressmen. The Capital well knows that few Congressmen have enough official business to warrant an "X" rating. Even the Army at Fort Lewis, Washington, was taking its cut in gasoline—a gallon a day allotment for each vehicle.

Yet while the people along the east coast submitted to rationing, the gods on Capitol Hill could not brook compulsion or even admit that "any bureaucrat downtown, or any newspaper for that matter, has any authority to tell a Congressman what his duties are or how he should conduct them."

Someone with a passion for statistics figured that the Congress had spent no less than \$14,566 *a second* during January, 1942. Be that as it may, in the reckoning to come—the November election—a Republican victory was interpreted by many people as a protest against the confusion and inefficiency at Washington, while others attributed it to public irritation over restrictions and disruption of their accustomed way of living.

In the reshuffle, veteran Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, with a Congressional career of thirty-one years behind him, came 'to the end of the road."

"I have lived according to my philosophy of government," he brooded, "and now I am passing out of the political picture with the flag of that philosophy trailing in defeat." That phi-

losophy, he explained, was a democracy where everyone has the right to vote at the ballot box as he sees fit, to reward the faithful and to punish the unfaithful. "But I think," he lamented, "that sometimes in a democracy, in the excitement and on the spur of the moment, that is not always observed. . . . I went down to defeat for reasons that even my enemies cannot explain."

Another lame duck, Representative Ramsay of West Virginia, pondered the capricious nature of the American public.

"Coffee, coffee! That's all you heard. Why, you'd think this country would dissolve if they didn't get coffee. Blamed *me* because we couldn't get coffee from Brazil."

He simply could not figure out the Great American Public—especially in this election when "there were no issues involved. Both sides said they'd support the President. Both agreed to be rubber stamps." The more he talked, the less he understood Americans. "Most of the members of the Democratic party in my state are working people, and they think once they vote for the President, that's all you can expect of them. Why, I know four workingmen who say they never vote except for the President. Yet here we're fighting to preserve democracy!"

Strickland Gillilan, Washington humorist, agreed with the Congressman's cynicism, believing in dividing the responsibility for incompetency between the Congress and the public.

"For every crackpot in either branch of the Legislature there are 10,000 at home," said Gillilan. "This is representative government. If there were not a lot of dumb people in Congress, think how many of us would be taxed without being represented."

• • •

The public had not yet recovered from "Bundles for Congress" when it was bombarded with stories of how public funds

were being wasted on "boondoggling." We read that a rhythmic dancer, Mayris Chaney, had been engaged by the OCD at a salary of \$4,600 to teach children to dance, and that the United States Treasury was to pay \$80,000 to Walt Disney for a Donald Duck film designed to encourage payment of taxes to beat the Axis with a grin.

Certainly children in crowded boom towns needed recreation. And the Donald Duck short would have been excellent propaganda, for that genius Walt Disney could make us love almost anything—probably even paying taxes. But the public was simply fed up with Washington—with the way people seemed to be enjoying the emergency, calling on the eighteen-year-olds to give up their dreams and their lives for some very fine sounding reasons, calling on the public to put aside business as usual while too large a majority of Washington officials went on with politics as usual to get all they could out of the war. A little more grimness, a little less frivolity—that was what the public wanted of its leaders on the Washington front.

So now it released its long pent up wrath upon Mayris Chaney and Donald Duck instead of the guilty Washington playboys who wouldn't listen. In the heat of anger they almost forgot the splendid achievements of OCD councils throughout the nation in the various civilian activities assigned to them—conservation drives, Victory gardens, rallying of volunteer workers for work on farms, listing houses, etc.—and covered the bureau with a blanket rebuke. Government officials and newspapers were soon swamped with letters and telegrams of protest and bewilderment from citizens all over the land. The 7,000 members of the Central Labor Union in Washington who had pledged one day's pay (a total of \$82,000) for local civilian defense expenses announced through their official representative that they didn't want any of their pledged wages to be used to pay "fan dancers." And Iowa's Republi-

can Chairman, Fred B. Gilbert, wired his protest against "hiring dancers" to "build morale."

"Taxpayers object to being teased as well as stripped," the Iowan's telegram concluded.

Relieved that public wrath was directed at something besides Congressmen, the House joined the crusade against the "boondoggling" carried on by the OCD, engaging in acrimonious debate tinged with ridicule and resentment. Both Republicans and Democrats in the House bellowed sarcastic remarks through microphones:

"Gas masks before boondoggling! . . . Billions for defense, but not one buck for Donald Duck! . . . How can we expect the people to take the war seriously when the management of Civilian Defense is turned over to hoochie-koochie and fan dancers?"

Representative Taber angrily demanded the elimination of OCD "parasites," declaring that the bureau had "become an anti-defense outfit which is damaging the country's confidence." In substantiating his statement, he drew forth messages from air-raid wardens who reported they were buying flashlights and other equipment with their own money. One message read:

Fail to see how children's play program or strip tease or art dancing can contribute to safety of civilian population in this emergency.

House leaders pledged themselves to investigate the agency's "frills and furbelows," voting 88 to 80 to ban the use of civilian defense funds for actors, dancers, and Donald Duck.

The House vote forbidding the Treasury to finance the Donald Duck film was a disappointment to the amiable Secretary. To the reporters he declared that the film was "one of the best investments the Treasury has made. I don't know of a better way to inform several million people of the pleasant news that their taxes are due."

A Tug of War

Man power was another point of controversy. For a year Washington had watched the demand of both the armed forces and production come closer and closer to an impasse, with no sign of a solution. Donald Nelson was calling for the red light on the draft, and the War Department for the green. General Hershey, Director of Selective Service, and Paul McNutt, Chairman of the Man Power Commission, both testified before the House Tolan Committee that no final authority existed for allocating man power as between the armed forces and industry.

Yet while both sides clamored for more men we read in the daily paper that the government was squandering man power in overmanned bureaus and riotous bungling, and that the Army and Navy assigned vigorous, able bodied young men to duties that disabled men or those beyond draft age could perform as well. We read of trained fighting men, equipped with arms supposedly needed at the front, patrolling in front of dormitories in Harvard Yard at Cambridge—on duty day and night to protect the students who were taking courses in naval science. And while nonmilitary departments of government used veterans of World War I as guards the Army and Navy had young M P's guarding officers' parking lots around government buildings.

Such practices drew down so much criticism that an Army Specialist Corps was set up to free desk bound Army men for active duty. Only men beyond draft age, or of no potential value in actual combat, were to be accepted. Those below thirty were ruled out unless they were definitely disqualified in some way.

* * *

To the country at large Washington seemed to be a sound proof vacuum, where officials living in heated hotels and apartments working in cozy government buildings, dining where

sugar, butter, and thick beefsteaks were available, had only a vague idea of what the rest of the country was like. The President said as much on returning to the Capital from his coast-to-coast tour of October, 1942:

"I'm convinced," he told the press, "that the little people of the country are ready for more sacrifices than anybody in Washington ever dreamed of."

But—beautiful dreamers!—they would not wake up!

XI

Deep in the Heart of Taxes

AT the close of 1941, the *Wall Street Journal* reported that an orgy of spending was sweeping the nation

The costliest furs and finest diamonds, vintage champagne and silk cravats—expensive goods—are booming across retail counters at a rate that hasn't been seen since 1929

There's some buying because of specific higher taxes ahead There's some buying in spite of higher taxes ahead There's some buying that denotes high living and feverish spending—a traditional portent of inflation

One thing is certain Those who have the money for fancy goods are not letting the outlook cramp their style As one big Fifth Avenue jeweler blandly put it, "our expensive articles, running \$50,000 to \$75,000 each, are not moving very often, but—cheaper little items running \$10,000 to \$20,000 are moving fast"

More dollars to spend, fewer goods to buy—INFLATION! Everyone was talking it, clamoring for legislation to control prices before they got out of hand But the Congress only talked Prices couldn't be controlled unless wages were "frozen" And wages couldn't be "frozen" unless profits were limited So went the debate on the strange issue Profit *versus* Patriotism as incentive for war production

Never in the history of the nation was there such a battle of words as that which raged in Washington over prices, wages, and profits There were several factors which simply confused the befuddlement that already threatened to undermine the defense program Take for instance all the talk about "equality of sacrifice" Wayne Coy, liaison officer for OEM at Washington, said before a conference of social welfare workers in October, 1941

"Soldiers earning \$21 a month find it hard to sympathize with defense workers who take advantage of a tight labor market to strike; yet defense workers are appalled both by the shrinkage of their dollars in term of purchasing power and by the conviction that large profits are being made from their labor on defense contracts."

Vice President Henry Wallace, addressing the Academy of Political Science the next month, said:

"If wealth and the display of wealth are made the measure of American citizenship, we cannot send Hitler to his doom. There is only one measure of Americanism in the years immediately ahead, and that is the ability to work and serve."

Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System, told the New York State Bankers Association that the war could not be won solely on the basis of the profit motive.

Harlan Fiske Stone, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, told the Princeton University graduating class (June, 1942) that victory could be won only through sacrifice by all.

All this you read while daily papers told of scandalous activities among big war industries disclosed by Senator Truman's investigating committee—read of the "unreasonable and unconscionable profits" on war contracts and exorbitant fees paid to war-contract brokers. You cheered with all your heart Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold—that No. 3 miracle man who was busting wide open powerful trusts and international cartels, prosecuting some of the biggest industrial giants in the country, and who, by striking at patent domination, the heart of international monopoly, unshackled many United States industries from its crushing rule. The stench of practices bordering on treason nauseated patriotic Americans.

But soon the WPB protested against the summoning of big war-contract-holding industrialists before the Department of

Justice and investigating committees of the House and Senate, contending that this slowed up defense. So the Administration, in the interest of victory, "froze" such prosecutions until after the war.

Then there was labor's persistent demand for a wage increase to offset rising living costs. Said Philip Murray, president of the CIO:

'Financial reports of corporations include extraordinary profits. There is ample justification for labor to present its wage increase claim to American industry.'

To labor's demands big industry was deaf. In reply to an order from the WPB, R. J. Wysox, president of Republic Steel Corporation, wrote to the corporation's board that the order for a wage increase of forty-four cents a day was "unsound and constitutes a threat to the whole national economy." He continued: "In these war times when sacrifices are being urged upon every American, the theory that wage earners or any other group are entitled to maintain their peacetime standards as of January, 1941, is fantastic."

On the subject of labor's demand, Frank Purnell, president of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, said:

'The wage increase will create additional purchasing power to compete with the government's buying for war purposes and this will impede the war effort.'

This question of reducing purchasing power was a much talked of problem. Already Secretary Morgenthau was proposing a tax plan to hold down corporate profits to 6 per cent on invested capital and "to mop up the extra money in people's pockets for which there will be no goods to buy."

Immediately a howl went up from the top and white collar brackets. Thousands of non-defense taxpayers, who hadn't had a raise in years, asked, "What's this excess purchasing power they're talking about? I haven't got any of it." And big industry wailed about how it would finance the change over

from war to peacetime production, forgetting the thousands of little businesses that the priority system had wiped out by cornering materials for defense plants.

Daily the stock market reflected the tension. One day the headline would be, "Profit Limit Talked"; some time later, "Profit Limit Fades."

One of the chief opponents of Morgenthau's 94 per cent excess profits tax was Donald Nelson, executive director of the Supply Priorities and Allocation Board (later merged with the OPM into the WPB). Nelson suggested an 80 per cent limit and a postwar refund of any tax above that amount, arguing before a Congressional committee that limitation of profits to 6 per cent would "take away the incentive needed to get things done which must be done."

Along with the discussion of taking the profit out of defense, there were pleas for tax deductions for parents of children in college, arguments for deductions for persons with large medical bills, and frenzied efforts to forestall a joint-income tax law. After much lengthy expounding of economic and monetary theories, while prices rose to flood stage, the Congress passed a mutilated, patchwork price bill for the President to sign.

Thus was born the OPA.

Retail stores took on the frenzied appearance of a gigantic nation-wide price-slashing sale as price tags were displayed in the greatest number known in the history of merchandising. In some stores you had to ask for comparison of the highest March, 1942, price and the current one. In others a small sign above a book that hung behind the counter read: "Ceiling Prices in This Book." Still others left the matter to cashiers to show to demanding customers. Clerks who had failed to read the newspaper that first day were bewildered by the new program.

"Golly," exclaimed one salesgirl, "I don't know anything about ceilings. What are they, anyway?"

Comments by business authorities on the new legislation were numerous. Said Irving Fisher, Yale professor of political economy:

"Mr Henderson is a man of ability, but so was King Canute when he told the sea, 'Thus far and no farther'."

Said *Business Week* in May, 1942:

Business entered a new era this week. When Leon Henderson formally announced price ceilings on a multitude of goods, services, and rents, an economic revolution took place. No longer can prices respond to the play of supply and demand. The immediate effect of the "freeze" was to bring business men to a sudden stop, for breath catching and stock taking. It was like the bank holiday, back in March, 1933, when people wondered what life would be like without checking accounts. This week, business men wondered how they could carry on without a flexible system.

The introduction of price control brought up many problems. "What's 'precious'?" jewelers were soon asking. And the OPA ruled that "precious stones" (for price control) were any ruby, sapphire, emerald, natural pearl or diamond weighing more than 100 carat, or any semiprecious stone after sale by the cutter, when he had received more than \$100 for it.

The ruling against purchase on the installment plan brought new confusion over definition of restricted articles. For instance, a bridge lamp was furniture, but a clothes hamper was not. A bed was not a bed if it boasted a costly built-in radio. Lamps, mirrors, unpainted furniture, stools, kitchen and breakfast room sets, porch tables, chairs, swings, and kitchen cabinets were "furniture." But chinaware, cooking utensils, ordinary electric fans, wall clocks and non electric carpet sweepers were not.

Then there was the "bill deadline" of July 10, 1942, on which date charge accounts were "frozen" if May purchases remained unpaid. Bills thereafter must be paid two months after purchase of goods.

To hold down prices yet keep business going, the OPA

named committees of retailers to strip "frills" from retail business. There was a committee on such services as exchanges, adjustments, and "sales on approval"; another on "laying away," "special decorations," and sales promotion.

The ban on bread slicing—designed to prevent a rise in the price of bread when the cost of flour went up—almost caused a national collapse. Secretary of Agriculture Wickard tried the persuasive method in breaking the news:

"Some housewives will be inconvenienced," he said. "However, we believe they will be glad to cut their own bread if thereby they can contribute toward preventing a bread price increase and at the same time contribute to the war effort."

Immediately there was a run on hardware departments—housewives seeking bread knives. A check of hardware stores in Shreveport, Louisiana, revealed only one bread knife—priced at \$2.50. A cartoon showed a woman exchanging a can opener for a bread knife. In Tampa, Florida, a woman sliced off the tip of her finger while cutting bread for the first time in years. Even in high-up Capital circles the main topic of feminine conversation was often: Where can I buy a bread knife?

Bewildered bakers solemnly released scientific instructions for the lost art of bread slicing, headed by the suggestion: *Use a sharp knife.* Said the manager of a baking company in Kentucky:



If housewives will turn the loaf on its side with the bottom away from them and start slicing at the bottom edge, they would have no difficulty in slicing clean, tempting, even slices.

But the OPA ruling simply got American housewives down. It was even too much for bakers, who soon clamored for repeal of the restriction, saying they would gladly slice the bread without raising the price.

So the ruling was finally withdrawn. The price of bread held. And the country was saved from collapse from within.

While the cost of Lend Lease and rearmament mounted to hundreds of billions of dollars, people still did not know where they stood about taxes—how much they had to save for taxes and how much they could spend. There was talk that war workers were “spending money like drunken sailors,” and big business was urging Morgenthau to begin “mopping up.”

Inflation! Inflation! That was all we heard. Newspapers, radio, schools, stores—everyone urging us to buy war bonds as a solution. “Ten per cent” clubs were established, and buttons and windshield stickers distributed for those who agreed to invest 10 per cent of their pay roll in war bonds.

In the early summer of 1942 the first War Bond Drive was launched. Scores of motion picture stars toured the country to promote the sale of war bonds. It was on her return from such a tour that Carol Lombard was killed, when the plane in which she rode crashed into a mountain side. An Air Cavalcade featuring a captured Messerschmitt toured the country to boost the sale of war bonds (as well as Air Corps enlistments). Retail stores in some towns devoted a fifteen minute noon period to the sale of war bonds and stamps. Businessmen of Nampa, Idaho started a ‘Sink a Battleship Club’ with weekly dues of twenty five cents. Whenever an Axis ship was sunk, a drawing was held and the winner given a war bond on the pari mutual plan.

The Pitman, New Jersey, National Bank and Trust Company declared a regular fifty cent dividend payable in war stamps. Prizes for bridge parties and contests were awarded in war stamps. The Woman’s Club of Ironton, Ohio, went on a defense bond diet, eliminating refreshments for the duration in order to invest the money in war bonds. A million dollar breakfast—the most expensive breakfast in history—was held at Birmingham, Alabama. Each person attending was pledged to buy at least \$1,000 in war bonds. Some of the guests purchased as much as \$50,000 each.

Many patriots pinned their faith in America to their lapels

or wore it in their hair, as "warsages" (corsages of war stamps) became the fashion. Ohio Wesleyan University fraternity men decided to give coeds warsages instead of flowers for formal dances. The latest bride's coiffure—war stamps instead of orange blossoms—was shown in a newspaper photograph.

Bloomington's department store in New York launched a sale of Nylon hose to spur war-bond purchasing. Persons buying a bond—any denomination—were allowed to purchase two pairs of hose while the supply lasted. The store estimated that, fifteen minutes after opening, ten thousand women had poured in to buy war bonds. Within forty minutes approximately three thousand pairs of Nylon hose had been sold to half as many women. Thousands of customers were turned away.

Bond sales totaled \$39,000; but the General Maximum Price Regulation prohibits "tie-in" sales of any sort, and it was obvious that the war bond and Nylon hose transaction removed the coveted Nylons from the reach of people who needed them but could not afford to buy a war bond. This bothered the local OPA agents, loath to hamper in any way the sale of war bonds; but a frank discussion of the situation with the store brought a ready agreement to desist from further promotions of this sort.

On the NBC "Truth and Consequences" quiz program Mrs. Dennis Mullane, Staten Island housewife, found that it paid not to know which kings of England were named Henry. As a penalty for bluffing, the master of ceremonies facetiously asked the audience to send her pennies to help her buy for her son in the Marine Corps the war bond that she didn't win. A few days later, 80,000 persons had responded, completely disrupting facilities at the Staten Island Post Office, their letters pouring in at the rate of thirty-five bagloads a day. When the deluge finally subsided, Mrs. Mullane found herself richer by \$3,150.

Even children supported the campaign. A six-year-old boy

from Springfield, Illinois, fighting against the dread disease, lymphatic leukemia, told his mother that he would rather have pennies than toys so that he could buy war stamps "to help lick the Japs" After that, pennies rained from heaven, amounting to \$800 by the end of a week or so A Springfield store contributed a jar of 1,200 pennies solicited from customers at the cigar counter Employees at a Taylorville, Illinois, cafe sent \$16 The Springfield Post Office employees added to the collection an entire album of twenty-five cent stamps Every penny added to the collection, the doctor declared, seemed to do the boy more good than a blood transfusion

A ten year old Kokomo, Indiana, boy—Russel Grant—swallowed a fishing worm on a dare in order to earn a quarter so he could buy a war stamp and be "like the rest of the kids" In publishing the item, the Indianapolis *Star* withheld the boy's name, hoping to save him embarrassment But the story was picked up by the Associated Press and radio Soon letters from all over the country began to pour in, enclosing war stamps and advice and demanding to know the boy's name

* * *

Rommel and Ruml—Ruml and Robertson—and taxes and prices and wages and taxes In the papers, over the radio—everyone was talking it J W Abels wrote a 'Tax Soliloquy' on the subject for the *Nation*

To skip or not to skip—that is the question
 Whether 'tis better for the purse to suffer
 The bite made double, with the two years' taxes
 Paid in this twelvemonth—and then to be current,
 Or to make laws against these last years' taxes
 And by forgiving end them? To skip—to owe
 No more, and by this skip to say we end
 The heartache and the strange unnatural shocks
 Our purse seems heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished

Yet all we had by April, 1943, was the tax bill passed the previous summer. A *Saturday Evening Post* cartoon tells that story—taxpayers lined up in the office of internal revenue: the prosperous businessmen, the organ grinder's monkey with his tin cup, the shoeshine boy with his box, the blind man with his pencils, the enterprising schoolboy with his lemonade stand, two artists with a sample of surrealistie art. Caption:

"It takes in everybody this year."

XII

Shape Up! This Is War

IN December, 1942, a motorman on his day off took a street-car from the barn and went joyriding through the nation's Capital, picking up passengers and waving them past the fire box with a gay, "This is on me!" Blithely he toured downtown Washington, while startled passengers watched the car marked "Mount Pleasant" depart from its usual route and venture into strange streets. One fare, losing faith, got off and telephoned the police. In Kentucky, that same month, two extra holiday mail carriers were arraigned before the Federal Commissioner for tossing Christmas mail into a garbage can and a sewer. In February, 1943, a San Francisco bus driver—angered by the sarcastic remarks of his fares—refused to let any of them off until they said, "Please." Though they complied, the driver—sensing complete victory—demanded a "Pretty please." The passengers balked and called the police. But as no one was angry enough to sign a complaint, the driver was not arrested.

These incidents may have been indications of release of the tension under which the public had been working since Pearl Harbor. For before the Allied occupation of North Africa, Americans had gone about their work in darkness without a word from the government about where the mountains of supplies were going, or what our fighting men were doing, without the incentive that comes from achievement, without the vision of great purposes which only the leaders seemed to know, though even they could not agree upon the kind of post-war world that would justify a war so terrible.

But now the war had taken on new meaning. Home-front

problems would be solved—so people told themselves. With the end of the war in sight—though still far away—everyone would work harder, give more generously; discomforts and inconveniences of wartime living would be endured more cheerfully.

Americans, already, had begun to live in the new world that global war had opened up for them—a world of untold adventure—a world democracy. They read Ernie Pyle's reports from Africa—read of the unexplored wealth of its jungles and plains; pondered his prediction that when the war is over "thousands and thousands of Americans" would be "scattered to the remotest points of the globe, carving out careers for themselves in spots they'd never heard of before 1942."

Ever since war broke out in 1939, people had been struggling with unpronounceable names of foreign places and searching for them on maps and globes. They were learning the history, customs, and habits of far-away peoples. The triumph of the airplane in blitzkrieg warfare had shriveled the world and air-conditioned the public. Children knew bombers from fighters. They would tell you scornfully, "That's not a Flying Fortress—it's a B-25," or, hearing a hum overhead, would say, "There goes a P-38."

The streamlined New Jersey primer read: "See the plane. The plane has wings. The plane can fly." This instead of "See the cat," etc. A cartoon shows the 1942 father reading a bedtime story to his small, wide-eyed son. Caption: ". . . and then the baby pilot said: 'Who's been sitting in my P-40?'" Schools were already "air-conditioning" young America, introducing courses in pre-flight knowledge and plane recognition. Uniformed units of the Air Training Corps of America were formed in public, private, and parochial schools in the hope of training two million fledglings by 1944.

As the war effort changed from defense to offense, schools and colleges, in one way or another, geared their programs to the successful prosecution of the war. Catalogues offered "war

minor courses" along with regular majors and minors Yale numerals had a war twist—such as "class of 1945-W" Traditions dear to Yale men were passed up—the gift of clay pipes and the ivy planting, annual features of spring Class Day exercises The campus of Smith College was alive with uniformed women Because of the shortage of help, students (except first-term freshmen) took turns at waiting on table Breakfast and lunch were served cafeteria style Students turned in their ration books and had them returned for holidays

The University of California at Berkeley had been one of the first to introduce the shortened college program, designed to graduate students in three years instead of four The year was divided into three periods of sixteen weeks each, leaving only four weeks annually for vacation Some colleges were chosen as Army and Navy training centers All schools and colleges offered war training courses Students in technical and professional courses were encouraged by a Congressional appropriation for loans to those seeking degrees in engineering, physics, chemistry, medicine, dentistry, and pharmacy

The department of domestic science offered courses in wartime dietetics, instruction in buying under the food rationing system and using recipes which kept within the consumer's allotment, courses in quantity cooking and food buying, kitchen supervision, commercial food management and accounting The drafting of men from hotels and large institutions had created a new field for women chefs and managers

Wartime art courses included the history and principles of camouflage as well as laboratory and field work in military and industrial camouflage You read about vital production buildings under cover—assembly lines for machine guns and pursuit ships hidden beneath painted "tilled fields" and "farm buildings (plywood shells) You saw a huge bomber plant 'somewhere between Washington and New York,' its walls painted to look like a wooded hill with white houses perched on its crest

The department of foreign languages became global-minded in January, 1942, when the Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association recommended courses in Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, and Italian rather than so much Greek and Latin. Hunter College—for the first time in its history—offered a course in Hindustani.

More and more was geography stressed. Thirty-one courses in the geography of the war were offered at New York colleges—Columbia, Hunter, Brooklyn, and Queens. Under the direction of Dr. N. L. Engelhardt (chairman of the Teachers College Columbia University project on Education in the Air Age), new schoolbooks were planned to give tomorrow's citizens at least an elementary understanding of the wide changes caused by the development of the airplane. Geography was to emphasize the importance of the polar region to world air commerce. Youngsters would be taught to work and think in terms of perspective maps (the globe)—which give a truer visual concept than "flat" maps give. Maps of tomorrow would show, for example, that Minneapolis is almost as close to Japan as San Diego is.

Besides giving us a "one world" view, total war with its increasing restrictions was keeping the prodigal sons at home. Gasoline rationing led to the rediscovery of home. Stores reported heavy demands for parlor games. The National Recreation Association published a booklet "Home Play in Wartime," giving instructions for playing indoor games. Families became more closely welded. Car "pools" and air-raid-warden meetings made neighbors more friendly. Youngsters learned to "pitch their woo" in the old-fashioned way—in the living room instead of the car.

The OPA must have anticipated unprecedented wear and tear on home furniture, for in January, 1943, it announced that it was setting up testing stations to make sure that wartime furniture, which used soft paddings and wooden springs to replace steel ones, would not cause a breakdown of the na-

tion's social life. Upholstered furniture would reach the retailers' floor only after undergoing a standard "quality test" equal in ruthlessness to a commando raid.

With transportation, food rationing, and fuel problems worrying both host and guest, Mrs. Emily Post issued rules for wartime hospitality. House owners in suburban or country communities might with propriety be frank with their guests. In the matter of transportation, the host might telephone or write his guests, "If you can come with Anne and Dick on the 10:40, we're meeting that at Wind Top." But he should also explain further: "If you miss the 10:40, you can get a taxi at the garage across from the station which will bring you here for a dollar."

If a guest was planning a week-end stay, the host should say as frankly: "Our house is a mile from the bus stop, and there is no conveyance. So be prepared to walk and don't bring a heavy bag, because there is no way to get it here except to carry it."

In the matter of food rationing, a house guest who did not bring his share of rationed food should be expected to do without. Even the OPA hinted that the way to win friends and get yourself invited to dinner was to bring along your own meat.

As for the fuel problem, Mrs. Post said:

No matter whom you go to stay with this winter . . . be sure to take warm clothing. . . . To wear woolen underwear is supposed to be the answer . . . In any case my only object is to warn you that longing for the clothes of an Eskimo may become an obsession if you made no provision against the belief that the marrow of your bones has turned to icicles.

Indeed, the fuel shortage was a headache for many. As landlords began to cut down on heat for their tenants, the OPA issued a warning that it was oil, not temperature, that was rationed. Current cartoons reflected the situation. There was one picturing a living room with guests enduring the warbling of their host's homely daughter. In an aside to his wife, the puzzled host says: "Maybe Elvira's singing is getting better,

but company never used to drop in like this until we converted to coal." A second cartoon shows a housewife getting supper over a steaming kitchen stove, while her husband complains: "Pretty soft for you! . . . I work in a damp, cold office while you get to stand over a hot stove all day long!"

Early in the summer of 1942, when oil tankers in the Atlantic were menaced by submarines, the government had warned fuel-oil users to convert to coal or gas; and coal users, to "Fill up your coal bin now, while transportation can be spared to haul it. Next winter may be too late!" Yet only 10 per cent of fuel-oil users converted.

In the following December, Boston women appealed to Governor Saltonstall for relief. Mothers of small children complained that their homes were without heat. They carried placards which read: "WE WANT OIL FOR OUR CHILDREN. . . . WE'RE WILLING TO PAY BUT WE CAN'T BUY. WHY? . . . ARE POLITICIANS COLO? IS THE STATE HOUSE COLO? ARE THEY WORRIED? NO! . . . OUR MEN ARE PROTECTING OUR COUNTRY. SO WHY OON'T YOU PROTECT OUR CHILDREN FROM THE COLO?"

In Tampa, Florida, during late December, housewives pooled their heat by taking turns running their furnaces during the afternoon, all gathering at one house to do their mending, knitting, etc. In Forest Hills, New York, three women bundled themselves in overcoats, shawls over their heads, and united around a portable electric stove to sew for the Red Cross.

Many non-defense business establishments in Massachusetts—even Boston's department stores—closed three days over the Christmas week end to save fuel. During January, 1943, ninety-five of Philadelphia's one hundred forty parochial schools closed because of the fuel-oil shortage. New York public schools closed for one week. As a reward for their economy, their water pipes froze. Hundreds of householders were in the same predicament—Senator Gerald P. Nye, for one, after closing off certain rooms to save fuel oil.

Oil heated churches and theaters faced closing or curtailing of operations so that oil might be provided first for homes. The Consolidated Edison Company in New York and the Brooklyn Union Gas Company appealed to their millions of customers to conserve gas by doing less baking and by taking cold baths. The situation recalled the plight of London, where King George had had a black line painted around the palace bathtubs, allowing only five inches of water for a bath—a measure designed to save fuel and water.

A new form of movie advertising blossomed as lucky theaters plugged their double features. "Come to our theaters and keep warm. We use coal." On the other hand, Mayor La Guardia was urging laundries to ration their laundry—to refuse fancy underwear, curtains, or fancy bedspreads. "These fellows are in trouble," he explained, "for using their oil quota in one month."

Day by day new shortages cropped up. The tune "Yes, We Have No Bananas" was revived when banana imports ceased because the United Fruit Company had turned over its ships to the government. A herpetologist in San Gabriel, California, suffering from rattlesnake shortage, wondered how he would fill the government's order for the venom of 1,000 rattlesnakes to be used in medicine. A lack of caraway and poppy seeds threatened to knock out "ham on rye."

"Sorry—No Sheets!" headed newspaper advertisements announcing the annual January "White Sale" in department stores throughout the country, as the government requisitioned millions of bedsheets for the armed forces. Hotels pleaded with you to be patient about clean linen, since waning supplies meant that you might have to wait till linen came back from the laundry. Even then, the situation was not so dire as in London, where hotel proprietors, unable to get replacements, were reported to fear they would have to ask guests to provide their own bed linen and towels. New York

City hotels even asked you to report leaking faucets, because of an acute water shortage.

No one ever dreamed the day would come when he would hug his alarm clock. Yet with the shortage of alarm clocks, so much stealing went on in New York lodging-house districts that many residents began taking their clocks to work with them or leaving them for safekeeping with landlords. Police asked pawnbrokers to report at once persons seeking to pawn timepieces.

All over the country thousands of war workers were arriving late on their jobs because they had no mechanical bugler. This unforeseen result of the ban on the manufacture of clocks (to conserve copper and brass) was not apparent until the fall of 1942. Newcomers at San Diego sought alarm clocks in vain. By mid-December the crisis was nation-wide.

To solve the problem and earn a little pocket money, a Norfolk, Virginia, woman opened an awakening service. During her first week in the business she had eighteen daily customers at fifty cents a week, starting her day at five o'clock in the morning with a call to a Navy lieutenant. Soon persons in other towns adopted the idea.

Early in 1943, a Johnstown, Pennsylvania, store placed an advertisement in the newspaper announcing a shipment of 250 alarm clocks. Eighteen minutes after the store opened for business, not one was left. The director of the salvage division of the Chicago OCD called for 50,000 used or defective alarm clocks, which nearly 80,000 workers in his district would gladly buy and have repaired. Finally the WPB brought out a war-model alarm clock, described as "efficient and loud."

The growing crop of shortages created strange situations. A shortage of debts began to appear as retailers, unable to replace their stocks, were forced to use the money to pay off commercial loans. Housewives were asked to buy more flour to relieve a shortage of storage space. In Santa Ana, California, a shortage of parts for the city's street-cleaning equipment

brought a new order every householder his own street sweeper

With distillers making alcohol for use in synthetic rubber and smokeless powder to be used for permanent rather than temporary oblivion, there was soon a shortage of whisky and no domestic gin. Gin from Cuba was worse than in prohibition days. One skeptic walked into a Baltimore dispensary, pulled a Bible on the unsuspecting clerk, and, getting him to place his hand upon it, said, "Now swear you haven't any whisky." He got a quart.

Priorities threatened to prolong indefinitely the lives of two men condemned to die on August 8, 1942. For twenty-five years South Dakota had banned capital punishment. Then the 1939 State Legislature approved electrocution but failed to provide funds for a chair. The WVPB, in denying the warden's request for priorities to build one, explained that since the execution of the men was not essential to the war effort, materials necessary for construction of the chair could not be spared. The condemned men's luck was short-lived, however, for later the warden succeeded in borrowing a chair.

An economy of scarcity made thrift fashionable. Things that had served their original purpose were saved for another purpose. With pins reserved for the armed forces and essential industries such as laundries, cleaning establishments and garment factories, we picked up stray pins. We guarded every needle jealously. If a hair pin or bobby pin dropped from our locks, we hunted till we found it. We clipped the buttons off old shirts ("Pearl" was shut off by the war in the South Pacific, and plastics to copy it were scarce.) We were kind to our electric cords and our vacuum cleaner. We turned out lights when we left a room, remembering that the electricity used to light an average house for fifteen months was enough to make a ton of armor.

B Altman, big New York store, set up a "Save-It Service," with a reconditioning specialist on all floors to give free advice.

And the Board of Education in New York City established a school where mothers could learn to make small plumbing and electrical repairs.

Highland School of Rockford, Illinois, organized a "Patriotic Patches Club," where children were in good standing only if they wore an old or patched garment, or one handed down by an older brother or sister. "Mend and make do" was the slogan for members of the Homemakers' Club in Harlan County, Kentucky. They remade for their own wear the suit he left behind.

To more than five hundred salvage workrooms of Bundles for America, thousands of American women brought torn bed-sheets, discarded evening gowns, coats, men's shirts, shower curtains, bedspreads, draperies—anything that could be transformed into garments. Raincoats were made from shower curtains; children's snow suits and coats, from upholstery cloth salvaged from junked jalopies; leather jackets, from old pocket-books; a child's blanket, from a sample book of woollen swatches.

Even the government conserved materials. To save paper and Nylon—as well as printing—the Treasury put back into circulation about \$4,200,000,000 in old Federal Reserve currency (called in 1933). The pledge to redeem the money in gold (printed on the bills) was, of course, now meaningless.

Indeed, paper had become a critical war material, aside from its use in packaging food, hospital, and war supplies for shipping overseas. The Army literally fights with paper: Paper is used in such things as airplane wing tips, bomb rings, spools for parachute shroud cord, parachutes for dropping food and ammunition to men in advanced positions. The Army is sheltered under paper—tough insulation of Quonset huts and temporary buildings here and overseas; it travels by paper—thousands of tons of maps used by men as well as officers. Army fliers keep warm with paper clothing. Troops in hot climates keep cool with paper sun helmets. In fact, it was estimated

that during the first half of the year 1943 the Army would use a half million tons of paper—one half as much paper as would be used in all magazines combined.

Faced with this vastly increased use of paper and a shortage of man power for cutting down the trees from which pulp is made, the WPB was forced to adopt conservation measures such as limitation of sizes of paper bags manufactured, and Orders L-241, L-244, L-245—designed to curtail allotments to printers and publishers of books, magazines, and newspapers. Each newspaper was limited to the amount of newsprint used in 1941 to supply its net circulation, with no allowance for printing free copies, returns and overissues (though a 3 per cent allowance was granted for spoilage). Publishers of magazines were limited to 90 per cent of their 1942 consumption. As a consequence the *Redbook* dropped one issue to save paper. Other magazines began using lighter weight paper or reduced their size. Warner Brothers (Hollywood) printed a new slogan on copies of scripts, warning employees "Save Material—Save your Job."

Salvage became an integral part of daily life. Warning Americans that many shortages directly affecting them were on the way, the President urged them to scour attics, cellars, and back yards for old metal, rubber, rags, etc. and to turn in waste fats to the meat markets, in case of doubt whether some article would help in the war effort, the citizen should assume it was needed—and he added that it probably was.

Pupils in elementary schools collected practically everything. Medicine bottles and salve jars were taken to the Red Cross headquarters for use in hospitals. Advertisements in newspapers reminded you that every time you reached across the counter to hand your fat to the butcher, your old razors to the barber, your paper to the Boy Scouts, you were handing a gun to a soldier. Metal tubes were dropped in boxes at drugstores.

In the summer of 1942, 'No tube, no toothpaste' and 'No tube, no shave' were the law, as the WPB conserved tin. A

cartoon showed a panic-stricken pajama-clad man being detained by a fireman from reentering his burning home. Caption: "I gotta go back—I left my old toothpaste tube in there!" Another showed a respectable-looking citizen with a long, flowing beard standing on the street corner with a tin cup in one hand and in the other the placard: "Brother, can you spare an empty shaving cream tube?"

The director of post dispensaries in the Miami Beach area of the Army Air Force Technical Training Command learned to his dismay how truly salvage-conscious the nation had become. Faced with a shortage of small bottles for storing drugs, he innocently asked Miami Beach citizens for contributions. In no time he was nearly buried under bottles—39,000 bottles: big, medium-sized, small, and tiny.

"I only wanted a few," he groaned. "Now we've got mountains of them."

Women's clubs were requested to "save your hook, line, and sinker, also tweezers, manicure scissors, wooden-handled knives, mirrors, empty beauty kits"—these to be used to outfit emergency medical kits for Coast Guard vessels and submarine chasers.

The kitchen became a one-woman arsenal as housewives salvaged waste fat and tin cans. Both projects (grease and tin cans) were to last until the lights went on again all over the world. On weekly "Tin Can" day, piles of shiny, flattened cans—rinsed and labels removed—waited on curbs for the city's trucks to collect them. Some housewives met the trucks with such banter as "Tie these to Hitler," or "I've put Hirohito's name on this bunch." Groups of small boys ran alongside the red-white-and-blue-striped trucks that many cities used. Women peered from kitchen windows, or came to their porches to watch.

Grocers in New Brunswick, New Jersey, adopted a "can-for-can" salvage plan: No used can, no canned goods. Customers who forgot were charged with cans on the promise

that they would pay the debt later. In October, 1942 (before rationing of canned goods), Charles L. Sheldon, Chief of the Containers Branch of the WPB, estimated that if each of the nation's 31,000,000 families would eliminate purchase of one can of processed foods a week, there would be a yearly saving of 2,600 tons of tin and 190,000 tons of steel—enough steel to make 5,000 tanks or 38 Liberty ships.

In the government's need of waste fat for the manufacture of explosives, the Bureau of Industrial Conservation asked that each family give from one to two pounds of waste fat per month, estimating the yield at more than one half billion pounds a year. Though the Bureau stated that two billion pounds were wasted yearly, the amount of contributions by March, 1943, was so low that Nelson was forced to announce that glycerin for all but war production would be withheld until the fat campaign was stepped up. Promptly, movie houses and baseball parks had days when the price of admission was a pound of grease.

Meat packers, under OPA regulations, trimmed unnecessary fat from meat for war purposes. Fort Knox, Kentucky, salvaged in two months enough fat for 30,192 pounds of nitroglycerin. The demonstration leader of the University of Kentucky College of Agriculture, in a message to farmers, said "If a horse or sheep dies, don't bury it," explaining that fat from a dead horse would supply glycerin for 75 anti-aircraft shells. A dead sheep was worth 15 shells, a hundred-pound pig, worth 50, a cow, worth 80, a small calf, worth 5.

Collecting stockings for gunpowder bags and parachutes was another war project. In early 1943, the government wanted silk, Nylon, or mixed hose in hundred pound lots. It took 2,300 pairs of Nylon or 1,500 pairs of silk hose to make the required package—that is, about two miles of Nylon and a mile and a half of silk. Powder bags were made in two sizes—one required about fifteen pairs of old hose, and the other, thirty pairs. Each was shaped like a golf bag of a neutral shade

in durable crash, was as collapsible as a knitting bag, and could fit easily into a handbag.

Discarded silk and Nylon hose were washed and deposited in receptacles at department stores to be shipped to the Defense Supplies Corporation. There they were placed in a chemical bath which turned Nylon one shade and silk another, making them easily distinguishable from cotton and rayon so that the two desired products could lie separated. The reclaimed silk was chopped up and respun—emerging as a product akin to raw silk; and Nylon was returned to its chemical solution.

Re-created Nylon was used not only in parachute canopy cloth but also in tapes, shroud lines, and some of the harness webbing and belting of parachutes. Nylon rope had exceptional elasticity for towing Army gliders picked up by airplane and, in strength, lightness, and durability, proved to be superior to any other rope.

Boxes were placed in department stores for depositing metal lipstick holders and powder and rouge compacts for use in the manufacture of cartridge cases. Bundles for Britain organizations collected canceled stamps for the glue, and launched a drive for old or used paintbrushes to be reclaimed for the bristle. Boy Scouts made house-to-house calls for the brushes, and a box was placed in front of the headquarters for further contributions by the public.

Cessation of pig-bristle imports from the Far East had increased the value of used paintbrushes, which brought from ten cents to two dollars, depending on length and width of the bristles. According to research chemists, no other animal than the Chinese and Russian pig has been found which furnishes a suitable bristle. The Chinese allow their pigs to run wild, and when the pigs are four or five years old, kill them. The pigs have something resembling a mane running down their back. This mane furnishes brush bristles. Two ounces of

bristles—only half enough to make a five-inch brush—requires bristles from some 200 pigs

Brushes in sizable quantities were needed in many war plants and for defense housing projects. Paint was brushed on tanks, planes, cantonments, ships. Metal castings and heavy machinery in transit were often protected with a coat of slushing oil—usually brushed on. Painting was the backbone of camouflage.

The edict of Mr. Petrillo against the making of records by union musicians for use in juke boxes didn't upset music dealers nearly so much as the WPB curtailment of shellac, formerly imported from India. This drastic action limited manufacturers to 30 per cent of their 1941 use of shellac. To insure production of records, manufacturers required distributors to turn in one old record for every three new ones purchased. Dealers, in turn, urged consumers to contribute scrap by paying two and one half cents each for old discs. A nation wide drive was organized to collect old records through neighborhood movie houses by offering admission to children in exchange for old discs. Many of the records turned in (said one report) were more valuable as souvenir pieces than as scrap—ranging from the earliest Edison cylinder types of the nineties through all the stages of record development.

Another nation wide record collection project was the 'Records for Our Fighting Men' drive, sponsored by an organization of leading concert and radio artists and backed by various music critics of newspapers and magazines. Members of the American Legion, the Legion Auxiliary, the Boy and Girl Scouts, and other patriotic organizations enlisted in a house to house canvass for unwanted, broken, or scratched records. A pretty CBS star, wife of a Chicago advertising executive, rolled a wheelbarrow up the street as she called through a megaphone, "Any old records today?"

This scrap was to be reclaimed for its shellac content, and

the price paid by the manufacturers devoted to the purchase of new records to be sent to the armed forces.

A "Fur Vest Project" was established in New York—old fur collected to be converted into fur-lined vests for the merchant marine, who maintain our shipping services despite snow and ice. The project was sponsored by Mayor La Guardia and the fur workers and manufacturers of America—the workers, and manufacturers donating the work and equipment. Fur stores throughout the country were notified through trade journals that the project was open for donations everywhere. All you had to do was take your worn-out fur coat, moth-eaten muff, or fur trimming to a fur dealer. The New York headquarters paid shipping charges.

A similar project was started by the Denver Izaak Walton League. Hunters of Colorado salvaged 104 pounds of down from ducks and geese to line high-altitude flying suits and arctic clothing for United States' soldiers. Even chicken feathers were salvaged for war purposes:

A "Save a Life with a Knife" campaign was launched in San Francisco. Many of the wounded men who were sent home from Guadalcanal had told stories to show that soldiers in the jungles needed knives urgently, not only for hand-to-hand fighting, but also for removing ticks, cutting down bananas, hacking their way through tropical vegetation or for bribing natives. Radio and newspaper publicity brought a deluge of blades, from jackknives and hunting knives through stilettos, machetes, daggers, dirks, poniards.

Wartime salvage was a boon to social service organizations dependent upon junked materials for their income. Indianapolis Goodwill Industries, Inc., had an income of \$28,368 for the first six months of 1942, compared with \$12,497 during a like period in 1940. Waste-paper salvage was too successful. All available storage was stacked so high with it that New York dealers who had paid \$14 a ton for paper were soon clamoring

at city incinerators to pay 70 cents a ton to have it burned. According to WPB estimates 42 per cent of all paper and paper-board must be salvaged—a job for the home front.

A shortage of doctors and nurses called for curtailment of "ailments" and hospital luxuries. At the House Committee session for studying methods of maintaining the nation's civilian health, plans for "group nursing" were discussed, and the Red Cross was soon asking for more nurses' aids.

A shortage of jurors was pinching the law. In Los Angeles so many persons had become exempt from jury service because of employment in defense work that the commission was having a time securing juries. St. Louis, having the same trouble, predicted that jurors would be next on the ration list. In New Jersey, for the first time in the history of Essex County courts, women were drawn for the panels of the grand and petit juries.

A nation wide shortage of teachers threatened to close the schools. Teachers not called into the armed services were flocking to war plants at higher salaries. The cast of "Arsenic and Old Lace," said Walter Winchell, had to make their own beds in a Seattle hotel. A cartoon pictured a couple being shown to a hotel room. Caption: "The gentleman who had this room just checked out—but it can be cleaned up in a jiffy. I'll send you up some brooms, mops, and scouring powder right away!"

A citizen of Pratt, Kansas, advertised through the newspapers asking people not to eat in his restaurant on Sunday. He couldn't get sufficient help to handle the crowds. A city buyer of one town found on his window the words, "Please wash me." Window washers being unobtainable, the official did the job himself.

Little Orphan Annies were leaving without notice to work in war plants at forty cents an hour, forty hours a week. Even movie stars were brought to their knees scrubbing floors, and actresses who like their nails on the Chinese side were

threatened with short fingernails. Alice Faye (Mrs. Phil Harris), who lost all her servants except her nurse, offered to pool her house with Mrs. Henry Fonda and Mrs. Tyrone Power provided the Fondas' cook and the Powers' gardener came along.

Public and private agencies agreed that the docile maid-of-all-work of middle-class households was fast vanishing from the American scene. At one time in the fall of 1942 a New York employment agency reported that twenty-three girls on its list for domestic work had taken jobs in industry. Ten of them took night jobs washing airplanes at \$18 for a forty-hour, five-day week. Employment offered by housewives was far less attractive both in type of work and in wages.

A woman in Newark, New Jersey, offered to a maid through the classified advertising "room, radio, good salary and nice home" and promised that the successful applicant should "wear my mink coat for her day off." She was so swamped with replies that she had to remove the telephone receiver from the hook. Most applicants asked for the size of the coat before inquiring about the salary.

The New York State Employment Service reported at one time that it had only 118 workers available for sleeping-in jobs as against 667 unfilled requests for such help. The Women's Trade Union League, which had long worked for improvement of working conditions for domestic servants, believed that the trend away from domestic employment might help bring about needed reforms. Housewives would have to learn to be more considerate of their help or do without. Already the change was evident, as an innovation of maids who came at nine and left at five threatened to put an end to the old twenty-four hours or breakfast-through-dinner service.

The *New Yorker* carried a cartoon showing a woman who has come to an agency in search of a maid. She is about to question the prospective employee, when the servant interrupts with: "Just a moment. I'll ask the questions."

Wanted Blood!

Indeed, life on the home front was no longer the same for Americans who had come to look upon their comforts and luxuries as inalienable rights like freedom of speech. Though some still tried to cling to the old ways, many found a sense of exultation in doing without, giving, working together toward the common goal—restoration of peace to a bewildered world, with surcease from anxiety for fathers, mothers, wives, sweethearts who scanned the lists of the missing, watched for the mail—lived in the ever present dread of the fateful telegram announcing that "he" would not return.

War with its concomitants of fear and suffering, is a leveler of artificial barriers. The Blood Donor Service of the Red Cross was proving that the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady were sisters in one blood stream. For into the blood banks flowed the blood of the debutante and the scrubwoman, the big executive and the laborer, movie stars, baseball players, even convicts—the blood of all races, colors, classes, creeds uniting in the stream of life that might make the difference between life and death for untold numbers of wounded men.

Long before December 7, 1941, the Red Cross had been quietly building up its supply of blood plasma, so that when the bombs rained upon Pearl Harbor there were 700 pints on hand for transfusions. The emergency wards of the Naval Hospital at Honolulu and Tripler General Hospital were piled with casualties. Even the corridors were filled. Blood, pain, confusion everywhere. Yet of those rushed to Tripler General Hospital, 96 in every 100 were saved.

The use of blood plasma on victims of shock—"war's greatest killer"—is one of the medical wonders of this war. In *Hygeia*, Myron M. Stearns told of a young pilot carried to the Army Hospital with the inside of one hand and forearm torn off by a bomb. By the time he reached the hospital he was a typical shock victim, drifting into the coma of death. But a

prompt transfusion of plasma, followed by another of whole blood, worked nothing short of a miracle. For his color began to return and, with it, the will to live. In scarcely more than ten minutes the pilot was opening his eyes and asking for a cigarette.

Plasma gives fighting men confidence. A Navy chaplain who had been badly burned in battle at Lunga Point and "set ashore to die"—but lived, thanks to three pints of blood, said: "Those still unhurt have a feeling of security in battle, for they know they have a chance now if they are hit."

It was knowledge like this that moved Americans to answer the call for their blood. *Newsweek*, January 5, 1942, reported that following the formal entry of the United States into the war the flow of volunteers in Washington, D.C., alone jumped more than 600 per cent. In Boston, Baltimore, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Rochester, Indianapolis, and other cities donor lists soared.

With our soldiers and sailors fighting on fronts all over the globe, tremendous quantities of blood plasma were indispensable. All over the country, labor unions, department stores, police and fire departments, government departments, whole casts of shows joined the growing list of blood donors. United Federal Workers of San Francisco assessed each member a pint. Baseball fans of Brooklyn, New York, after a dramatic appeal before a Dodgers-Reds game at Ebbets Field, donated 6,000 pints. Every week for two seasons, Red Barber of the Brooklyn Dodgers plugged the Blood Donor Service.

In New York City the two donnors who donated the most blood were blind: a woman who gave fourteen times; a man, who gave sixteen times. Mothers would bring their children along and leave them outside while they gave their blood. Working girls—some with husbands in the armed forces—came in during their lunch hour to donate blood. Even foreigners contributed in this way. The British on Empire Day

gave 900 pints, the Poles came in on their Independence Day, and the Hungarians, on the day they celebrated the separation of Hungary from Austria

Men coming from combat areas in the South Pacific and North Africa told how much the use of plasma meant to the wounded out there—how men were literally brought back from the grave. All said the same thing and are amazed that the places where the blood was taken were not packed with donors. These men—seamen, too, from the United Nations—came in. They called it “taking out insurance”—this giving of their blood.

Collection facilities were necessarily limited to thirty-three cities scattered throughout the country. But mobile units visited near by towns and training camps. Backed by the radio and the press, and aided by home-town publicity and advance registration of donors, the mobile units brought about a greatly increased supply of blood plasma.

In the chaos of global war, here is one project that gave meaning to our existence in a mad world. Millions of healthy Americans caught the spirit of our fighting men, and along with their work, their money, and their time, gave a part of themselves—a gift straight from the heart—their very blood to save lives.

XIII

No Quiet on Any Front

IF we had been told in 1941 that by the beginning of 1943 we should be reduced to one-half pound of sugar a week, three or four cans of food a month, one cup of coffee a day, three pairs of shoes a year; that we should be pleading with the butcher for a scrap of beef and thanking him even for a tough piece—we should have agreed whole-heartedly with Alice in "Through the Looking-Glass":

"One *can't* believe impossible things!"

So the White Queen's reply is for us as well as for Alice:

"I daresay you haven't had much practice. When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast."

Some forehanded, if not patriotic, Americans got a running start at believing the impossible as far back as the summer of 1941 and stocked up on silk hose and lingerie, on aluminum curlers, perfume, hairpins, needles, and pins. Others began their training when the Philippines fell and rushed to buy stocks of canned pineapple and sugar. By the time Malaya succumbed, cutting off rubber supplies, belief in the impossible was a phase of the war effort. In a frenzy of buying, the nation's stores were soon depleted of many stocks—from girdles to lawn mowers. Frowns and pleas from government officials had little deterrent effect on the hoarding that swept the country.

A cartoon of the time showed two haggard, perspiring clerks behind the men's shirt counter in a department store, assailed from all sides by pushing women. Shirts are flying about, and hands clutching greenbacks and shirts are extended toward the clerks. Says one harried clerk to the other: "If all goes well, Joe, I'll be in the Army in two weeks!"

Ever since the fox hunt back and forth in Libya the public had been on edge. Daily stock-market reports reflected the turn of foreign battles alongside problems on the American home front. You read on June 19, 1942:

The stock market today was tensely awaiting war news, eagerly scanning war bulletins from Sevastopol and Tobruk. Churchill's visit did not draw much comment.

And on the next day:

War reverses in Egypt found no repercussions in today's stock market. It was creeping upward under lead of railroad issues.

More cigars were sold in February, 1942, than during the same month of the previous year. The Department of Commerce reported an increase in the production of snuff (4 per cent above that of 1941—surpassing all previous records). The telephone business boomed late in 1941, as worried manufacturers wired about the country for materials. So heavy was the burden of long distance calls that the New York Telephone Company reversed its slogan, 'Don't write—telephone,' to 'Use the mail wherever time permits this method of communication.'

People lived from day to day, uncertain of everything. Not even the old Wall Street gag was true any more—the broker's advice to his son: 'Three things you can always be certain of, my son: The Stock Exchange will open, U.S. Steel's preferred dividend will be paid, Erie will never declare a dividend.' For in June, 1942, Erie Railroad—for the first time in as long as seventy-six years¹—paid a fifty-cent dividend on common shares.

War talk and war worry had disrupted normal living. To save laundry on tablecloths that were being penciled by 'table generals' Cleveland restaurants began using war maps instead of cloths. Cartoons reflected the nation's state of mind. There was the one picturing the housewife in the kitchen, a pad and pencil in hand, a portable radio on the table-top stove.

She complains to her shirt-sleeved husband in the doorway: "I never will get this recipe right if they keep butting in with bulletins! So far I've got one cup of flour, one Jap cruiser sunk, two eggs, and the blackout instructions for tonight!"

A second cartoon pictured an armchair strategist—newspapers and maps spread out over the dining-room table—plotting the way to beat the Axis. His wife, bringing in dishes to set the table, says: "Let's have dinner, dear. Maybe their generals will think of all those things." A third cartoon shows a barber greeting the customer: "What kind of barber do you like—a battle prophet, a military strategist, or a postwar prophet?" And a fourth depicts a judge sentencing a criminal: "I'm giving you the maximum punishment—let you go free to worry about taxes, rationing, shortages and everything else like the rest of us!"

* * *

Indeed, housekeeping had become serious business—every housewife a bookkeeper as well as buyer. Not only must she find the food, but she must figure the cost two ways: in points and in money. Women who had scorned mathematics in their school days as something for which they would never have any use suddenly found themselves stranded in the realm of higher mathematics—two budgets to juggle, two calendars to keep up with: the familiar Gregorian calendar, and the new coupon one to remind them that—

Tomorrow—*Coffee* coupon No. 25 expires. Last day to use No. 4 "A" coupon, good for four gallons of gasoline.

March 22—Coupon No. 26 in Ration Book No. 1 becomes valid for 1 pound of *coffee* until April 25.

March 25—*Processed food* stamps for April, D, E, and F in Ration Book No. 2 become valid. The monthly quota of 48 points remains unchanged. Budget these through April 30.

March 29—First day for rationing *meats, canned fish, butter, cheese, edible fats and oils.*

March 31—Last day to use A, B, and C point coupons for pro-

essed foods in Ration Book No 2 Deadline for first *tire inspection* for "A" cards

April 12—Last day for period 4 *fuel oil* coupons

June 15—Last day for coupon No 17 good for one pair of *shoes*

Rationing had set Americans to revaluing prewar values A shipworker in San Francisco caught stealing twenty-four pounds of sugar was sentenced to twenty four days in jail, and no sugar in his coffee for the duration of his sentence A machinist in Michigan, charged with stealing two pounds of coffee, faced sixteen years of imprisonment (under a law passed by the State Legislature allowing double penalties for theft of rationed commodities) A Seattle woman was granted an interlocutory divorce decree, which specified that she was to have sole custody of the seventy eight cans of food in the family pantry A San Jose, California, judge granted a woman a divorce on the ground that a black eye inflicted by her husband took three beefsteaks to bring it back to normal

Sweetest Story Ever Told

Immediately after the attack on Pearl Harbor, many people, fearing price rises, bought sugar in hundred pound sacks and toted them to their cars, or ordered it by the barrel During the month of December sugar hoarding was at its height—bootleggers making such deep inroads on the shrinking supply that many stores began limiting customer purchases Some stores sold only ten pounds to a customer, others only two Often members of large families went each to a different store to buy their full quota A woman who sought to buy eighty dollars' worth of sugar from her regular grocer declared she would never trade with him again because he refused to sell her more than two pounds

During the following January and February, when imports from the Philippines were cut off, a very real sugar shortage

existed in the East. In Edgewater, New Jersey, a large sugar plant closed twice in one month for lack of raw sugar, its reopening depending upon supplies from Cuba and Puerto Rico. In fact, the East had been so short of sugar that rationing was long overdue. As early as January, ration books had been getting the finishing touches, but the Administration had not dared put rationing into effect for fear the public would demand its weekly quota when retailers did not have supplies to sell. The government tried the next best method of holding down sugar consumption by limiting wholesalers and jobbers to 80 per cent of the amount they had used in the corresponding month of 1941.

Then in May, 1942, America bowed before the first general wartime rationing. At midnight, April 27, the one-week "freeze" set in while the nation registered at city and county schools—dealers, on April 28-29; individuals, on May 4-7. Some one and one-half million teachers took depositions, issued a sugar book for each individual in the family—a total of 131,000,000 people, with name and address, height, weight, color of eyes and hair, number and relationship of others in the household, and the amount of sugar on hand for each individual. One man in Union, South Carolina, registered his hour-old daughter as Sugar MacArthur.

The only reward received by the teachers was a deeper insight into human nature. The men registrants—some of them—tried to date the prettiest teachers. The women—most of them—balked at telling their age. It was sometimes a shock to learn how little sugar most housewives keep on hand—no more than a cupful in a surprising number of cases—even where large families were registered. A reading of the penalties for not reporting the correct amount, however, had a stimulating effect on poor memories. For during the following week some people suddenly discovered they had forty or fifty pounds of unreported sugar.

Even before we learned that every time a sixteen-inch gun

is fired a fifth of an acre of sugar is consumed in the form of ethyl alcohol, we had suspected its explosive nature. For sugar was in a madhouse during most of June, and bickering among government officials was keen. According to *Time*, June 28, 1942, somebody was wrong about sugar, for while the consumer was changing his habits to conform to his weekly half-pound ration, warehouses were bulging with sugar. One large Gulf coast refinery had to refuse a shipment for lack of storage space. Surpluses were stacked in vacant lots, under canvas, in danger of ruin. A newspaper photograph showed bags of it piled up in Texas—20 000 000 pounds!

The public was confused. While Mr. America brooded upon the mystery, the Congress and the Department of Agriculture and the OPA were juggling his fate for their own profit. He thought they were fighting to give him more sugar. What he did not guess was that the move for the Congressional investigation had been inspired not so much out of sympathy for the sugarless consumer as by the farm bloc, with its eye fixed on an increased demand for grain in making alcohol.

As time went by, repercussions to rationing were numerous and widespread. The overflowing sugar bowl fast disappeared from restaurant tables. The Hotel Astor, the Pennsylvania and other hotels of the Statler chain stopped filling their bowl full—a gentle reminder for diners that sugar was scarce. The Longchamps restaurants tried the same approach. At the Hotel Pierre bowls of granulated sugar appeared only at breakfast time for cereals and grapefruit. Child's chain served two teaspoonfuls of sugar in a glass container with each cup of tea or coffee. Horn & Hardart Automat cafeterias relied on red ~~white and blue cards saying~~ 'Sugar is an important war commodity the government asks, Please do not waste sugar.'

A veritable epidemic of sugar kleptomania swept the nation. Whether loose or in lumps sugar was carried from dining places. At drive ins sugar and container both disappeared.

Some grocers tried to capitalize on the shortage by requir-

ing customers to buy a certain amount of other groceries in order to get sugar. But the Department of Justice soon stopped this practice by announcing that stores guilty of such restrictive sales were liable to prosecution, with penalties up to a fine of \$5,000, a year's imprisonment, or both.

When the OPA finally got around to allowing a "bonus of five pounds for canning and preserving," sales for household canning purposes fell well below expectation. The order had come too late to help the berry growers, who were facing ruin because sugar for canning was withheld at the critical moment when their perishable crops were available for harvest; and as for the later fruits—well, Mrs. America had learned to go light on sugar. Besides, with all the red tape involved in getting the "bonus," she decided that a few quarts of jam or preserves were not worth the trouble.

In fact, the American housewife was taking sugar rationing in her stride, and she and the baker both were benefiting from it. Restaurants that formerly baked their own desserts substituted bakery desserts and gave in to customers' pressure for more sugar for coffee.

There followed a boom in substitutes for sugar. Bakeries used every pound of dextrose, glucose, corn syrup they could get. For the first time since World War I, Schrafft chain stores offered honey-molasses-coconut kisses, and later brought out peanut-honey-molasses confection. Soon the WPB ordered industrial users of honey not to exceed their 1941 consumption of the sweet in manufacturing ice cream, candy, soft drinks, pastries, and medicines. Already California apiary inspectors found their duties increasing, with calls to locate stolen branded hives. San Diego County alone reported the theft of 240 hives filled with honey, beeswax, and bees.

Vacation time brought the OPA more headaches, causing the bureau to warn summer travelers to take along their sugar books. Persons eating twelve or more meals a week in any one

hotel or resort were asked to hand over their ration books to the manager, whose sugar supplies were in proportion to the number of guest coupons

That people use more sugar in their beverages than can possibly be dissolved was the thesis which the New York Health Department sought to prove. In a survey covering 224 restaurants in four boroughs, Health Commissioner Rice found out that unstirring New Yorkers waste more than 2,500,000 pounds of sugar a year in tea and coffee alone. On the basis of these findings, he concluded that the sugar wasted in the United States every year might amount to 50,000,000 pounds—or two full shiploads.

For one hectic year America ran on the sugar standard. On Jack Benny's hour you heard the latest standard of praise: "She's worth her weight in sugar." Even the cartoonists recorded the signs of the times. There was the cartoon showing a thief searching the cupboard—namely, the sugar bowl. Caption: "Aw, shucks, nothin' but money in it!" And the one showing a husband and wife going home from a party. The wife remonstrates: "I only hope the hostess didn't see you pocketing those cubes of sugar! You know I didn't ask you to do that—except in restaurants!" And finally, there was the one with Uncle Sam saying goodbye to his girl. Caption: "So long, Sugar!"

So we, too, said goodbye to sugar, and now, looking back, we say with Walter Winchell:

Roses are red, violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet. Remember?

Tempest in a Coffeepot

We had known that coffee would follow sugar. In June, 1942, railroads served coffee on dining cars only at breakfast, tea, only at dinner. Restaurants and hotels no longer gave a re-

fill. Coffee advertisements read: "Now we're all sharing coffee—by drinking three cups instead of four."

Preceding the deadline of November 29, 1942, coffee queues were formed all over the nation, customers buying coffee before rationing set in. Stores began limiting sales—one pound to a customer. One dealer who set out his entire October stock found himself out of coffee two days later. A Hollywood restaurant advertised: "We have plenty of coffee. First cup, 5 cents. Second cup, \$100." In Horton, Kansas, the sign over Tom Fisher's restaurant, which once read, "Everybody has a hobby—ours is good coffee"—now read, "was good coffee."

Shortly after rationing, coffee-stretching recipes began to appear in the newspapers. The Kansas City Public Library reported a sudden rush for books about soybeans, as the rumor circulated that you could stretch coffee with them. Then there was the President's suggestion of reusing dried coffee grounds, which caused the National Coffee Association to worry about the future of coffee and to authorize its secretary to write to the President as follows:

We appreciate your friendly interest in the subject of coffee and that your recent remarks as quoted in the press about brewing America's favorite beverage were made with the very best intentions.

We respectfully suggest that it is harmful to imply even in a spirit of levity that the little coffee we do have should be spoiled in the brewing, and that such waste of good coffee should be practiced to help win the war.

Public reaction has clearly shown that the American people rightly prefer to have fewer cups of pure, fresh, stimulating coffee properly brewed, rather than more cups of recooked dregs or a watery or adulterated brew.

The rationing of coffee started many who never had touched it before to taking their share—even when it was already brewed. With its rise into the class of the rare and precious, one person gave a pound of coffee as a birthday present. Often

at club luncheons women swapped their share of coffee for dessert *

Our Cook Goes to War

Food was uppermost in the nation's mind early in 1943, as one government rationing after another cut into its larder. When, at midnight of February 2, 1943, the OPA slapped an unheralded ban on the sale of canned fish and meats, it started one of the biggest buying sprees ever staged by American housewives. They used go-carts, perambulators, toy express wagons, even homemade conveyances to bring home stocks of canned goods.

To deter hoarding, many grocers put up hand printed signs "ONE CAN ONLY." But others set no limit, so that when rationing came along hoarders boldly declared huge stocks, knowing they would lose only half their coupons. One California woman declared 8,400 cans, explaining that she was on a special diet. And while the nation's most traveled woman was justly denouncing hoarders with the subtle warning "It's wonderful what your neighbors know about you," the press told of an item in the Government Printing Office *Bulletin* heaping praise upon Evelyn Foresman, manager of the cafeteria, for her far-sightedness in obtaining large stocks of meat and canned goods to serve government workers.

A cartoon under the caption 'Our Cook Goes to War'—a picture of Uncle Sam standing at attention as the can opener marches away—is a farewell also to Amos 'n' Andy and the Campbell Soup hour. For the first time in fifteen years this team

* Later when coffee was removed from the ration list sales of coffee dropped 10 to 50 per cent. Sales of extenders, that had boomed during rationing practically stopped. But when Ration Book Four with a stamp labeled "Coffee" was issued the rumor started that coffee rationing would be renewed. The OPA rushed to forestall a new wave of hoarding by announcing through newspapers and radio that there was absolutely no shortage of coffee—none even in sight—that the new books had been sent to the printer before suspension of coffee rationing. That was the reason for the appearance of the coffee stamp.

took an extended vacation from radio work. And for the first time in seventy-five years St. Charles' Church at Coldwater, Michigan, did not serve its annual St. Patrick's Day chicken dinner.

Housewives were in a dither that first week of point rationing. Civilian defense organizations opened classes in a model store, where they instructed grocery and meat clerks and consumers in the mysteries of the new system. Some housewives, noting the low point values of canned baby food, began to strip grocers' shelves of such cans for use by adults in soups and other dishes.

The prestige of the word "canned" was shown by an item in Winchell's column—a quotation from the menu of a New York restaurant reading: "Home-made soup, 15¢. Canned soup, 25¢."

Just a Memory

By late fall of 1942, meat—especially beef—was almost unobtainable. A sign over the shelves behind one meat counter pleaded:

Please Be Nice to Our Employees!

They are harder to get than customers, and
meat is harder to get than either one.

At practically all meat markets "No beef" was the answer to customers' requests. "Not even a pound of hamburger," said one manager. "All we have is pork and a little veal." Said another: "We're selling more hearts, brains, kidneys, pig tails, chicken feet, and tripe than ever before." Another admitted sadly: "I had a little beef this morning—nothing to brag about. It went the first fifteen minutes I was open."

From store to store housewives trudged, trying to collect the makings of Sunday dinner. Many who couldn't afford poultry had served pork and frankfurters until their families rebelled. Sometimes butchers held back their meat for favored customers—a practice which other clients openly resented.

On the whole, though, a general air of friendliness in the customers' attitude prevailed. Surly ones smiled as in the *old* horse and buggy days. Demanding ones pleaded. Some who once would take nothing but the choicest cuts of beef, now took anything they could get—and thanked the butcher for selling it to them.

'Shucks!' said one manager. "I haven't been on such good terms with my customers for thirty years."

Even meat packers had their troubles. They were irked for two reasons: first, by the OPA's sausage stretching recipe—mixing sausage with soybeans, cracker meal, or potatoes. To OPA officials' assurance that the nutrition value was the same, the packers' eloquent reply was, "Bologna!" Second, they were annoyed by the bureau's failure to curb the black market. "All that the OPA and the Agriculture Department have been doing," said one packer, "is writing letters to each other."

Even the OWI chimed in to declare that "in addition to the meat lost to the legal trade through the black markets great quantities of strategically important by products have also been lost." For the men who slaughtered livestock illegally disregarded potential surgical sutures, adrenalin, insulin, gelatin for military films, and bone meal for feeds.

Yet little seemed to be done about the matter, though meat grew scarcer as packers refused to buy meat on the hoof (on which there was no roof) to sell at ceiling prices. By early 1943, horse meat began to appear on the market. On March 22, a St. Louis packing house announced that on the following Thursday 60,000 pounds of horse meat would go on sale throughout the city in order to relieve an acute meat shortage. In Milwaukee the 'Man o' War Meat Market' opened on March 25, selling 8,000 pounds of horse meat during the first day and a half of business.

Already the Middle West was prepared to eat muskrat. "There's a market for 6,000,000 pounds of muskrat out here now," said one Chicago meat broker, who had shipped more

than 200,000 pounds of it to San Francisco since the first of the year. St. Louis and Cincinnati, he said, were ready to receive it in carload lots.

Muskrat barbecues had already become popular in New Orleans, where the "marsh hare" abounds. Louisiana officials reported that if Southern trappers awoke to the importance of their industry in the war effort, 20,000,000 pounds of muskrat would be available by the winter of 1943.

The panic buying during the week that preceded meat rationing would take years for butchers and packers to forget. It brought on the worst meat famine in the memory of the oldest dealers of Chicago, hub of the meat market. With shelves, refrigerators, counters bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard many butcher shops posted signs in the window saying that they would not open until March 29. Throughout the nation haggard butchers were besieged by mobs reminiscent of the French Revolution—housewives and husbands rushing from meat shop to grocery store and out again to rush to another—pushing, perspiring, literally fighting for meat. At one store a hair-pulling encounter was staged by two housewives in a photo-finish race for the last cut of beef.

"Just one more day, and it'll be over," gasped one meat dealer. But on that final Saturday, long lines of meat shoppers formed before dawn in a last-minute rush to buy meat. At one market in Columbus, Ohio, eighteen policemen were called out to control the crowd which had formed at eleven that morning. In Cleveland an estimated 50,000 persons milled about three major markets, delaying streetcar traffic from twenty minutes to an hour. At many Chicago markets the clamor for meat became so intense that a detail of police had to hold the door against crowding patrons, allowing only a few to enter at a time. In New York City the meat line stretched all the way up one street and around the bend as customers waited to buy smoked meat. The line became so unruly that the police were called.

Many exhausted markets put up signs "Closed—No more meat" The sign of one grocery store in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, read "Notice—no meat, no butter, no sugar Will close for good Wednesday, March 31 Thank you" And over the radio, Upton Close told of a sign over a meat shop that read "Abandon hope all ye who enter here"

Poultry dealers, as well, reported sell outs, as baffled big-game hunters stalked turkey and chickens instead But even chickens were hard to get Farmers wouldn't sell them at ceiling prices "For every dozen chickens I buy," said one butcher, "they want me to buy thirty dozen eggs"

Everywhere, market operators reported the same experience "The public has gone completely mad over this business The people are running wild They are treating our clerks like dogs Several of our employees have threatened to quit, and I don't blame them Women and men alike are cursing them for not having meat for sale when they have nothing to do with it"

Then March 29, the dead line, finally arrived, and housewives armed with bright red coupons went forth to do their marketing But as if the complexities of the point system did not provide enough bewilderment the OPA, in its official table of consumer point values for meat, etc., used such terms as "chine bone on" and "yoke, rattle, or triangle bone in," which baffled some of the best minds in the meat industry As for the terms "7 inch cut" and "10 inch cut," this was the wholesalers' personal worry, said the men, and they saw no reason for befuddling the housewife any more than was unavoidable in order to win the war

"For the first time in our lives we're cutting with rulers," said the butchers

A cartoon in the Chicago *Sun* illustrates the point It shows a customer, market basket on arm, ration book in hand, with eyes riveted on the butcher as the meat is measured He is holding up a warning finger to denote only one pound There

is a tenseness in both customer and butcher, as the latter—a watchmaker's magnifying glass in his eye, a tape measure lying on the block—measures the cut with a compass before plunging in the knife.

The inclusion of butter in the order rationing meat prompted Minnesota's Senate to repeal by unanimous vote a rule requiring the slogan "Eat More Butter" to be printed on all Senate letterheads. The jump of butter, later in the year, from 8 to 16 points in ration value put it on a par with meat. A current cartoon pictured a befurred and bediamonded woman in the office of her investment counselor, who is saying to her in his accustomed pompous manner: "We have diligently studied your problem, Mrs. Snodgrass, and it is our opinion that the 16 points required for a pound of dubious butter might be more profitably invested in a sound pork chop." *

All God's Chillun Get Shoes

Sunday had become a day to dread. It was on Sunday that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. And ever since then the OPA had used Sunday for announcements of the rationing of products.

The order suspending retail sales of shoes from two in the afternoon of February 7, 1943, until the following Tuesday was uncannily foreseen by some shoe merchants. Many stores in Kentucky took advantage of a few hours of "grace" and did a brisk business before and after the government order went into effect. One store in London, Kentucky, opened during the hour of church service and sold eighty pairs of shoes.

On Monday, behind closed doors and drawn shades, salesmen took inventory of stocks. Rationing was to be serious business for the merchants. Storekeepers, jobbers, and mail-

* By fall, butter was so scarce in the East that New York restaurants stopped serving it at lunchtime, substituting "La Guardia butter"—such as cottage cheese.

order houses were cautioned to safeguard all No 17 stamps and certificates collected. These were to be deposited in a ration banking account, against which the retailers would later draw checks to "pay off" shoe suppliers. Even wholesalers and manufacturers would be required to open ration banking accounts, at which time they would receive checks for the shoes they had shipped since the effective date of the ration order. An odd kind of affair, this new bank was—a place where wholesalers, manufacturers, and retailers would deposit and withdraw, not dollars and cents, but pounds, gallons, and pairs.

Dealers in low priced shoes were left high and dry, as the public flocked to higher-priced shoe stores, unwilling to waste coupon No 17 on cheap shoes that would not wear well. Retailers of low priced shoes met to adopt a resolution which they sent to the President and to the new OPA Director Brown, asking that shoe rationing be amended to a point or similar system to cover price differentials and stimulate clearance of "frozen" styles.

As the nation's sense of values was overhauled, coupon No 17 became as valuable as a bond—and as a consequence so had shoes. Martin Bradley, United States Customs Collector at Detroit, discovering that Americans were wearing old shoes over to Windsor, Canada, leaving them, and coming home through the tunnel or over the bridge wearing new shoes, threatened to take them off the wearers' feet. Bradley said he was "tired of fooling around with hoarders." A Kansas merchant, accustomed to borrowing shoes for his wax models in window displays, had to let his manikins stand around in their bare feet, because the neighborhood shoe merchant would no longer lend him footwear without a coupon.

A Baltimore war worker walked into a police station to report that his wife had taken his shoes to be mended but had not returned. When the police advised him to inquire at the Bureau of Missing Persons, the man replied:

'The h— with my wife I want my shoes!'

Wartime wedding gifts hit a new high when an Atlanta bride-to-be received a No. 17 coupon from an old family servant. Even postnuptial celebrations came under the long arm of the OPA when the director for seventeen counties in Indiana asked wedding guests to cease throwing rice and old shoes. Since food these days was ammunition and shoes a means of transportation, they should be conserved.

The Odd-Footed Women's Club of America was organized to solve the problem of women who wear one size shoe on one foot and a different size on the other. It was sponsored by a five-by-seven Dallas woman. The chief problem for the shoe swappers would be agreeing beforehand on style and color.

Rationing of footwear was a boon to dealers in secondhand shoes and to shoe-repair men—especially the latter, who had so much business they didn't know what to do with it. Shops were flooded with shoes to be reconditioned—thousands of them stacked to the ceiling. The five-minute service was out for the present. Customers were lucky to get shoes repaired in three weeks. Signs told the story:

WE ARE SORRY

Due to conditions beyond our control—
No more waits until further notice.

The suddenness of shoe rationing put fear of additional clothing rationing into the hearts of thousands of shoppers who crowded clothing shops and department stores on that memorable Black Monday. Business in coat and suit departments was particularly heavy, and conversations were marked with rumors of more drastic rationing to come. By the end of the day the stores looked as if hordes of locusts had passed through.

Nation-wide sales in department stores increased to an average of 45 per cent above the same year-ago period. New York apparel stores alone reported a 53 per cent rise in sales for the first week. Dun and Bradstreet said national sales in all

retail stores had leaped to record level for the time of year—on an average, 20 to 25 per cent over the previous year

To stem the tide, Lord and Taylor of New York City carried a full-page advertisement in the *New York Times*, March 3, 1943, merely to say, "We wager \$5,000 that clothes will NOT be rationed this year," and offering, if they lost, to divide the sum between the Red Cross, USO, and the Greater New York Fund

Donald Nelson appealed to the National Retail Dry Goods Association, which promptly telegraphed thirty of its leading members in as many important retailing centers throughout the nation, urging them to call local meetings to devise ways of deflating the clothing boom Soon a full page OPA bulletin appeared in the newspapers, assuring the public that clothing rationing was unnecessary and not to be expected

Remember, you can't hoard clothes and keep it a secret Panic-buying merely clutters a woman's closet with a lot of out-of-date clothes, clothes you won't want to wear next year because they'll brand you as a hoarder

Signs of the Times

Like Rip Van Winkle awakening from a long sleep, the public tried to live as before the war But the old order had changed We looked back upon the days before 1941 as upon a lost culture A cartoon described our state of mind, picturing the guide of the "Cosmopolitan Museum" giving a group of wide eyed sightseers a peep into one of the closely guarded rooms Caption "In here we keep our rare collection—a tire, a flask of gasoline, a pound of coffee, and a preserved steak" There was, too, the cartoon illustrating a poker game On the floor beside each player's chair is a box of sugar, a can of coffee, and a pound of butter In the center of the table are jars and pans instead of chips Caption "I'll see your pound of coffee and raise your three pounds of sugar and one fourth

pound of butter!" A third cartoon shows a bride surveying a table loaded with gifts, and sighing: "Silver meat platter, butter knives, electric coffee percolator, sugar tongs— You'd think someone would give us things we could use!"

During times when few things could be purchased, money dwindled in importance. We read of the hermit of Idaho Springs, Colorado, who was locked in the county jail for trying to buy food without a ration book. It seems that the bearded giant had displayed a fat money pouch in reply to the grocer's request to see his ration book and for emphasis had waved a six-shooter under the grocer's nose. In jail, the gun-toting "King of Lake Guleh" issued an edict: "I'll sign nothing for nobody. I've got all the money I need to buy anything I want and all the book I need in my gun belt."

Burglaries of 1943 indicated the shift of values. Thieves breaking into the Puritan Food Products Company of Chicago stole tons of sugar, 50 cases of pineapple juice, and 2 trucks in which to transport the loot. The Triple-S Machine Company was robbed of \$600 worth of precision instruments. In Brooklyn, New York, a truck containing 6,825 pounds of coffee was hijacked. A less ambitious thief broke into a cafe and stole 10 pounds of coffee, 10 pounds of sugar, 9 cans of evaporated milk, 4 cans of tomatoes, 5 pounds of meat—ignoring \$5 in nickels in the cash register but including in his loot the operator's alarm clock.

Butter was "yellow gold" to the modern thief who entered a house in Bloomington, Illinois. Passing up silverware and other such valuables, he took a pound of butter. Thieves robbing a Los Angeles apartment carried off 101 cans of food but left undisturbed two fur coats and jewels. A Cincinnati butcher's shop was looted of 20 hams, 12 pounds of bacon, 20 pounds of pork sausage, 84 pounds of butter, 70 pounds of coffee, and 48 pounds of lard.

The need for carrying on one's person the vital file of information and certificates of rights which wartime regulations

demand, led to the designing of convenient devices for this. A handbag divided into compartments for ration books and other important documents was brought out. A suit with a kind of card-index system of inside pockets with isinglass windows was designed for ration books, social security card, draft card, identification cards, driver's license, etc.

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Yes, it was a screwy world. In vain you tried to bring back the comfortable ante-bellum days. You would close your eyes—as in *Dear Brutus* with its solution, "Hang on to bed"—and thoughtfully recite some rote-memory device, hoping that when you opened your eyes everything would be as it once had been. But the old rhymes somehow got scrambled, too, and would come out (according to Dotty Woolet in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*),

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and no wonder.
All the rest eat peanut butter,
Except Grandma—
And she rides a bicycle.

XIV

Kiss the Tires Goodbye

A DECADE ago, when Franklin D. Roosevelt first took office as President, a disgruntled politician predicted that the nation was headed toward horse-and-buggy days, when grass would grow in the streets. This political crystal gazer was speaking figuratively—irked by the New Deal. But horse-and-buggy days literally returned when our Far East rubber supply was cut off.

Shortly after the government order "freezing" new tires and cars, ghosts of that easy-going age rose from their dusty tombs—buggies, surreys, wagons called into service by war's encroachment upon streamlined living. It was startling to read the advertisement of a once-progressive filling station in Mount Sterling, Kentucky: "Horses hitched by the hour, 15 cents; all day, 25 cents; used buggies for sale."

The nation's buggy tycoon, Edward J. Knapp (Lawrenceburg, Indiana), was amply rewarded for his faith in the return of buggies. Orders from all over the country rilled in so fast that, even though Knapp tripled his force of five employees, he still hadn't enough men to handle the business. The plant's income leaped from less than \$200 a month in 1941 to more than \$10,000 in February, 1942.

Chicago's City Collector reported that during the whole year of 1941 only 1,197 licenses for horse-drawn vehicles had been issued, while in the first five months of 1942 almost that number (1,039) were issued.

Business in another forgotten industry—harness making—rose 50 per cent. Saddle orders soared. But with the difficulty of getting metal for trimming, with the government taking

much of the top grade leather, and with trained men taking their experience to government depots, harness firms had to turn away work.

The demand for horses and mules grew steadily. In East St. Louis, Illinois, the number of horses sold at the National Stock Yards increased more than 500 per cent. The Omaha Horse and Mule Commission Company got an order for three carloads of work horses to be shipped to Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania for delivery routes. Good work horses brought as high as \$150 each, saddle horses as much as \$500 a pair.

Horses replacing trucks and automobiles were soon in use in many large towns. A St. Louis printer set out on horseback to his job at the *Post Dispatch*. It took him two hours to ride nine miles. A Miami taxi company applied for a license to operate horse drawn vehicles, and in Boston the Checker Taxi Service put six horse drawn outfits at the railroad stand. The Humane Society of Philadelphia called a public meeting to see about setting up watering troughs. In June, 1942, Boston granted the first hitching post permit in its three hundred years. In granting the permit to the Hotel Lenox—after a previous refusal—the Board of Street Commissioners explained: "Changing times, changing conditions, and the revival of hacks and carriages on Boston streets have now made the hotel's proposal feasible and acceptable."

Foreseeing increased difficulties in civilian automobile transportation, the safety department of the Aetna Life Affiliated Companies combed old records for horse harnessing instructions, and issued a bulletin in a lighter vein explaining the technicalities of the process and defining terms—such as

Stall—The horse's garage

Breast Collar and Traces—A sort of power transmission belt.

Bridle, Bit and Reins—The steering gear

After carefully outlining the procedure, the bulletin adds

If this is too complicated and you have decided to take up walking in a big way, you will want to read our next bulletin, "Putting One Foot in Front of the Other."

Dealers in automobiles hurried into other businesses such as roller-skating rinks, bowling alleys, night clubs, restaurants, groceries. By 1943, many had appealed for termination of their leases on the ground that the ban on sales of new cars prevented them from remaining in business on a profitable basis. A tire retreader in Oakland, California, asked for reduction of his alimony from \$25 to \$1 a month on the ground that national defense priority on rubber had reduced his earning capacity. "A tire for a tire" was the ruling of a Cleveland police-court judge in a damage suit following an accident in which a man's tire was injured. In Phoenix, Arizona, tire thieves were placed in the category of horse thieves and cattle rustlers, with a penalty of from one to ten years' imprisonment.

Classified advertisements revealed a shift in values. One "For Sale" advertisement read: "Auto, \$75 with tires; \$15 without." Another read: "Four almost new de luxe white wall tires and tubes, \$450. Throw in '38 Lincoln-Zephyr coupé."

Spirit of '43

When new tires and cars could no longer be bought—except for essential services—they became the prime concern of car owners. Cartoons daily told the story during those first eighteen months after Pearl Harbor. There was one showing an automobile collision—the driver of the wrecked car gasping: "Don't bother about me! See how the tires are, first!" Another showed a car whose rear end had been removed by a train disappearing in the distance. The man's wife: "Maybe a sudden stop does wear down the tires, but I'm sure it would have been cheaper!" A third depicted two thieves making a get-away in a car, only to have a tire blow out. "Gad!" said

one thief "I hope that's somebody shooting at us instead of what I think it is!"

Gasoline and tire companies—by radio and newspapers—began coaching the public on ways to care for their tires. The speed limit on highways was made thirty five miles an hour, and the National Safety Council urged emergency legislation empowering governors to enforce wartime speed limits for the duration of the war and six months after.

To save time as well as rubber the ODT sought to put more "go" and less "stop" in traffic lights by introducing skip stops by busses and streetcars. In compliance, St. Louis eliminated three hundred stops, Indianapolis, eighteen hundred.

Various substitutes for rubber began to appear. A tubeless tire was developed for heavy vehicles, and a very heavy cotton tire was tried out. Even wooden tires were introduced. Two men from Lebanon, Tennessee, tested their invention on a lumber truck at speeds of from twenty to twenty five miles per hour. The tire was made of eighteen pieces of elm bolted together between two metal rings. It served much as a rubber tire except that it was noisier. "Better than no tire at all," said the designers.

The Atlanta *Constitution* adopted wooden tires for its delivery trucks—sections of birch bolted to the wheel and capped with discarded tire casings. A man in Olympia, Washington, manufactured for himself some fifty six ply tires made of thin sheets of veneer glued together and rounded off on a lathe. Wooden tires were made even for government vehicles.

Lucky owners of electrics were the envy of the Palm Beach colony. Farsighted Herbert Chester Greer—president of the Greer Steel Company and the Reeves Manufacturing Company and owner of six West Virginia newspapers—brought his 1915 model electric on the train from Morgantown.

Many persons of national reputation could be seen these days on streetcars and busses. At Palm Beach your fellow bus

passengers were likely to include Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Hut-ton or former Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy and Mrs. Ken-nedy. It was not unusual to see dinner-jacketed bus travelers singing on the homeward jaunt from the Bath and Tennis Club. Women who never had used public conveyances were now meticulous about doing so to get about town. In the Capital such prominent figures as Mrs. Henry Morgenthau, Jr. (wife of the Secretary of the Treasury), and Aunt Bessie Merryman (aunt of the Duchess of Windsor) rode streetcars—bundled in costly furs.

Jams in trams led the Georgia Power Company to consider stripping seats from trolleys and busses and installing poles to make everyone stand, thus providing more room. Tucson, Arizona, fearing lack of tires for busses might necessitate a return to streetcars, allowed old rails to remain imbedded in the streets.

To ease the transportation situation, cities staggered opening and closing hours of schools and department stores. In certain Wisconsin areas—Milwaukee, Madison, Wausau, Green Bay, La Crosse—the ODT urged housewives to begin their downtown shopping no earlier than ten in the morning and to end it no later than two in the afternoon. In crowded defense areas sports-club managers were asked to confer with city transit companies on starting events at such an hour that the crowds would not pour out at the peak of bus and streetcar traffic.

Transportation facilities became a prominent factor in home values. Single-family homes in the medium-priced bracket brought higher prices if located near mass transportation systems, but low ones if the family car was the only means of travel.

Even chivalry became streamlined. While running to catch a bus, the secretary at the Chicago Service Men's Center slipped and fell. A man rushing past her called out: "I'll hold the bus for you. Get up quick!"

Sunlit Thorough

During the summer of 1942, transportation was in a snarl. We heard rumors that "joy-riding war workers" were wearing out tires tearing from one county beer joint to another. We read that the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad would stop running commuter trains to the ordnance and bagging plants at Charles-town, Indiana. Editorials alleged many of the workers said that the schedules didn't suit them, and that they would drive their cars while they could. We read that the busses of an emergency bus system between Willow Run and Detroit had been running half empty, because workers declined to ride them as long as their cars held out.

Editorials from various sections of the country intimated, and often said explicitly, that this condition indicated that the only way to solve the rubber problem was to take the tires away from everyone—this solution when streetcars and city busses were already bursting at the seams.

An investigation of the complaints against war workers revealed that the majority of war workers were well aware that their tires, in wartime, are a responsibility as well as property, revealed that the plants at which the workers were employed had set up a commendable voluntary system for cutting automobile usage.

But the transportation problem grew daily more grave. In Los Angeles, giant truck trailer units formerly used for delivering automobiles were converted into worker busses. They carried shipyard workers to and from Terminal Island, operating three times a day to accommodate day, afternoon, and night shifts.

'Car pools' and 'Share a ride' programs became a nationwide solution. One of the first experiments in reducing the use of private cars to a minimum was the 'Pontiac Plan'—a formula worked out at Pontiac, Michigan, with the cooperation of manufacturers, civic leaders and labor. Irving B. Babcock (presi-

dent of the General Motors Truck Corporation) originated the idea. Under G. Donald Kennedy of the Michigan State Highway Commission, a corps of traffic experts made a laboratory example of Pontiac and translated the idea into a definite plan. The Pontiac Plan called for workers who lived near one another to take turns furnishing transportation. Location of workers' homes was plotted; opening and closing hours of schools and stores were staggered; and shift arrangements were made by plants.

Newspapers cooperated in promoting "group-riding clubs." The *Detroit News*, for example, carried a daily column of information from motorists willing to participate in the plan. And in Chicago a city-wide program was sponsored by the *Daily News*. Information blanks were printed in the paper, to be filled out by prospective participants and returned to the "Auto Pool" editor.

The "ride-sharing" plan struck a snag when people began to ask about legal complications that might result from motor accidents in the new system. States without "guest suit" laws suggested an exchange of waivers among participants in "group-riding clubs," giving each driver immunity from legal action by other participants in the event of an accident.

History will probably never reveal the friendships and romances started in the plan. But one instance suggests infinite possibilities. A young man in Baltimore invited a young lady to share his car in commuting to work. After a year of riding together from their homes to Edgewood Arsenal a romance blossomed, and they decided to marry.

A "Share-the-fare" service was adopted by taxi companies in many places—sometimes causing embarrassment for the fare-sharer, as in the case of the "Perplexed Reporter" of Chicago who asked through the *Sun*: How is a fellow supposed to behave when people he doesn't know get into the same cab with him, and the "guy with the girl holds her hand and tells her

she's a cookie' ? Should he—the original fare—hold the other hand?

The question of propriety was a matter of deep concern Mrs Emily Post, prompted by her "admiration for the way women have rallied to the war effort," sent the OWI her new ruling on travel etiquette. It is both proper and patriotic for young women defense workers to thumb rides to and from work, she declared—though they should confine their talk strictly to the weather. It would be better, however, she suggested, if girls displayed their defense plant identification tags instead of the usual thumb.

Say it with a smile was the spirit everywhere. Even traffic officers were told to speak softly to drivers, whose minds were teeming with war problems—draft numbers, thinning tires, gasoline rationing. 'Please pull over' would be less of a shock than the usual gruff order. At the Traffic Institute held at Northwestern University, the acting director said:

'The officer must learn to disregard remarks made by the motorist due to his upset condition, must avoid argument and keep his temper under control.'

Down to Earth

There were three reasons for gasoline rationing in 1942, though only two were given at the time. Rationing in the East was brought on, said Ickes, by a lack of tankers, our tankers having been lent to Britain—a statement which Britain denied. Nation wide rationing, even in oil production areas, was later designed to save tires. The third reason, which could not be divulged until success in the North African venture, was the fact that vast quantities were being shipped to battle fronts for the great air show that withered Rommel's forces.

So distances in wartime were listed in gallons instead of miles, and people in hilly country found they got less mileage than

flat-country dwellers. The announcement of nation-wide gasoline rationing had been like the coming of Judgment Day. Last flings were made; last-minute parties given by suburb dwellers; "last fishing trips" taken; "last visits" paid to relatives people didn't give a hoot about.

During the week following Black Monday's dead line, streets and parking lots had an early-Sunday-morning look. Parking-lot proprietors told of a customer famine—night parking falling off even more than day parking. Some said that the few drivers who used the lots insisted upon parking their own cars to be sure not a drop of gasoline was wasted.

Because of rationing, a new traffic ruling was made. If a motorist ran out of gasoline and was forced to leave his car parked in a restricted or limited zone, he must display a conspicuous sign on the car saying such was the case, or be fined.

Street railway companies reported a zoom to new highs in bus and streetcar travel as the public sought to conserve its gasoline for emergencies. The public was remembering the acute gasoline shortage along the Atlantic seaboard in the summer of 1942; remembering how pumps had gone dry, leaving trucks stranded, passenger cars marooned, and "Sold out" signs at 80 per cent of the outlets along main highways. Long lines of waiting cars and trucks had congested roadways and near-by streets, and hourly the list of closed stations had grown.

As harried dealers, during that first crisis, hung out "No gas" signs, drivers with empty tanks were forced to leave their cars parked at the roadside or have them towed to parking lots and garages. In Philadelphia 3,500 stations closed by midafternoon of that hectic Sunday. In Washington, only eleven out of a thousand stations remained open, and the American Automobile Association was flooded with towing calls from gasless motorists.

Metropolitan New York gasoline stations displayed signs: "Sorry, no gas." Though "no gas" usually meant "no gas," sometimes it did not—dealers saving it for favored customers.

Some proprietors invented ways to reserve their supply for regular customers. Sometimes a dealer would call his client to tell him when a new delivery was expected. The forewarned motorist would then breeze in just before the gasoline truck arrived. Other dealers would tell customers to leave their cars in an adjacent parking lot on the day gasoline was expected. When the supply arrived, an attendant would drive the cars to the pumps, punching the ration cards when the owners called for their cars.

Drivers not lucky enough to be in on the ground floor would park along the highway until a gasoline truck rumbled by and then follow it to a filling station. It was not unusual to see a line of thirsty cars several blocks long stalk a gasoline truck like a pack of wolves. When the truck stopped, the horde would swoop down upon the pumps, knowing there would be gasoline. One distributor was cleaned out of 500 gallons in less than two hours. Often lines of cars—as many as 350—waited hours outside a filling station known to have gasoline. Some dealers, to save the motorists' time, figured out about how many cars their supplies would accommodate and then counted off that number in the waiting line. On the last car that they thought they could serve they hung a sign: "We'll be out of gas after this car."

The practice of hanging out "No gas" signs when pumps contained gasoline reserved for favored customers aroused public wrath. Often irate customers, disbelieving the sign, boxed the ears of dealers whose pumps were really empty. Then the OPA stepped in with the warning that such favoritism was a violation of gasoline rationing regulations, and that the practice must stop.

All this the public remembered. And as weeks passed, the effect of nation wide rationing began to appear. Downtown movie houses noted a drop in weekday attendance. Even business at neighborhood theaters declined. Branch banks noticed an increase in accounts. Groceries reported fewer visits by cus-

tomers but larger orders. The 108-year-old Dennison Corners Church outside Mohawk, New York—closed several years back because Dennison Corners residents had found it easy to attend Mohawk churches by automobile—reopened in the spring of 1943. The ninety-nine-year-old Lost Grove Church in Carlisle, Kentucky, took a new lease on life when rationing stopped bus service to the Carlisle Church with which the old one had consolidated ten years before.

Many filling stations converted to dry-cleaning establishments or to fruit and vegetable or hamburger stands. A cartoon in *Collier's* showed a sign on a roadside filling station: "Open by appointment only." Those remaining open no longer heard the gay "Fill 'er up" order. There was a solemn air about the transaction now as the motorist drove in, gasoline book in hand—like a prayer book. You wondered if the Divine Planner had arranged matters so that the printer's mark on gasoline stickers might turn the public mind to religious pondering. The notation "Rev. 10-1-42" ("Revised October 1, 1942") sent Bible students scurrying to Revelation, Chapter 10, Verses 1-42. The second verse reads: "And he had in his hand a little book open"—the motorist's ration book, the students interpreted.

So many stickers were handed to the motorist with the injunction that each be displayed on the windshield that he began to wonder how he would see where he was driving. There was the Federal vehicle-use stamp that must be placed on the windshield, a mileage rationing identification stamp, and official inspection stickers required by states and cities. To save metal for defense many states used stickers for 1943 license tags instead of plates. Many Army bases, Navy yards, and war plants required a sticker as a pass permitting the vehicle to enter or leave a guarded area. Members of the 10 per cent pay-roll deduction plan or participants in a car pool were given stickers for their cars indicating their patriotism.

A cartoon drawn by Walt Disney for the National Safety Council sums up the situation. It shows a bewildered driver and

a male companion barely visible behind a sticker covered windshield. The caption reads "You watch the road, Ed—I'll shift the gears!"

All This—and Pleasure, Too?

The ban on pleasure driving in seventeen Atlantic seaboard states got off with puritanical fervor early in January, 1943. From Maine to Florida, during the first week, OPA agents were vigilant. In northern New Jersey they reported over 300 violators. In Miami, motorists were summoned to explain their presence at sports events. In Rochester, New York, drivers attending a Philharmonic concert had to surrender their ration books when they came out. In New York City, books were seized from violators for parking outside night clubs and restaurants.

Soon the OPA published its definition of "joy riding." If it's fun, it's out. Essential trips were those for necessary shopping, for attending church services or funerals or obtaining medical attention, trips to meet an emergency involving threat to life, health, property, or trips for occupational and family or personal necessity. A bride and groom to be might drive to a wedding scene in their own car. So, too, might ministers, attendants, and members of the immediate family. But guests were pleasure drivers.

In reply to the question whether an east coast driver might make a nonessential stop on the route of an essential trip, the regional OPA attorney in Atlanta ruled:

If without deviating one foot from his qualified mission a motorist wants to stop his car and go in and get a soft drink or into a movie, nobody can complain. But he cannot add as much as one foot to the distance traveled in his car for such a purpose.

The ban set Eastern insurance companies to worrying. They conferred with OPA officials on reducing automobile insurance rates in seventeen Eastern states. This was to be the second cut in less than two months. They were plagued with such

problems as property damage policies for "replacement value" in "like, kind and quality," and the problem: What is a stolen tire worth if it can't be replaced?

On that first Sunday following the ban, cars remained in their garages. Four-lane Queens Boulevard of New York was completely without traffic. A newspaper photograph showed a lone cowboy, lured by the open-prairie look of deserted Fifth Avenue, blithely riding through it.

But American ingenuity soon found ways for a gay-hearted people to have its pleasure and its tires too. Newspapers showed photographs of a horse-drawn cab waiting outside a New York theater on Fifty-second Street. Suburban Baltimore rigged up an old fire engine to use as an "end-of-the-line" stagecoach to haul golfers to the country club. Kansas City's new super-swimming pool at Swope Park went unused until the president of the city park board rounded up stagecoaches and horses to replace automobiles and busses.

A famous milliner displaying a collection of hats and bags at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C., included some new "slipper bags"—smart, handy devices for carrying one's dress slippers on a public conveyance to don upon arrival at a social gathering. Mrs. Henry Wallace, wife of the Vice President, walked to a formal dinner at the Swiss Legation, wearing walking shoes and apparently a short gown. In the legation dressing room she changed her shoes to evening slippers, rearranged her hair, loosened the string that held up her long skirt—and lo! there was Cinderella. In Milburn, New Jersey, a well dressed couple in evening clothes walked three miles to dinner at a fashionable restaurant. Upon leaving the place the lady sat on the front steps. "My walking shoes, please," she said to her escort. He drew from his overcoat a pair of oxfords, raking in exchange her evening slippers.

Many municipalities were sued for damages in personal injuries. Sidewalks, out of repair from years of emphasizing fine highways, now caused injuries to pedestrians. Two bills re-

riding sidewalks were introduced into the Illinois Legislature. With cuts in delivery service (designed by the ODT to save truck mileage), much street traffic became pedestrian, as patriotic Americans walked and carried their purchases. Salesgirls were instructed to urge customers to "take it along." Cleveland stores offered price concessions to "take it-along" shoppers. Chicago housewives adopted "bundle buggies" for shopping (deep wooden baskets on wheels, managed by baby-carriage handles). Even Hollywood beauties pulled new fashioned grocery carts behind them when they did their marketing.

Department stores in New York City introduced a new shopping bag, named "Walk and Carry." Each customer received one of these shoulder strung bags with the printed words 'V' and "I Will Carry Mine." In Arlington, Virginia, women carried their babies on their back "papoose style" when they went to town or to market, so that their hands would be free for shopping bag and purse. Edenton, North Carolina, "rationed" sidewalk space for the convenience of shoppers and pedestrians. The street department painted lines on sidewalks off the business section, dividing the space for shoppers going in and out of stores and for pedestrians who kept going. The other portion was for those who just talk.

Persons lucky enough to own bicycles before the "freeze" on bicycles—or eligible afterward—took their exercise pedaling. After July, 1942, any purchaser had to prove he needed one in order to perform delivery or messenger work more quickly and efficiently than by walking or using public conveyance, or that he could save half an hour getting to and from work if he rode a bicycle, or that streetcar and bus service was inadequate in his district.

Many employees living within reasonable distances from the Douglas plant at Santa Monica, California, rode bicycles to work. A newspaper photograph showed the wheel checking area—a long line of bicycles side by side. Bicycle racks were set up at ten stations of the New York, New Haven & Hartford

Railroad in Westchester County and Connecticut, offering free parking to commuters who pedaled from their homes to trains for New York City. The stately Everglades Club of Palm Beach relaxed the ban on informal clothes for evening so that patrons could travel by bicycle. Leon Henderson was photographed taking a test run on the new "Victory" bicycle, carrying an OPA stenographer in the basket on the handlebar.

The wide use of bicycles in place of cars introduced new problems. Bicycle thefts soared—an 886 per cent increase in one large town. At a Denver police auction, July, 1942, twelve bicycles sold for a total of \$206, while eighteen second-hand automobiles brought only \$144. Kansas City police found that bicycles painted white were safer for night use because they were more easily seen by motorists. With more people riding them, police agreed to paint them free of charge if the 40,000 owners would bring them in.

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So war had brought us back to the kind of life that a veteran of World War I (Norman Davey) had dreamed of as he stood by the canal in Flanders, watching a barge drift past the poplar trees—so that one day he should write for us to think of in World War II:

And now I dream of something sure, silent and slow and large;
So when the War is over—why, I mean to buy a barge.

XV

All for One and One for All

THE Midwest water transport system had come into its own for the first time since the gleaming twin steel bands became its rival. Safe from submarines, it was a vital artery for hauling bulk raw materials such as coal, oil, and stone that used to be shipped by other means. To the lake shore of Illinois came ore boats from the iron ranges near Lake Superior, hurrying to unload and be off for more. And up and down the busy waters of the Mississippi and the Ohio the endless procession of river boats moved barges—hauling vital supplies of Texas and Louisiana petroleum from the intracoastal canal to Pittsburgh, where it was piped to refineries in the gasoline short East.

Diversion of slow freight, wherever possible, to the nation's waterways and to trucks helped relieve the railroads of their unprecedented burden. But since trucks were dependent upon tires, the ODT laid down rules for conserving rubber—Conservation Order No. 3, which directs that all trucks must be loaded at least to three fourths of their capacity on every return trip. The new ruling forced the trucking industry to pool and lease equipment, alternate and stagger schedules, exchange shipments and make other changes necessary for conservation of time, men, and equipment. A firm that formerly sent four whisky loaded trucks a day 350 miles to Chicago and brought them back empty was forced to set up a central dispatching office to obtain complete return loads.

For months the truck industry had complained (to the point of using full page newspaper advertisements) against the thirty-five miles per hour speed limit which was slowing up shipment of vital war supplies. A "highway priority" was finally granted

by the ODT in Exemption Order No. 23-2 to expedite emergency services necessary "to meet the needs of military and naval forces of the United States." This exemption was granted to the United States Maritime Commission and the War Shipping Administration so that trucks carrying a red-white-and-blue "V" pennant were allowed to exceed the thirty-five-mile limit.

Friction and delay caused by varying interstate commerce regulations had brought a complaint from the Navy that state trade barriers were impeding the war effort. The Department of Commerce classified 1,489 ways of being held up at a state line and being compelled to turn back or pay special fees or taxes. According to James Forrestal, Undersecretary of the Navy, trucks carrying vital war supplies were halted in Iowa because they were overweight; and in Maine, because they carried no Maine license tags. The complaints brought warnings from Capitol Hill that unless states took action to remove these barriers, the Congress would step in at once.

Battle of the Rails

The battle of the rails—lost by the companies to the government in World War I—was being won today, as the shippers, the armed forces, the railroads, and ODT Director Joseph Eastman worked together to make the victory possible. The transportation bottleneck, which in World War I had been a national scandal (food and other supplies decomposing in warehouses because freight cars were used "as storage warehouses"), was averted.

Immediately following Pearl Harbor, 600,000 troops and all their equipment were moved by the railroads. During the first three months of 1942 the railroads moved as many troops as were moved the first eight months of World War I. Boxcars and flatcars were held at shipping ports a minimum of time. Reconsignments had been cut drastically, and goods rushed

without delay from factory to boxcar, from boxcar to shipping warehouse.

In December, 1941, demand for railroad stocks was the outstanding feature in the stock-market upturn. Buying of railroad stocks, which started the morning after the ban on sales of new cars, continued with fresh gains, putting some high-grade carriers such as U.P. and L. & N. \$10 a share and more above previous lows. In fact, all transportation not dependent upon rubber and gasoline was expected to boom under the nation's all-out war economy.

Much of the travel formerly done by air had been diverted to the railroads. Since air service was operating at only 55 per cent of normal, many routes and stops had been eliminated and others curtailed at the request of the War Department. There were not enough seats and planes to handle the men and women and equipment that must go by air to keep new plants and factories going. It had come to the point where some mail had to be tossed off planes to make room for priority-holding passengers or war equipment. As the war progresses, said one official, more and more air mail must be left behind. Like many another shell of the past, the "mail must go through" tradition had been sloughed off.

Months before Pearl Harbor, the railroads had begun to worry about the battle for survival awaiting them at the end of the defense program. William Sheahan, outstanding authority on aviation and air transport, pointed out to them the writing on the sky in the postwar use of the thousands of planes being built for war. Our huge bombers would be converted into freight planes, he predicted—"sky trucks" capable of doing things "that the horse and truck and the boat can never hope to equal: directness, mobility, and a tremendous saving of time."

Jumping the war, as early as March, 1943, a Pittsburgh moving firm applied to the Civil Aeronautics Board for permission to transport household goods by the air via cargo planes and

gliders. Probably the first enterprise of its kind, the proposed service would be carried on with two cargo planes capable of hauling a five-ton pay load; two similar planes with a capacity of ten tons; and six gliders capable of hauling two or three tons each. Under the company's proposal the gliders would be cut off in flight to land at airports with small special loads.

So the railroads were standing on their heads to appease and serve in the hope that the public and progress would not cast them aside when the lights came on again. In cooperation with the ODT a comprehensive program for wartime travel by rail had been mapped out—fast trains slowed and day coaches included when possible, seats in lounge and club cars sold, special service to conventions and sports events banned for the duration, duplication of passenger service between cities eliminated, advertising aimed at increasing pleasure travel replaced by advertising designed to inform the public of the part played by railroads in winning the war. The Union Pacific discontinued its escorted tours with the remark:

Uncle Sam now has priority for the "escorted tours" which he is operating to Pacific destinations—and which, in due time, will include Tokio and Japan's scenic attractions.

Every night fifty more Pullmans moved into Washington than had pulled in the year before. Twenty originated in New York and another twenty in Chicago. Peak traffic in trains moving out of New York came in the late afternoon. On many of these trains not only was every seat sold but someone was sitting on the arm of every chair and seat. Some passengers were forced to stand all the way from New York to Washington—a journey of more than four hours.

Though trains were carrying more coaches than ever before, the situation was the same in all: not enough seats, passengers standing in vestibules—those not lucky enough to find seats in the diner or in washrooms. Many were soldiers and sailors going home on furlough or back to camp. Many were young women on their way to camps to visit a fiancé, a hus-

band, or to get married. Many were war workers, government officials, contractors—their travel undoubtedly necessary to the war effort. All reached their destinations, though sometimes tired after a long, uncomfortable trip. *Time's* prediction of February 2, 1942, soon came true: "Citizens will not only travel less—they will be less comfortable when they travel, and they will pay extra for their discomfort."

The railroads tried to discourage travel. A message in huge letters over the Pullman ticket windows of the Grand Central Station of New York City said: "Today we're a military railroad first. One half of the Pullmans, one third of the coaches are moving troops. Our best service to you is to speed the men who are speeding victory. First, Victory—then the finer travel of tomorrow."

All railroad companies urged us to stay at home. But if we *must* travel, the Southern Railway asked our cooperation. The Southern's Liberty advertisements warned: "Buy Your Tickets Early! Cancel Promptly! Plan Your Trip *in Advance!* Get to the Station Early! Travel Light!" (Porters were scarce, those available, mostly old men.) In a full page advertisement the New York Central System reminded us, "Consider Mr. Tupper—waiting for his supper!" with the request not to linger in the diner after a meal.

So acute was the situation during those days of getting ready for the conquest of North Africa that even the hobo faced loss of his traditional priority over the sleepers to some business man with a war priority. A cartoon showed a train filled with soldiers, a tramp stretched on the rods, and a contractor with his briefcase rushing up to him with the words: "I'm sorry, my man, but I have a priority on that space." But Jeff Davis, emperor of Hoboes of America, Inc., in filing his annual corporation report of 1942 with the Indiana secretary of state, revealed that all officially approved hoboes were "off the road"—500,000 of them in defense plants and 60,000 in the armed forces. Men still traveling the country via "the rods" were not

hoboes in good standing, said Davis—"They're just bums"—and should surrender their space.

Early in 1942 Joseph Eastman, Director of the Office of Defense Transportation, made a nation-wide appeal to organizations to postpone conventions until after the war. He banned state and county fairs for the duration and denied the spring race meet to Nevada. He asked preparatory schools and colleges in regions where they abound to stagger their opening and closing dates over a period of two weeks.

The biggest ban of the times was the Kentucky Derby. On February 7, 1943, Eastman stated that it would be better from a transportation standpoint if the Derby were not run that year. But when Churchill Downs' management proposed making it a home-town affair, he withdrew his objection.

To make sure that the annual turf classic would be a purely "streetcar affair" the ODT clamped drastic restrictions on travel to and from Louisville over the Derby week end, and sent letters to Derby boxholders outside the Louisville area explaining the action and asking their cooperation. Churchill Downs agreed to obtain from each purchaser a statement that his tickets would not be used by persons employing other than local transportation to attend the Derby. The OPA enforcement division announced that it would check all out-of-town cars for "B" and "C" stickers and report them to their local ration boards or to a commission in their ration district.

War kept lecturers away from the nation's women's club programs and silenced many bands and orchestras. The Philadelphia Orchestra canceled scheduled engagements in more than twenty cities in the South and Midwest. With railroads refusing to ship a bass drum or fiddle, more and more bands gravitated to Hollywood.

Vacations, too, fell under the shadow of the ODT. Though Eastman didn't ban them—considering them "desirable from the standpoint of public health, efficiency, and morale"—he asked business organizations to stagger employees' vacations.

Even travel advertising was geared to the war effort. Where once the key note of a vacation was leisure, Miami adopted the slogan "Rest Faster Here."

Resorts established pickup service to meet visitors at terminals. Michigan reported that hundreds of its citizens who had been in the habit of visiting far-away places were returning now to the Michigan resort towns they "knew when they were kids." Tourist bureaus reported fewer inquiries for "circle tours" and more for "places to stay."

"Priority vacationists" was the term applied to early visitors cooperating with wartime restrictions. Regional resorts beckoned family trade by season rates and encouraged the staggered vacation system by giving emphasis to midweek entertainments as relaxation from war. Cottages and camp colonies expected the biggest boom in years, with inland lakes and streams a mecca for sailing craft. Dude ranches both in the East and in the West (offering healthy recreation combined with muscular activity) reached new heights of popularity.

Travel and Travail

Busses as well as trains—intercity systems—labored under the burden of wartime crowds. Four big lines operating between New York City and Washington pooled their services, staggered schedules, permitted interchange of tickets and eliminated certain duplicating operations—the new wartime service to become effective June 3, 1942. ODT officials estimated that the changes would cut mileage covered by the busses about 25 per cent—or 5,000 miles daily. Later reports showed a monthly saving of 14,500,000 tire miles.

In bus terminals as in railroad stations it was all for-one and-one for all as soldiers and sailors swarmed in. Ticket sellers had a frenzied time with long lines of impatient travelers waiting for last-minute tickets. Christmas travel in 1942 broke all records. Many railroads required prospective day coach pas-

sengers to make reservations in advance, just as they would make Pullman reservations. For weeks before the holiday season the ODT and officials of transportation systems conducted an intensive stay-at-home-for-Christmas campaign to persuade citizens to "give a soldier your seat" on trains and busses.

Nevertheless, railroads and busses gasped for air before and after Christmas. In stations all over the country it was everybody for himself, with standing room only on many trains and nearly all trains running hours late. When the gates leading to the trains were opened, it was men against women, enlisted man against officer, individuals against families in a race for seats.

Waiting rooms were packed with weary travelers waiting for late trains. In all manner of relaxed attitudes they endured the hard benches, oblivious of the sorry panorama of humanity about them—themselves a part of it. In USO lounges, soldiers and sailors tried to sleep. One soldier, awakened for his train, yawned and groaned:

"Traveling during wartime sure is hell. When I get to Brooklyn, I'm going to sleep all day Christmas!"

XVI

Keep 'Em Snnln'—Keep 'Em Tryin'

DESPITE all the magic on call in the land of make believe, Hollywood could not presto change the shadow of war. Though night clubs were jammed as in all other boom towns, the gayety and sparkle that once was Hollywood night life had been dimmed out. Around eleven o'clock at night the movie set—tired from their added burden of entertaining servicemen, selling war bonds, and doing a hundred other jobs to promote the war program—went home from restaurants and night clubs. Mocambo and Ciro's (swank spots on the Sunset strip) no longer boasted of their impressive clientele. The faces you saw there were new faces—people from war industries or soldiers and sailors off duty. The floor show, if any, was likely to be the few movie celebrities present.

Furthermore, though liquor was plentiful here in contrast to the East, there was a very real food shortage. No one left any thing on his plate any more. Even in swank restaurants an upper bracket actor might say to the waiter, 'Please wrap that piece of meat. I want to take it home to my dog.' The waiter wrapped it, knowing who the 'dog' was.

The dim out regulation, effective during the first eighteen months at real war, had turned Hollywood Boulevard into a dark canyon lit only by occasional street lamps and passing automobiles. No more glamorous premieres, thought Sam Goldwyn as he held what was advertised as the last gala première for the duration. For how could you have premieres without lights?

Twentieth Century Fox answered the question with its premiere of 'The Pied Piper.' The entire front of Grauman's

Chinese Theater was painted with chemicals, which glowed dramatically under violet rays.

Sidney Skolsky, Hollywood reporter, gives us a glimpse of Hollywood at war. From midnight until four o'clock in the morning the Boulevard is deserted—a small-town street. At four it gets going. This is the swing-shift "break," and hundreds of aircraft workers with their lunch pails and identification badges pour into the street—into the small restaurants that have opened for business, or into an all-night movie theater.

Up and down the boulevard they parade, doing their window shopping, looking at the display of officers' uniforms and at windows urging them to "Buy Bonds"—a noisy, spirited crowd out for a good time. They wish there were more movies open so that they could have a choice of pictures. They don't care much for pictures that try to impress them—that have a message.

Then at seven in the morning Hollywood goes to work—not the stars, who ride in limousines, but the extras and bit players who stand on street corners waiting for the bus to take them to the studio: a girl, bright and wide awake, dressed in evening gown; a man neatly attired in evening clothes—all boarding a bus.

Here is a bit of America at war—the new Hollywood: the swing-shifters, the welders, the Rafts and the Grables, soldiers, sailors, marines, canteen workers, and the extras and bit players—everyone contributing to the big show to come.

Unhitch Your Wagon from That Star

The biggest headache for the movie industry was the waning supply of leading men. With scores of the top names already on the Army's and Navy's list—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Robert Montgomery, James Stewart, Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, even men as young as

Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper—and with the new Army Draft regulation in effect April 1, 1943 (drafting men under thirty eight, fathers included), it looked as though Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse—the Disney tribe—would be the only leading men not in their late forties

Studios seriously considered pooling top male stars so that all could use any star available—paying the contract fee, of course. Said Director Sam Wood concerning the problem: "The shortage of leading men means primarily that there will be better casting in pictures. They will have to fit the man to the role, not the role to the man. They won't be able to say, 'Let's get Clark Gable or Tyrone Power'."

The boss of R K O -Radio stated the case well: "The only new men we are hiring are those with large families, or those who are in 4F, or those who are older than the usual type of leading men."

The ill wind had blown luck to the Hollywood boys who would never see forty—even fifty—again. The more children the actor had, the more jobs he could get. Warner Baxter was reclaimed. John Boles had so many producers after him that he was turning down one offer after another. Ronald Colman was the answer to a producer's prayer. Several oldsters under fifty could still make the feminine heart skip a beat—such as William Powell, Pat O'Brien, Walter Pidgeon, Jimmy Cagney, Gary Cooper, Charles Boyer, and Fred Astaire.

Universal studios sought a way out of the dilemma by scheduling an all women picture. In fact, all the studios were looking for plots stressing the performances of women and using elderly actors—or boys—when possible.

The man power situation grew more critical with technicians, writers and directors all keeping in touch with their draft boards. To make matters worse, the \$25,000 ceiling on salaries caused a synthetic shortage when dozens of movie producers and actors discovered they couldn't afford to work any

more, since they had already received far more than the limit. Franchot Tone announced through his agent that he wasn't going to work "for free" and give his wages to the Warner Brothers stockholders. Paulette Goddard turned down a \$5,000 radio job because she had already earned too much. Republic was looking for a new comedienne, because Judy Canova had taken in as much as the law allowed.

With Ginger Rogers taking an active part in the move to raise the salary roof, we woke up in the spring of 1943 to find that the Congress had given the President's ruling a ride on the coat tail of an urgent appropriations bill. A veto would have held up the war program. This the Congress knew. So the President allowed the bill to become a law without his signature but with his outspoken displeasure at the tying of his hands by the Congress.

In defense of deferment of actors from the draft, Kyle Crichton, associate editor of *Collier's*, charged that the United States was sabotaging its most valuable morale weapon. "Generally and nationally, we'd go nuts without the movies," he declared, pointing out that the President had movies run at the White House when he needed a lift; that Stalin bombarded Willkie with questions about Hollywood; that Churchill laughed himself back to health with Hollywood films; that 90,000,000 Americans, when they wanted relief from work, war and worry, set off to the neighborhood theater.

An editorial answered the article with the disturbing question:

"Has anyone thought of how morale in our armed forces may be affected by a Clark Gable or a Tyrone Power here and there?

"Maybe we should keep actors on the screen and stage. But we should not make the private soldier from humble life feel that only those who have not distinguished themselves can be spared from civilian life, to keep liberty and civilization alive."

Gone with the War

Hollywood's war-born problems seemed to reach no end during the year and a half following the fall of the Philippines and Malaya. By late 1942 shoeshine parlors of North Hollywood had dwindled to one, whose ebony proprietor displayed a sign that read "Shines by appointment only." One studio needed electricians. None were to be had. Many stars at Republic studios began bringing their lunch to work because neighboring restaurants had closed for want of cooks.

M G M ran into a shortage of babies when it sought two dozen for a Russian picture, "The North Star." Middle class mothers no longer jumped at the \$75 rental fee for newborn infants. After the release of "Casablanca" and the Allied activity in North Africa, the rental price of camels for motion pictures rose from \$15 a day to \$25.

"My kingdom for a cow" was likely to be the cry in Hollywood if more pictures required that bit of local color. Before the war a good milch cow, including milk, could be rented for pictures at \$2.50 a day. The musical "Let's Face It" went on location in a local dairy's big pasture for its cow scenes, with the company warning the producer that the cow's emotions must not be upset.

The war truly got into the movies' hair. Before the war their false hair supply had been imported from Middle Europe—peasant women's crowning glory cut and sold by the pound. Next in use was Chinese hair, which was too coarse and had to be processed. But the attack on Pearl Harbor cut off that source too.

Jack Dawn, make up chief for M G M, came to the rescue with hair made of coal, limestone, and air. Wind, heat, dampness—nothing affected the curl in Jack Dawn's synthetic hair.

Stocks of brocades and gold braid were getting low, and stars like Dorothy Lamour were having their wardrobes re-

modeled. Extravagance in dress was out. One and one-half square yards of new material for each gown was the wartime rule; the rest of the material must be salvaged from old dresses.

There were no more "plate-glass" windows for stunt men to jump through—these used to be made of sugar; no more balsa wood for the legs of chairs to be crashed over the villain's head—balsa wood came from the Philippines; no more resin to make "glass" bottles for the same purpose—the resin used to come from Middle Europe, and there was no substitute. But since the Hays Office had asked studios to cut all scenes showing waste—citing as examples furniture breaking and apple throwing—these shortages might not work a hardship.

There was no more liquid latex for trick noses, distorted faces, and blanked-out eyes. None even for double chins or the calves of legs for actors such as Jack Benny when they wear tights or knee breeches. None for sea monsters and deadly snakes such as Cecil B. De Mille's octopus and Alexandra Korda's cobra—gone into the scrap drive.

Studios were dispensing with location trips wherever possible—first, to avoid being caught in blackouts; second, to save tires. Writers thought twice before dashing off the old "cops-and-robber" tales with valiant G-men pursuing fleeing bandits in high-powered cars. Screeching turns burn up rubber. When a tire blowout is necessary, technicians have invented a device to simulate one without harming the tire.

In this city of distances, even extras considered rubber. From Central Casting (hub of extra talent) the Metro studio was ten miles away; Twentieth Century-Fox was nine miles; Warner Brothers, Republic, Universal more than ten. Extras sought jobs near their home, figuring jobs were only as good as their tires.

There were no more blank cartridges for wild westerns or for pictures that kept up with the war. With the shortage of ammunition, Hollywood guardians of public morale had

reached a Red Sea place in their life. For how could a realistic battle be fought without bullets, or an enemy be bombed without something that goes *boom*? In making the war picture, "Commandos Strike at Dawn," the director ran into this situation. With only the first two-thirds of the picture shot and nearly 60,000 rounds of blanks gone up in smoke, the prop department frantically wired Columbia Studios to pass the ammunition.

According to the *Hollywood Reporter*, production heads wired back "Shipping 20,000 rounds. But when this runs out the actors will have to say 'Bang-bang'."

The shortage of food was changing picture-making Banquet scenes with mountains of food had become just a memory. In the Paramount picture "Five Graves to Cairo," a bountiful spread was suggested by empty glasses, bowls, plates, crumpled napkins, and in "Mission to Moscow," by after-dinner wine glasses left on the table. For simpler meals technicians devised substitutes: sausages made of thin slices of beet held together by a skin of cellophane, cola for coffee by dropping ice into it to simulate steam, whitewash for milk.

The government ceiling of \$5,000 per picture for new material used in the construction of sets was a blow to some independent producers who have no vast stores of scenery. The big studios had whole department stores of house furnishings and clothing, and lumberyards full of what it takes to build houses, boats, and what-have-you, besides plenty of canvas and paint. But other studios with epics in production were distressed.

Limitation on construction costs of new sets created one of Hollywood's biggest conservation problems. Simplicity became the keynote of wartime scenery. Abandoned sets were salvaged. For "Somewhere in the Sahara," a desert fortress used years ago in "Beau Geste" was dug out of its grave in the California desert and converted with a dome into a Libyan fortress. Abandoned trucks, wrecked for past picture pro-

duction, were repaired. Even nails were straightened, shortened and reused.

Waste Not, Want Not

While it is true that nitroglycerin is a necessary ingredient of high explosives as well as of film, the "freezing" of raw film stocks to dole them out to movie makers on the basis of footage in 1941 was due chiefly to the fact that the demand for film had doubled when war came upon us, adding to the regular business of entertainment the needs of the Army and Navy: the Photographie Division of the Signal Corps, as well as those of the domestic and foreign branches of the OWI.

The film industry suddenly found itself facing the problem of achieving its former purpose along with its tremendous new war purpose on a 25 per cent curtailment of film. In cooperation with the War Activities Committee, this end was accomplished under a new order of economy: reduction of film space announcing players, producers, etc.; reduction of the number of trailers (announcements of coming attractions); reduction in the number of releases; elimination and revision of technical practices involving waste. Scenes are now thoroughly rehearsed before the cameras turn, and directors accustomed to shooting a scene a dozen times before they got what they wanted have been ordered to be less critical.

With Hollywood making government training films and information shorts in unprecedented number, Washington was directly interested in all persons entering the studios. So the FBI, in its fingerprinting and identification campaign, got smudged "autographs" of all Hollywood's movie workers. Newspaper photographs show Ginger Rogers and Laraine Day being inked.

A steel-helmeted soldier, clasping his bayonet, mounts guard at the entrance to the *Walt Disney Studio*, the first to be classified as a war production plant. Nine-tenths of its output is for the Army and Navy and government agencies—all on a cost

basis In converting to war production, all that Walt Disney had to do was to make new pictures with the same old paint pots, brushes, and ink—"the quickest and neatest change over in American industry," said Disney.

The halls that once had echoed to the tread of Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Donald Duck, and Pluto (writes a Hollywood reporter, Fred Othman) resounded to the tramp of Lockheed-Vega workers bent on sending bombers over Axis lands Visitors were not permitted in the section where films were made to show how the Navy taught its men certain inside things about warships and airplanes But they might see a film that Disney was developing to teach our flying fighters how to keep out of trouble when they ran into bad weather Or they might see other work that Disney was doing for the government—for example, a picture designed to teach basic English to our Chinese, Dutch, and other allies They might see a story about the malaria bearing mosquito—with seven dwarfs who sprayed the waters with oil, filled in the holes with earth and tacked screens on all doors Or the story about corn—from the Incas to this war and on into the future, when skyscrapers, automobiles, and no telling-what will be made of corn plastics

* * *

The movie industry, once regarded as producer of mere entertainment, had suddenly emerged as a vital factor in building and maintaining morale—not only at home but also on battle fronts Feature pictures and shorts were flown to American troops as soon as they were released to the American public In outposts such as Alaska and the Aleutians, movies were "an absolute godsend," declared R. B. Murray, director of the United States Army Motion Picture Service Their value for convalescent patients in military hospitals—in helping men take their minds off their troubles—is so well recognized by the medical profession that the showing of movies has become an integral part of the hospital schedule

Hollywood was given the green light on twenty-six shorts designed to give the public in *entertaining form* the story of the war effort—shorts such as "Keep 'Em Rolling," "America Builds Ships," "Army in Overalls," "Women in Defense," "Arsenal of Might," "Community Transportation," "Mr. Smug," and others that portray the heroism of merchant seamen, the dangers of revealing information, and the Axis methods of spreading propaganda in America.

As for feature pictures, the old-time pictures with the standard drawing room, the love triangle, and pictures of high society went with Pearl Harbor. From now on films would be out-and-out comedy or have some connection with the war.

This was the answer to the government's decision to permit the movie plants to continue making pictures—the answer to the government's request to make them brighter and funnier so that people would laugh—to give them preachment and point, too, so that people would think war and see it in terms of what it was and of what our part in it had to be.

XVII

Matching Guns with Morale

In order that out of the worst times the best things might come—Inscription on the cornerstone of an old church

DURING the early days when our defense program was getting under way, when Army camps were being built (barracks, mess hall, recreation centers), when raw recruits moved in while construction was still going on, bogged down in the mud of early spring—during those hectic times military towns were paralyzed with bewilderment. For when the construction men left and the mud dried, soldiers by the thousands, in their free time, hit the road to town to seek diversion.

Near by communities were suddenly swamped. Soldiers crowded streets, stores, eating places, recreation facilities. They came in such swarms that they could not find even a place to sit. Take Jacksonville, North Carolina, a town of 850 persons. After construction of the New River Marine Base and Camp Davis began, the town was so jammed with workers and then with servicemen and their relatives that people slept on porches, in attics, trailers, chicken coops, cabins, and as many as six to eight in a rented room.

It was towns like Jacksonville that needed Federal help and guidance. Field representatives from the Federal Security Agency's Division of Recreation visited these places, called town meetings to tell the citizens what men in the armed forces would need when mobilization started, got the people interested, got them to turn over empty buildings for servicemen's centers, and organized local defense recreation committees on the plan of the OCD.

The public responded with almost incredible enthusiasm, en-

ergy, and ingenuity. Musty parlors and rarely used guest rooms were opened to soldiers and sailors. Women listed rooms where wives and mothers of servicemen could stay. Millions of homes opened their dining rooms to soldiers. Motion picture houses put on extra shows and cut rates for servicemen. The Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and other men's clubs concentrated their efforts on hospitality programs for men in the armed forces.

Says Mark A. McCloskey (FSA Director of Recreation) in an article in the *Survey Graphic*:

A great stream of service is pouring out of the heart of America in response to war-born needs . . . service that wells out of the vital initiative and the warm springs of emotion of individuals and towns. . . . The spirit that built this country in the beginning is again at work.

Indeed, a panorama of the country—the big towns and the little towns, the deserts and the way stations—shows the spirit of America at work in those first days. There was Columbia, South Carolina, whose citizens bought benches to be placed on the Statehouse grounds, and Corpus Christi, Texas, that had benches made for church lawns and sidewalks so that the servicemen would not have to sit on curbstones and doorsteps. Richmond, Virginia, and Portland, Maine, fitted their armories with cots for hundreds of servicemen who came to town for the week end. Parish houses in crowded areas all over the country housed the men who stayed in town overnight.

Soon, when the need for recreation buildings became urgent, the Federal Government, under the Lanham Act, built or remodeled 250 large recreation halls. Then the United Service Organizations, Inc., was created (January, 1941) with Thomas E. Dewey launching the first drive for funds in his best G-man style. The USO, incorporating six national welfare agencies—the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Association, the National Catholic Community Service, the Jewish Welfare Board, the Salvation Army, and the Travelers Aid Society—staffs and operates service clubs, not only in the con-

continental United States but also in the Caribbean, Newfoundland, Hawaii, and part of Alaska. Its task is to supplement community resources when towns need help. Except for the USO Camp Shows—which are picked up by the Army at the port of embarkation, fed and transported to Britain, Africa, the Middle East, Australia, the South Pacific, wherever the Army and Navy go—the USO does not operate beyond the Western Hemisphere.

As in the conversion of peace to war production, American ingenuity found ways to make servicemen feel welcome. An undertaker of Bucyrus, Ohio, discouraged by priorities, turned over his mortuary to the community to be used as a servicemen's center. Citizens of Mesa, Arizona, bought a church and converted it into a center. Denver used a former firehouse as a center for Negro troops on leave. Jefferson City, Missouri, used a jail as quarters for soldiers on leave, and an old carriage house adjoining was converted into a lounge.

The women of Terrell, Texas, where the British RAF training school was located, took over a former gasoline filling station and converted it into a servicemen's center. The front room of the station became a small lounge with easy chairs and gay chintz curtains. The oil room became a kitchen. The raised platform where the pumps had stood became a terrace with comfortable chairs.

On the New Jersey shore a woman fitted up her garage with showers and hot and cold water to accommodate coast guardsmen. She furnished soap and towels (sometimes laundering a hundred a day) and provided coolies and cigarettes—all free. Her work inspired others who started such services throughout the area of hundreds of coast guardsmen.

The staff of a Hartford, Connecticut, department store set up and operated a 'Stage Door Canteen,' where servicemen could come from morning until ten o'clock at night to lounge, read, write letters, have a snack at the snack bar, and get information. The Pepsi Cola Company donated and maintained

at its own expense servicemen's centers in New York City, Washington, and San Francisco—local organizations furnishing volunteer workers. Here the men could get a free drink, rest, read, write letters, play games, shave, take a shower, press their uniforms, or have a volunteer hostess sew on insignia or buttons. For the women in service the company provided a whole floor in the San Francisco center, with well equipped beauty parlor, showers, game room, and other services corresponding to those given the men; there were two beautiful lounges—the Eleanor Roosevelt Lounge, with an Eleanor blue couch, chartreuse furniture, white rug on a black floor, and drapery with tropical flowers; and the Madame Chiang Kai-shek Parlor, with a hand-tufted Chinese rug on a black floor, walls paneled in oak and Chinese red and blue, and handmade drapery. The dressing room was just as beautiful—done in shades of pink against a background of leaf-green walls, with pink and white rugs on a black floor.

In Galesburg, Illinois, an automobile showroom was remodeled and converted into a center. Labor unions gave 800 hours of labor in printing, decorating, plumbing, carpenter and electrical work. Drapery material was given by stores, and drapes were made by a committee of women. The craft department of the high school made furniture and game equipment. Upholsterers did over the chairs and couches. Dry cleaners did the cleaning. A manufacturing company gave a refrigerator. A trucking company hauled the equipment. Printing companies gave stationery. Even a newsboy subscribed to a magazine for the center's library.

The big towns, too, were not too busy to remember the men who were doing their fighting. Take for example New York City, whose Defense Recreation Center at 99 Park Avenue became the crossroads of the world. Thousands and thousands of servicemen and women from practically everywhere in the country came here. Men from the Allied Nations, too,

came, reporting that their buddies said, "If you ever get in New York be sure to stop by 99 Park Avenue." The committee operated sixty-five full time and fifty two part-time centers for servicemen of all the Allied Forces. It ran a room registry service to find rooms at prices desired. Hotels would leave a quota of rooms for the purpose, though they could rent them to civilians. No rooms were reserved in advance, however, except for honeymoons. Here at 99 Park Avenue thousands of tickets were given away—tickets to anything for which tickets were needed, donated by the managements of theaters, sports events, etc.

Then there was Chicago's mammoth center in the old Auditorium Hotel. Here, in one month, over 50,000 hot dogs were served, more than 28,000 cups of coffee, 10,000 glasses of milk, 30,000 sandwiches—everything free, given by individuals and business firms. San Francisco's Hospitality House, in the Civic Square, was like a spacious country club. Labor contributed its services in building it, the city provided the materials, industrialists did the supervising, and 375 clubs participated in its management and upkeep. Portland, Oregon, too, had a center, to which not only the city but also local stores, church groups, labor unions, and individuals contributed generously. To provide candy, smokes, and magazines, wire baskets were placed in all theaters, cigar and drugstores with a sign "Buy one for yourself and one for a serviceman."

Early in 1941, Seattle set up a Committee on Services to the Armed Forces, which collected, refinished, and distributed furniture (everything from pianos to barber shop chairs) to camp day rooms in the Seattle area and as far north as Alaska (by cooperating with the Red Cross), arranged for concerts at the naval hospital and similar places, organized entertainment to be sent to camps and antiaircraft units in the area to supplement USO entertainers, "which are few and far between." A liaison committee on services to combat units kept in con-

school superintendent had been sent home to don overalls and drive a truck about town to collect furniture

The Army—3,000 strong—simply took over the town. Webb School, a well known preparatory school, offered its showers for baths and its gymnasium for play. Officers and men brought out different types of guns and explained them to groups of wide-eyed boys. Sergeants took over at the high school and put the pupils through Army marching drills.

Thus Bell Buckle had its first taste of "invasion" and found it good.

Haynesville, Louisiana, too, was "invaded." One Saturday afternoon about a hundred officers drove into town and announced that the Army was coming. The next morning, at about nine o'clock, the soldiers started swarming in—thousands of them from the Arkansas hills, where few of the men had had a bath or seen a town for three weeks. Furthermore, they had just been paid—about a million dollars was among the lot—and they were in the mood to make the most of the intervening time before going back into maneuvers.

Khaki clad men swarmed about everywhere. Stores, jammed with them, stayed open until late at night. Goods in the middle of the floor in drugstores were put behind the counters to make more space and to deliver the men from temptation. As soon as the stores filled with soldiers, the doors were locked. Then, when all sales were completed, the stores were cleared and more customers admitted.

The soldiers bought everything in sight—even dresses to send home to mothers, sisters, or girl friends. They bought all the cold drinks in town, all the candy bars, cakes, meat, gallon cans of Louisiana syrup, and even all the cotton sacking and rope to make into hammocks. Even barbers working all night, were exhausted. The soldiers sent out of town \$52,000 in money orders. Western Union sent \$8,000 and the bank sent thousands of cashier's checks. Some stores had to close early because they ran out of change. Even the bank ran out of

money and appealed in vain to Shreveport and other places for currency—though a bank in El Dorado finally saved the day.

Wherever the Army was to go, there went the Federal Security Agency lambs to see that the servicemen's needs would be met—that there would be recreation rooms, places to lounge, read, write letters, wash. For ours is the "washingest, writingest army in the world," says Mark McCloskey. Certainly the citizens of towns in maneuver areas thought so, for when they invited a soldier to dinner they added, "Come for a bath, too."

Everywhere the Army went, showers were set up—on school athletic fields, alongside creeks, in alleys, in clubhouses. When plumbing was unobtainable the citizens improvised. In an alley between the police station and the firehouse, one town put up a long pipe, perforated at regular intervals. This was fastened to a firehose, so that as many as 175 soldiers at a time could take a shower. In Westmoreland, Tennessee, where the only water supply is from wells, a subcommittee of citizens was assigned the sole job of dipping water from the wells. In Zwolle, Louisiana, the townsfolk rigged up showers beside a creek. A local oil company furnished a length of two-inch pipe, which was strapped up behind an improvised wooden screen, the pipe leading down to the creek. The mayor (operator of a gasoline station) furnished the gasoline and got the city to string up lights so that the showers could operate at night, too.

In North and South Carolina nearly 400,000 troops engaged in war games. Here, for the first time in history, movie houses opened on Sundays for the benefit of the soldiers—but only as an emergency measure, townsmen explained, to be ended with the close of maneuvers. At Whitmire, South Carolina, 200 men of the 102nd Cavalry had the run of the town. Citizens had collected \$150 to buy bed ticking for the women to make into mattress covers, which Boy Scouts, later, stuffed with straw that the farmers brought in. The village schoolhouse, then, was

converted into a dormitory, with the pallets placed in neat rows on the floor

Mullins, South Carolina—a small tobacco town—went all out for the soldiers. One of its twelve large tobacco warehouses was used as a servicemen's center. The room—about the size of a New York City block—was converted into a dining room and ballroom and decorated with colored lights, paper streamers, and real Spanish moss strung from side to side the length of the building for the big farewell party. A "chicken bog" was served to 400 soldiers, and then everyone danced—young and old. When the whistle finally blew and the men lined up to march to their trucks, the eyes of applauding townsfolk were bright with something suspiciously like tears. One small bare-foot boy hid his head in his grandmother's apron and cried because the soldiers were leaving.

"They're a fine lot of boys." That was the verdict everywhere. You heard it in Farmerville, Louisiana, where some thirty to forty thousand soldiers were encamped with their twelve thousand horses. Said one townsman to an USA field representative after the soldiers' visit to town: "I thought you said we were to entertain the soldiers. You were all wrong—they entertained us. Every night they gave us a band concert, and one night they put on a show in the school auditorium."

For servicemen in transit there were USO lounges at bus and railway terminals, furnished with easy-chairs, radio fans, writing desks, stationery, magazines, books. Volunteer hostesses checked mountains of baggage, dispensed cigarettes, cookies, and information, bandaged cut fingers or removed cinders from weepy eyes, sewed on buttons and insignia or mended rips and tears, admired thousands of pictures of sweethearts, wives, babies.

At the national Capital the Presidential lounge at the Union Station—formerly used to receive visiting royalty, presidents, and other foreign dignitaries—was converted into a USO

lounge. Here prominent women served as volunteers, among them the wives of Admiral Ernest J. King (commander in chief of the fleet and chief of naval operations), Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold and Senator Robert Taft of Ohio.

In station lounges all over the country men could be seen reading or writing or just sitting—now and then one relaxed in sleep, with a numbered tag pinned to his tunic to tell what time he was to be awakened for his train. There were all kinds of people and all kinds of problems. The footloose and fancy-free would lean on the desk and tell their family history or their ambitions; or if they thought they were to be shipped over they were rarin' to go. They felt, somehow, that when *they* got over, things would soon wind up.

Then there were the womenfolk. Those with sons or husbands safely settled in camps here in the States often resented having their men away from home. But mothers and wives whose men had gone into battle zones were proud as could be but scared to death.

Sometimes the men planned to meet their wives and were suddenly transferred, with no way of sending the information on. Often one would wire the Travelers Aid to meet such-and-such a train and tell his wife and six-months-old baby to go back home—that he had been transferred. Others got their signals mixed—where they were supposed to meet and when. Or else husbands failed to wire when they said they would, and their wives waited in USO lounges. When the husbands failed to show up, the wives spent the day meeting all trains.

Then there were the deeply moving dramas, the goodbyes and the heartaches: couples lost in the poignancy of parting, alone despite the prying eyes of hurrying thousands about them. "The mother who stands crumpling the handkerchief she'd meant to wave . . . *hoping her smile will look right to the young fellow in uniform just going through the train gate.* . . . The father looking over her shoulder . . . tight-lipped

... remembering . . ." This is the picture that the New York Central System drew of them—those left behind, remembering, fearing, hoping against fear.

Workers Are People, Too

In the grimness and intensity of total war America realized the value of play, realized that wages are not the only incentive needed to keep labor at top speed of production, but that workers—like other people—must have time and place to dance, sing, play games, and do anything that's plain fun

With the unprecedented migration of men, women, and children to the places where the bag-loading plants, munitions factories, or giant shipyards were located, recreation facilities were taxed to the limit. The population of Wilmington, Illinois, a sleepy little prairie town, swelled from 1,900 to nearly 8,000 when vast war industries were set up on near-by farm land. Houses, movies places, game rooms were bursting at the seams. Even the big cities were congested—places like Los Angeles, Seattle, and Washington (where the big war industry is government). In the Capital, the War Hospitality Committee includes war workers in its program, trying to break the ice for homesick newcomers. Thousands of homes enrolled in the antihomesickness crusade, and calls came in to the civic group with offers for entertainment—some that were difficult to fill, such as the call for "six tall servicemen for six tall government girls" for a party that night, and another for five blond servicemen for as many brunette girls.

Although a small share of USO service included recreation for war workers, the great bulk of friendliness and off-the-job activity which made life tolerable for newcomers was promoted by local institutions and townsfolk. Many churches opened their social rooms week days for women workers to rest when they came to town to market. Sylacauga and Childersburg, Alabama, got movie houses to cooperate with the

Recreation Committee by making their facilities available for community sings. Parsons, Kansas, provided "get-togethers" for war workers who came off the job at midnight. Hartford, Connecticut, secured cooperation of recreation operators to keep movies, roller-skating rinks, and bowling alleys open till three o'clock in the morning. Newton Falls, Ohio, had "Dawn Patrol" parties for men and women swing-shift employees who finished their day's work during the morning hours.

An Army the Axis Forgot

To provide fun for both those who fired and those who produced the guns, the entertainment industry geared its facilities to the war effort. A thousand motion picture players signed a war pledge for the Hollywood Victory Committee to give at least six weeks of their time per year toward assuring a steady flow of talent to USO-Camp Shows. In pursuance of the pledge, Pat O'Brien, playing in Trinidad, collapsed in the wings of the theater from sheer exhaustion, having told every gag and sung every song he knew and taken a bow to an eight-minute cheering from the men. The jovial Irishman had been giving three and four shows a day, flying wherever the Air Transport Command asked him to go.

Out in Hollywood, on Sunset Boulevard around eleven o'clock at night, Bette Davis could be seen in her "C card" wagon starting out on her nightly tour from the Hollywood Canteen, delivering tired starlets to their apartments. Gregory d'Alessio's cartoons tell the story of glamour land, where the stars came down to earth to dance with the soldiers and sailors, talk to them, and see that they got plenty of coffee and sandwiches. There is the one showing a star-struck sailor wrapping in a napkin one corner of a sandwich to take home. Caption: "That's the corner Greer Garson held when she handed it to me." Another shows a soldier taking advantage of the "Dictate Your Letter Home to a Real Studio Secretary" serv-

ice Caption "... 'and I danced with Joan Crawford, had coffee with Loretta Young, and chatted with Rita Hayworth ' Make fifty copies'" A third shows a sailor who has just "blacked out," with his pals trying to revive him, when a startled hostess comes along Caption 'He'll be all right He just learned he'd been dancing with Hedy Lamarr "

Not just the movies catered to servicemen The theater is an industry (stage, screen, and radio) took a "busman's holiday" for the duration—giving the same service for which it was formerly paid Through their own organization (the American Theatre Wing War Service, Inc) employers and employed collaborated in the big job of building and maintaining morale Producers organized and produced Publicity writers publicized and interpreted Treasurers checked dog tags instead of tickets at canteens Entertainers gave millions of dollars' worth of entertainment or served food behind snack bars Playwrights became bus boys and kitchen police Costume workers and wardrobe attendants did emergency sewing, made hostess aprons, or sewed in the workroom In the conversion of old speakeasies into canteens and clubhouses, stage hands helped with the clearing and decorating Well known scenic artists painted murals on drab walls Electricians did the wiring Teamsters and transfer unions carted away mountains of trash Porters scrubbed and cleaned Sign writers wrote signs

Then there was the Office Personnel Division—workers in offices of the theater, screen, or radio After thumping type writers, doing clerical work, or running switchboards all day, they came to the offices of all branches of the Wing to perform the 'extra" tasks They sewed in the workroom, served at the canteens and the Merchant Seamen's Club as registrars, check-room attendants, kitchen mechanics, hostesses, or wrapped and mailed sketches of merchant seamen, which distinguished artists like Howard Chandler Christy and James Montgomery Flagg made free for the unsung heroes of the United Nations

The American Theatre Wing was of tremendous signifi-

cance in keeping up the nation's spirit. The Committee on Youth in Wartime set up centers for the eighteen-year-olds in Harlem and Washington Heights, working in settlement houses and schools in neighborhoods such as those where the "zoot suiters" flourished. Here professional actors and directors helped the children prepare, write, and put on their own productions. In these times of war tension and juvenile gangs these projects give boys and girls outlets of a constructive kind.

To stimulate production and improve the morale of factory workers, "Lunch Time Follies" were brought to war plants located in the East. The sketches were of the revue type, dealing humorously with production problems such as absenteeism, tardiness, accidents, war-consciousness. They were presented at the lunch hour—eight o'clock at night, midnight, four in the morning, noon—by units of eight or twelve persons: comedians, singers, choruses, accompanists who traveled under all kinds of hardship and in all kinds of conveyances to bring the shows to the factories. To see the performance, the workers stood, clung to beams, perched on cranes or any overhead rigging available.

The famous Stage Door Canteen of New York City entertained, at the least, 3,000 servicemen every night. At five o'clock in the afternoon they began lining up; and by nine o'clock the place was so crowded you could hardly lift your arm. There was an atmosphere of mystery and excitement as you went down the long flight of stairs into the low-ceilinged, dimly lighted room that had been a night club. Wooden posts supporting the ceiling marked off the dancing space in the center of the room; and all around, at small tables, soldiers and sailors sat eating the snack they had gotten at the snack bar, or smoking and talking to a young woman in a red and white striped Wing hostess apron, or watching the floor show that was given three times an evening—bits from current shows in New York

theaters. No lines of rank or color were drawn here—officers and men, black and white, shared an evening of fun.

The Wing's greatest source of funds for carrying on its services was the motion picture, "Stage Door Canteen," which fictionalized the New York canteen. One day, early in the run, the box office had to be shut down because the line in the street exceeded the capacity of the house. The radio program by the same name brought \$3,000 a week more for the Wing's funds. The global premiere of the radio show, held simultaneously at Army posts all over the world, brought a flood of letters from men in deserts, jungles, and outposts on all fighting fronts. Similar canteens were established in Cleveland, Washington, San Francisco, and an affiliated canteen in Los Angeles*.

For the merchant marine, with no place to relax between voyages or after torpedoing, the Wing—under the leadership of Mrs. Brock Pemberton and John Golden—organized the Merchant Seamen's Club at 109 West Forty third Street, New York. Here seamen from all over the globe could lounge, read, write letters, play games in a game room decorated by famous caricaturists and illustrators to suit the salty taste of men of the sea. Here, in the scrapbook of photographed copies of sketches drawn by famous artists from the Society of Illustrators who came in two days a week to contribute their bit (the original sketch was sent to the person designated by the seaman posing), you could see faces of Swedes, Filipinos, Norwegians, Poles, Icelanders, British, Welsh, Australians, Scotch, Japanese, Portuguese, Brazilians, Puerto Ricans, Hindus, faces from all the United Nations. One portrait was of a bearded seaman who had lost three ships on the way to Murmansk, another was the sensitive Russian face of Second Mate Valentina Orlikovna. These were the men (and the women) who braved

* Later other canteens were set up by the Wing in Philadelphia, Newark and Boston.

aerial bombs, seas of flaming oil, mines, torpedoes; or who lived for days, weeks, even months on flimsy rafts—racked by hunger and thirst, exposed to snow, rain, and burning sun, in order to deliver to the fighting forces the supplies that industry had produced.

Singers, young screen actresses, girls from the theater, and girls from offices connected with the theater came in and danced with the men, or listened sympathetically to their troubles—mostly worries about their families. One man worried about a child who had the measles; another, about his wife who had pneumonia. A man who had come through as many as six torpedoings broke down and cried like a baby as he confided that his wife of seven years had left him for another man.

Nor did the Wing forget servicemen in small, lonely outposts—men who had nothing to do but be watchdogs; who had few furloughs. A mobile library of 30,000 books made trips to these posts. Under the chairmanship of Gertrude Lawrence, the entertainment was tops.

The Wing remembered, too, the convalescent patients in veterans' hospitals, bringing them a reduced canteen evening party which was carried into the wards several times a week to give these men a kind of "quiet good time." The work of the Hospital Committee was one of the Wing's most serious and most important services.

When women were admitted into the service, the theater took them, too, under its Wing, arranging a tea dance at the Hotel Roosevelt on Sunday afternoons from three to six o'clock—the hotel donating the grill room and the Wing taking care of everything else.

Another important—though less glamorous—project was the workroom, a "voluntary sweatshop," where women came in after regular office hours to make warm felt slippers for men in barracks and hospitals, and for high-altitude fliers; fur-lined and paper-lined vests for coast guardsmen—so valuable

to the men that officers kept them in reserve and issued them to men going out in open boats, mine-sweepers' mitts, a kind of shoe bag apron-kit containing sixteen articles—washcloth, shaving cream, toothpaste, soap, and other useful donated items "Everything but a carbine," said one grateful artilleryman. Out of remnants and scraps given by firms and individuals, women make suits, dresses, and other garments for the needy families of servicemen. No two garments were alike, the design depending upon the amount of material in each remnant, but they were all garments the families could be proud of.

Last, but by no means least, the Wing adopted squadrons of the Landing Craft Infantry. Their tiny craft, built somewhat like pumpkin shells so that they could run up on beaches and unload the troops that filled them, were out for the duration—in battle practically all the time landing troops. Little intimate boats, they were, with crews of twenty three men and four officers—boats that went from battle area to battle area and just didn't come back. They led a lonely, hazardous life—the LCI's—with long stretches at sea and only their small group to lift their spirits. So the Wing took on some of the squadrons, providing for each craft a sponsor, who agreed to mother the crew and do all the little things they might ask her to do for them—mostly send "pin up" pictures and write letters. Often the sponsor was a girl as young as themselves, who promised to write regularly to "Dear old 456" (the boats had no names, just numbers).

It was this catering, not only to the big but to the little wants as well, that kept the men's spirits high. For all too soon came the day when they muttered to themselves "The Doughboy's Lament"

Can't write a thing
The censor's to blame
Just say that I'm well,
And then sign my name

THIS DAY'S MADNESS

Can't tell where we sail from.
Can't mention a date.
Can't even number
The meals that I've ate.

Don't know where we're going.
Can't say where we'll land.
Couldn't inform you
If met by a band.

Can't talk about the weather.
Can't say if there's rain.
All military secrets
Must secrets remain.

Can't have a flashlight
To guide me at night.
Can't smoke a cigarette
Except out of sight.

Can't keep a diary,
For such is a sin.
Can't keep the envelopes
Your letters come in.

Can't say for sure, folks,
Just what I can write.
So I'll call this my letter
And close with, Good night.

TECHNICAL SERGEANT ROBERT M. FROST
Lawrence, Kans., *Daily Journal-World*

XVIII

Let Freedom Ring

EARLY in 1942 a formidable second front was established at home when the government asked advertisers, advertising agencies, and the four advertising media—newspapers, magazines, radio, billboards—to sell the war effort to the public; to sell it hard—morning, noon, night, until there was “sweat and action on the production line to match the blood and action on the battle line.” Pooling their facilities in the Advertising Council, the advertising group promoted the war program without pay.

Advertising had already become strange and often disturbing as the old techniques were suddenly reversed. Even the classified advertising was no longer familiar, when captivation became the keynote to compete with the government’s all-out program. There were advertisements like the one in the *San Diego Tribune-Sun*:

\$30 reward—Furn. house for couple and 10-year-old son; preferably La Jolla or Del Mar. Call La Guana 5947. Reverse Charges.

I like the one in the *Washington Post*:

It's somewhere in Heaven
And that's no laugh—
A two-room apartment
With kitchen and bath.
Furnished or not, a close-in spot
Within the District
Would mean a lot.
'Twould make us so happy,
Me and my mate.
If you've got the setup
Heaven can wait.

(Phone CO 5942 between 7 and 8 p.m.)

In an article entitled "Captivation in the Classified, or War Warms up the Want Ads" (*Printer's Ink*) P. H. Erbes, Jr., outlined the trend in "Help Wanted" advertisements. Before the war, want ads demanded plenty of skill, references, and other such requirements. Today, says Mr. Erbes: "It's the qualifications which the EMPLOYER is able to offer that get all the space. The one employee qualification today's advertisement seems to insist on is that the job-seeker be inexperienced."

All kinds of inducements were offered: good pay, sometimes bonuses; "convenient" or "choice of" hours; "favorable" or "ideal" working conditions; future security such as "permanent connection" or "excellent postwar prospects."

Companies were eagerly bidding for elderly and infirm persons. A laundry advertised for "two active girls, age 17-92." In the summer of 1942 the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans advertised through the classified columns for twenty men to operate passenger elevators, adding: "No one under 65 years of age need apply." Three Indiana firms that formerly refused men over forty-five years of age were now employing men aged sixty-eight, seventy-three, and eighty-one.

All the old tunes were reversed. A full-page newspaper advertisement by the Southern Railway said: "Please don't ride on a Southern Railway train this summer." A few such shocks, and the cartoons seemed not overdrawn—for instance the one showing the salesman at his desk, bloated with self-importance, telling-off a customer over the telephone. Behind him his boss explained to a puzzled company officer: "He's our star salesman since we began doing defense orders!" Nor did the cartoon about the boss of "Jiffy Vacuum Cleaner Company" giving instructions to his sales force seem unusual: "The sales contest will be different this year—the prize will go to the man who dodges the most customers!" Indeed, they seemed not at all exaggerated when you read that the WPB shoe unit (long before rationing) had instructed retail shoe dealers to "discourage extra sales to customers."

Then along came Mrs Anna Rosenberg, Regional Director of the War Manpower Commission in New York, to tell the wartime convention of the National Retail Dry Goods Association that for the duration of the war retailers must discourage buying. Women must be told that they can cook just as well in an old pot as in a new one.

Battle of Words

The use of words as an instrument of national defense became a serious part of the war program. Acting on the belief that the American public was not fully aware of the international situation, the Administration established the Office of Facts and Figures (later to become the OWI) as an arsenal of democratic words. Here, under the directorship of Archibald MacLeish, an army of poets, playwrights, capitalists, reporters, and administrators challenged Hitler's subversive propaganda with programs designed to promote accurate understanding of the status and progress of the government's defense policies and activities.

Then on December 9, 1941, at the request of the Treasury Department, the Writers' War Board was organized. Later the board included in its scope aid to other government agencies or accredited agencies aiding the war effort. Acting as liaison between them and the top writers of America, the board obtained written work that would directly or indirectly promote the war program—articles, songs, radio broadcasting material, speeches, speakers' manuals and pamphlets, script for soldier and sailor shows, fiction ("No tales against skunk backgrounds or gay beaches").

The Council for Democracy performed a similar task. From the time of Pearl Harbor it sought "to increase the vigor of democracy at home," enlisting in its cause the "name" writers of the country to plug democracy along with all the projects undertaken by the government to preserve our American way of life.

It was on this battlefield of words that Stephen Vincent Benét gave his life. In both organizations Benét was a tireless worker. In order to be free to devote all his time and talents to the war effort, he deferred until after the war the completion of a long poem called "Western Star."

The theater also became a prong in the spearhead designed to win the war with words. With the mind and emotions of people as its field of action, the theater was a natural for putting over the government's war aims and war needs. To this end, therefore, along with services already mentioned in chapters on war production and morale, the American Theatre Wing set up special committees for campaign purposes and educational propaganda, "serving all who serve."

First, there was the Campaign Personnel Division, which was active in War Bond drives, Red Cross drives, Air Raid Precaution education, the Victory Book drive, Russian War Relief, Army and Navy Relief, United China Relief, and "This Is the Army." Second, there was the Speakers' Bureau—one of the biggest and most effective of the Wing's activities, with branches in New York City, Washington, Cleveland, and, later, Philadelphia. Practically all departments of government and war agencies called upon the bureau for speakers to put over educational propaganda such as Civilian Defense, Block Leadership, Point Rationing—all the problems of intelligent citizenship in the war and mobilization on the home front. Through this committee, sketches dramatizing urgent government needs were presented by trained actors (the Victory Players) and were available for all recognized drives—even to the 216,000 little theaters throughout the country as outlets for the OWI.

The sketches were played to audiences in all kinds of places—schools, lodges, clubs, unions, laundries, large department stores, bakeries "with the bread machinery winding and kneading dough," on the open tracks of the Long Island Railroad—played before a handful or before a large rally. One of

the most vivid presentations was the sketch on blood donors, called "You Give What You Got." According to Vera Allen, chairman of the bureau, it "simply pulls people from the audience." From an audience of 213 it brought 191 volunteers. And from one of 1,600 it won every other person as a donor. Said Paul McNutt about the Wing's work.

The stage has contributed in this hour of America's peril some of its greatest stars to our military forces. Those who are left—those who fight the battle on the home front contribute, too.

There are extra ships sliding down the ways of every shipyard in America because your dramatic genius has made men understand the job they have to do . . . There is extra energy on every production line because the release your entertainment has provided has made men forget for a few hours the tragedy of war . . .

The Theatre Wing served without charge, living up to its pledge

Out of our giving we will win this war
And a peace to build into a future of Freedom

• • •

In line with the strategic front of the OFF the President sent a message to the 1942 advertisers' convention urging the use of "Liberty Ads"

The desire for liberty and freedom can be strengthened by reiteration of their benefits. It is obvious that there are many changes going on in your field. For the duration there will be a diminution in product advertising, but this does not mean an end to advertising.

Responding to the President's plea, America's billion-dollar advertising industry put its crack copy writers and illustrators to work on "selling" the American public the importance of winning the war. With hard-hitting, realistic advertisements industry waged a war on the home front to put over to the public the need for all out cooperation in wartime activities.

such as scrap-gathering and conservation drives, bond-buying, and enlisting in the WAC, WAVES, as Army nurses, etc.

In radio alone the government was given \$100,000,000 worth of time and talent. The results of its persuasive technique were obvious though incalculable. The radio did not actually produce the tanks, guns, ships, and other war matériel, but these things were the result of many of its little services. They were made from the scrap radio had helped to gather in the campaigns it had spurred; made by labor which radio had helped recruit, and whose morale it had kept up in off-duty hours; paid for by money raised in war-bond campaigns that radio helped promote—hundreds of these little things that go into the making of a tank or gun or ship.

For not always could Secretary Morgenthau inspire us to invest our savings in Victory by purchasing war bonds. But let Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, or Jack Benny ask us to—Well, that's a different story.

This is the army that Hitler forgot—this army of writers, actors, musicians armed only with their voices, pens, and saxophones and backed by their sponsors. Through the War Advertising Council the Domestic Radio Bureau of the OWI put over its war messages—often as many as five a week as the need arose—scheduled and allocated so that each program presented a different message, thereby allowing listeners to hear them all. Every commercial program on the air—even sustaining programs with no commercial sponsorship—agreed to give a war message on one of every four network programs of once-a-week shows, and one every two weeks on more than once-a-week programs. For instance, one week Bob Hope would plug nurses; the next week Jack Benny would; and the following week, Fibber McGee and Molly would carry the message.

The Radio Bureau would go to the Advertising Council and say, "This is our problem. Will you get anti-inflation across?"

See that it makes these points," etc Or, "Do a personal battle against absenteeism" Or, "Get recruits for the women's forces" Then the Council would get in touch with its sponsors and say, "Here's what you people have got to do, and it's to be done 'for free' "

The advertisers carried the war message in any way they liked Sometimes they based a whole show on a theme such as Home Nursing They might have a character take up home nursing and advise her neighbors to do so, too They might have a play on rationing like the one given by the "Aldrich Family," in which Mrs Aldrich lost the family ration books the day guests were invited for dinner Despite all the commotion and worry she got together an excellent meal by using non rationed foods

Even in an emergency the sponsors gave way to the government's needs For instance, the Advertising Council might say to Westinghouse "Look, we've got a critical man power problem Give us the last minute and a half of your program to tell about the local man power problem" Westinghouse agreed, though it might mean that their own commercial must be sacrificed to plug the war message Or to Gruen Watch Company, the Council might say "See here We need short announcements on the air to let people know we're in a critical labor shortage area" The company would then devote the whole time to the message with something like "Eight o'clock Gruen Watch time This is a critical labor shortage area See your United States Employment Service Office today "

Aside from the allocation plan, there were voluntary plans The advertisers would ask what messages needed to be put over, and the soap people then would plug salvage of fats and greases Food people—General Foods, Jello—would weave in the necessary points to be made about food Many sponsors agreed to do special jobs—programs put on mainly to

plug the war effort, such as the "Home Front Reporter."

While the radio is the *lazy man's* way of getting information, millions of people still think with Will Rogers: "All I know is what I read in the papers." And he might have included with them the magazines. For if we agree with Brisbane that "what a person sees makes the greatest impression on the mind," then the newspaper and magazines saw to it that the war's impact upon the social, economic, and home life of the nation was felt through news items, advertisements, articles, fiction, editorials—all the things that help build civilian morale, create public opinion and guide public action.

Just as war had changed the classified advertising, so too had it changed all advertising. Instead of vacuum cleaners, automobiles, and household gadgets, industry stressed the bombers, tanks, guns, and ammunition it was making. "From Gores to Guns" reads an advertisement for women's slips, picturing a smiling girl war worker in slacks and bandanna at her job of making guns:

She used to work on ladies' slips, fitting the gores together.

Now she works on guns, fitting intricate parts together.

And thousands of girls like her are doing similar wonderful things for America.

That's why we don't have as many girls to make as many MISS SWANK slips as you'd like. That's why you have to wait for your slips. But it's the kind of waiting no American objects to.

Even heroes and heroines changed. Usually the girl in the advertisement was in war work—especially the factory job. Advertisements for everything from shoes through Nabisco Shredded Wheat to eyeglasses offered to make this girl's job easier. The Formit girdle firm advertised: "DON'T SHIRK WAR WORK. STILL DON'T LET IT HARM YOUR CHARM!" Hinds' Cream said: "YEP, HE FELL FOR THESE HANDS ON THE SWEETHEART SHIFT." Welch's Grape juice warned: "AMERICA NEEDS TRIM, ENERGETIC WOMEN!" Pond's advertisements presented photographs of socially prominent girls doing war work—such as

"Another 'Pond's engaged girl'—Phyllis Gray . . . From college to war industry," the copy ran, "Phyllis tests strength of fabric that will be turned into parachute bags, tents, summer uniforms for the armed forces"

Wherever you looked, the advertisements had a war twist. There was Nestlé's advertisement, "CHOCOLATE IS A FIGHTING FOOD!" and Del Monte's "IT'S THE FOODS YOU CAN'T GET THAT ARE HELPING WIN THE WAR" The American Meat Institute ran a three-quarter-page advertisement called "MOUNTAINS OF MEAT," plugging "Food Fights for Freedom" The copy ran

When you feel that you are not getting the kind or amount of meat you want, remember

—it's for a boy who may smell powder a lot more than he smells meat cooking

—and who hears bombs a lot oftener than he hears the sizzle of a steak

There were the full page newspaper displays of the heavy industries—one by the Chrysler Corporation "LITTLE THINGS THAT BECOME BIG THINGS," and paragraph after paragraph with illustrations and captions such as, 'From cars to Bullets for Tommy Guns, Pistols, Revolvers' There was one by the Ford Motor Company, titled, "THESE ARE THE ARMS THAT COUNT"—a steel worker at his job before a blazing furnace, and, below, a victory talk.

On the eve of America's 61st Labor Day, it can truthfully be said that the future of the world rests squarely on the shoulders of the nation's 53 000 000 workers

For the first time in history, men and women who *work* share equally with those who *fight* in the tremendous responsibility of winning or losing a crucial war

Railroads pleaded with the public for patience with wartime inconveniences, stressing the vital services they were rendering. Said the Southern Railway System

Day and night, this train hauls ore from the mines, oil from the wells, food from the fields and lumber from the forests. Day and

night, it rushes bread and beef and bullets to America's fighting men. Day and night, it feeds American industry and sustains a nation grimly at work.

And in another advertisement it bid for postwar trade:

Tomorrow, when free men in a free world have won their Victory, these "Extra" trains of the Southern will carry a different kind of freight . . . rich foodstuffs and great crops from the Southland's fertile farms and fields . . .

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company ran a full-page advertisement showing lines and lines of trains running across the country—to and from army camps. The text read:

If, like the eagle, you could look down on the amount of railroad equipment it takes to move a single armored division, here is what you would see . . . *75 trains!*

Many passenger trains, many freight trains—all required to move just *one* division. For a division takes all its equipment with it—tanks, jeeps, armored cars, supply trucks, tractors, antiaircraft guns, many things. And its men, numbering about 12,000, need berths in which to sleep!

What's more, when this division moves by rail, it moves as a unit—that is, trains following one another a few minutes apart.

Multiply this one division by the many moving in this country and you can understand why . . . you may have difficulty getting a berth . . . or be obliged to stand in a coach . . . or arrive at your destination late . . .

Another advertisement was titled "HOLD NO. 66!" and it read:

Fine train, No. 66—The American. Runs daily between St. Louis, New York, Washington.

But right now this Pennsylvania Railroad train dispatcher is giving instructions to take No. 66 *off* the main track . . . "put her in a siding."

No reasons given—for troop movements are secret.

So No. 66 gets a block signal. The towerman sets a switch. No. 66 coasts into a siding. The main track is clear.

And the troop trains roll!

XIX

End of the Beginning

WE feel like the muddled woman in the *New Yorker* cartoon who rushed into the Institute of Public Opinion and gasped "I've got to see Dr. Gallup. I've changed my mind!" For we know now that what had seemed a design for bedlam was really a design for Victory.

For there was the fall of Tunis to dazzle us—and then that succession of Allied victories in the Mediterranean that kept even the children's eyes popping. A cartoon showed how eagerly we watched the war news—the one picturing a public library and wide-eyed prospects for a nine-year-old draft checking out books and magazines and devouring them on their way out. Said one librarian to her colleague: "Notice how the kiddies are reading more nonfiction? Current events probably scare them more than the old thrillers!"

Certainly, all the activity in Mussolini's private lake was hair-raising—the mighty Allied armada gathering day and night off the coast of North Africa for the coming invasion, the Mediterranean clogged with Allied shipping, all the stealthy preparatory operations—week after week of assembling and rehearsing, and finally the combat troops seated on their mountains of luggage, waiting in silence while the boats slipped out of the harbor. "This was what it was all for," wrote John Stembeck. "They had left home for this. They had studied and trained, changed their natures and their clothing and their habits all toward this time." Soon the tank landing craft and the troop-landing craft were creeping up on island beaches and opening the huge iron doors of their prows to disgorge their 'bellyfuls' of tanks and loaded trucks and men.

Then came the steppingstone victories: the surrender of bomb-dazed Pantelleria, the "Gibraltar" upon which Italy had supposedly depended for control of the Mediterranean narrows between Sicily and Africa; the fall of Lampedusa; the landing in Sicily, with one after another of its battered, war-weary towns surrendering unconditionally—places like Palermo, where jubilant Italian girls were soon trampling out the vintage of the grapes of joy with Yankee conquerors; where the citizens tossed tokens of gratitude to the swarms of Americans that took possession of their towns—lemons and watermelons, their choicest crops, along with flowers.

Next came the incredible resignation of Mussolini and a flurry of peace rumors. Every day, as the Allies pressed hard upon the heels of the fleeing enemy in their sprint across Sicily, stories of insurrection in Italy reached us—of crowds in Milan shouting "Liberty! . . . We want peace!" Then there was the fall of Messina, completing the conquest of Sicily, as Axis foes fled to the Italian mainland. And then Naples, and relentless bombing assaults upon occupied Europe as well as upon Germany—the Ruhr valley, Hamburg, Berlin—spreading terror and despair among enemy home folk still kept in the dark about the course of the war.

All this because of what happened in Tunisia, the proving ground of the Allies' strength in the change-over from defensive to offensive warfare. That's why Tunis will never again be a name only. Like Dunkirk and Stalingrad, it stands for an idea. Like the battle of the Marne in World War I, Tunis was the turning point of a war.

So the jigsaw puzzle was finally solved—the meaning of each baffling part emerging in the finished picture: VICTORY IN TUNISIA. We look now at the separate pieces—all the isolated projects that led to it—and wonder why we were so blind as not to see where they fitted. We remember how like dutiful children we had been, back in January, 1943, working away

at the tasks assigned to us, never dreaming that our Commander in Chief had hopped off to Africa, leaving us at the mercy of Washington with its wrangling over Ed Flynn's proposed appointment as ambassador to Australia, over the farm bloc's pressure on price ceilings and more pressure threatened by some labor unions, over the rubber czar Jeffers' fight with the Army and Navy and some "Washington experts" about the question of whether vitally needed escort vessels should be sacrificed for vitally needed synthetic rubber, or the other way around

Even if we had known, we shouldn't have understood the significance of that trip. We think back to that memorable Tuesday (January 26) and to the cryptic message here and there in the daily paper telling us to be sure to tune in our radios at nine o'clock that night for "the most momentous announcement of the war." We remember how all day, at intervals, radio announcers repeated the warning—how keen was public curiosity and how hopelessly off the scent.

Some had said the announcement would tell us that Italy was dropping out of the war. Others, that Hitler was dead (we had heard all sorts of rumors about his being ill), or that Mussolini had resigned or was going to resign. Few of us, at that time, would have believed he would ever step down. Still others bet it would tell us that civilians were to be put to work on the farms. Citizens of Worcester, Massachusetts, said it meant more rationing, and rushed to lay in all the supplies they could afford—or obtain. In South Bend, Indiana, a locomotive whistle got stuck just before the time of the announcement. People thought all the shrieking meant an armistice had been signed.

One thing was certain. We were all at our radios at nine o'clock—and all ears, too, to learn that the President had flown to Casablanca!

Looking back now, we see how truly momentous that oc-

casion was. For the "unconditional surrender" meeting had been the tuning up for Victory that was to follow. Here, for ten days, the combined staffs of Great Britain and the United States surveyed the entire field of the war, theater by theater throughout the world, marshaling all resources to turn the fighting into a withering offensive war; to overwhelm the enemy by sea, land, and air with the might of our staggering war production.

All this we learned, of course, on the President's return, never dreaming that it meant Victory—never dreaming that within three months Tunisia would be ours—a bridgehead for the United Nations to invade Hitler's "European Fortress."

How clear it is to us now—the reason for Donald Nelson's pressure on us to build more ships, more guns, more planes, *more tanks; the reason for his prodding us into saving grease and scrap!* And all the while we were grumbling over food rationing, thinking it was probably not necessary at all—that somebody was holding up food just to keep us uneasy so that we would work harder in the war effort—all that time, there were our ships pouring food into Africa to be sold or given to the Arabs and natives in order to win their friendship and cooperation.

And in the hail of bombs and shells under which the Axis defense finally crumbled, there were the weapons that American industry and labor had produced—the Flying Fortresses, Liberators, Mitchells, Lightnings; the bombs and the shells; the tanks and the guns—all used with terrifying concentration against the enemy's supply lines and rear bases; with blistering effect upon weary Axis armies cornered in that narrow strip in northern Tunisia.

In mute wonder today we read of the unrelenting fury of that last day's fighting. Here—as in the grand finale of a magnificent drama—was the overwhelming might of American production—roaring, crashing, thundering; reddening and darkening earth and sky with livid flames and giant columns

of swirling black smoke from bursting shells and blazing vehicles.

"Never before had any army been hit so hard from the air," says *Newsweek*. "Groundling soldiers could only gasp, 'My God, what a show!'" "

THE END
of
THE BEGINNING

Acknowledgments

THOUGH no attempt has been made in this book to interpret the items that make up this picture of America and Americans, I have tried to coordinate what happened to us in such a way that a significant meaning may emerge. And if, in this candid camera shot of ourselves and our country, there is any similarity to any living person, the resemblance is probably purely intentional—though presented with malice toward none and hilarity for all.

Whatever credit or blame may accrue for catching us with our hair down in this unique period in our national history, both should be shared with the sources of my material—the reporters whose eyes, ears, minds, and hearts I used; the columnists and writers for magazines who garnered and weighed the facts from which I chose bits here and there; and all the editors and publishers and syndicates who made it available to the public and to me for use in this book.

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